WITH GUN AND GUIDE

THOMAS MARTINDALE

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CALLING THE MOOSE

With Gun *and* Guide

By

THOMAS MARTINDALE

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With illustrations from photographs

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To my son

THOMAS C.

who as a child, a schoolboy, and a man has lived his life in truth and sincerity, and who was my almost constant companion from the days when he was a "wee toddlin' bairn" until he entered upon a business life, this book is affectionately dedicated

Preface

For those men whose days are spent in the busy counting-house or store, buying or selling merchandise, poring over ledgers, making out accounts, with their ears dinned with the click of cash carriers, the rat-a-tat of typewriters, the snapping noise of adding machines, the buzzing whir of electric fans, perhaps now giving ear to a life insurance agent, again to the honeyed words of the wily promoter, to the appeal for charity, to the man wanting an ad for his paper, or to the committee begging money for a new church, while from outside of the business abode come the sounds of street cars crashing over intersections, the soul-torturing noises of itinerant street musicians, the chug-chug-chug of passing automobiles, the shrieking of newsboys, the shuffling of feet on the pavement as the surging multitudes pass and repass—for such men living in such a babel of discordant noises this book is written.

In it the author attempts so to picture life in the woods, in the marsh, on the lake, on the mountains, and through the bogs in pursuit of game, as to inspire his readers and coax them to leave their desks and counters for a while and live an active life in the open. In doing this they will forget their thousand and one

irritations and perplexities. The excitement of hunting will banish all their worries and fears; the outdoor exercise will cure their pains and ills; and the peace of nature will make their discontent give place to a serenity of disposition worth a hundred times the cost of the outing, for

"Hunting is the noblest exercise,
Makes men laborious, active, wise,
Brings health and doth the spirits delight,
It helps the hearing and the sight!
It teacheth arts that never slip
The memory, good horsemanship,
Search, sharpness, courage and defense,
And chaseth all ill habits thence."

—*Jonson's Masques.*

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PART I

In the Wilds of New Brunswick and the Maine Woods

CHAPTER I

OFF FOR THE WOODS

"Are not these woods more free from peril than the envious court?"
—As You Like It.

Entering the close and heated train in Broad Street Station one Friday night in September, bound for New Brunswick via Boston, I was glad to fly for a time from the dirt and dust and the excruciating noises of our much-abused business street. The relaying of the paving blocks was being carried on in some places with the clicking of hammers and the pounding of rammers, while in other spots the street was being ruthlessly torn up for the ——th time; the blind mendicants, with their discordant playing of the cornet, the fife, the flute, the accordion and the barrel organ, were moving at a snail-like pace, meandering in and out of the crowded throngs and adding their quota of noise to the other nerve-destroying conditions.

When the train pulled out the sleeper was well filled.

Three young actresses enlivened the spirits of the other passengers, for they were comely and exuberantly happy. A young farmer from Woodstown, N. J., was journeying all the way to Fort Fairfield, in the extreme northeast corner of Maine, in search of potatoes.

He had already purchased over two trainloads, but was now after more.

We made connection at Boston with the Boston and Maine through-train for St. Johns, N. B., the cars being well filled with tourists, business men, and prospective hunters.

The day was very hot and close, the thermometer at one time registering ninety degrees in the shade, so coats and vests were dispensed with, and to while away the passing minutes on the all-day ride the political situation was most constantly and thoroughly discussed, and the quaint observations of some of the citizens of the great state of Maine, through which we were passing, were decidedly amusing and original, and, as showing the trend of popular feeling, were interesting as well.

A sharp-voiced, sharp-chinned and sharp-tongued down east woman, in conversation with another housewife, gave to her copious extracts from her ripe experience as a cook.

Three women were aboard accompanied by their male protectors, and, as they were one and all loaded down with rifles and fishing-tackle, it was easy to see that they were hurrying to get into the woods so as to be there in time for the open season on deer, which is October 1st.

In spite of the extreme heat, some of them affected hunting boots and woolen stockings. One woman had

her sweater resting upon her shoulder a good part of the journey, while her husband actually wore his sweater. How they must have suffered you can well judge.

We found the streams through this country nearly dried up, the lakes looked more like stagnant ponds, the fields were burnt brown by the sun and the leaves of the trees were dull and lusterless with their covering of dust. All nature was crying for rain.

The quaint old city of Fredericton, our first stop, is garrisoned by a force of Canadian soldiers, who replaced the imperial troops shortly after the close of the Boer war. This has always been a garrison town from the earliest times. It is the capital of the province, and therefore the seat of government. There's a cathedral here of the established church and many other churches.

Upon a great occasion over a century ago, when a distinguished guest was to honor the settlement with his presence and a multitude of people had convened to give him welcome, and the St. Johns River, which flows by the town, was alive with gaily bedecked canoes and barges, while stately "four-masters," brigs and barks from many foreign and domestic ports helped with their festive display of bunting and with the thundering of small cannon to make the day and the occasion a memorable one in the history of the country, a raft was seen coming, which had put out from the

mouth of the Tobique River, which enters the St. Johns over one hundred miles above. This raft was loaded with a cargo of one hundred and forty-one moose that had been killed on the upper waters of this renowned salmon and trout stream. And this lordly freightage of royal venison was to provide meat for a series of barbacues with which to satisfy the appetites and nourish the bodies of the host of visitors to this the capital of the province.

The first hunting accident of this season happened near here some two weeks before our arrival. A couple of brothers—young men—started in a wagon for a drive of twenty-five miles, where they were told they might get a moose. On reaching their camping spot they mutually agreed that one of them should keep near enough to watch a famous spring, while the other was to watch a slough where many moose tracks were seen. The one who was to watch the slough changed his mind without notifying the brother, and started for the spring. When he came near the spring he noticed some branches moving low down and saw an object through the leaves, which he at once fired at, and hit. It was his brother, who had been kneeling down.

When I looked out of my bedroom window my first morning in Fredericton, the light, by reason of the smoke from distant forest fires, was anything but good. A tall church steeple, crowning a comparatively new church, attracted my attention because of some indis-

tinct object at the top of the spire. In the hazy atmosphere I imagined it any one of many improbable things; as the light grew stronger, however, I made it out to be a reproduction of the human hand, necessarily constructed upon an enlarged scale, with the forefinger and thumb pointing upward in the direction of where heaven is popularly supposed to be located. My curiosity was excited to know how and why this object came to be placed away up there.

After thinking it over I decided that when the church was built the trustees concluded to have "something different," and picked out a well-known design in advertising that appropriately reminds the congregation that "there is hope."

The First Methodist Church of Fredericton is now popularly known as the "thumb-up church." So long live the power of virile and intelligent advertising and the First Methodist Church of Fredericton, which was bound to have "something different," for verily she has gotten it.

CHAPTER II

THE STORY OF LOT'S WIFE

"Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves." —MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

THERE lives in New Brunswick, Canada, a farmer, trapper, guide, naturalist and self-taught botanist whose name is Henry Braithwaite, and whose years number sixty-seven. Ten years ago I tried to obtain his services as a guide, but was informed by his spokesman, who acted for him in his absence, that he was engaged ahead for some three years. He is almost as well known among the sportsmen of Great Britain as he is among those of the United States. His clients from the "Tight Little Island" include many members of the British nobility, as well as business men, bankers and professional men of that sport-loving people.

Among the citizens of Fredericton he is familiarly known as "Uncle Henry," while to the natives, the guides and the trappers he is "Harry Birthrite."

That I might spend a short hunting season with him this year he managed, by cutting off a few days at the end of one engagement and a few days at the beginning of another, to give me thirteen days and a half during the latter part of September and the early days of October.

We left Fredericton at 6:30 P. M., September 28th,

by the Intercolonial Railway of Canada, a railroad operated under government ownership, the only one, so far as I know, so owned and operated on this continent.

Those who imagine a multitude of good things to come from such ownership in the United States should surely take a trip to New Brunswick and see how their pet theory works out in practical operation. They will quickly be disillusioned. In the forty-seven miles over which we traveled, the road-bed was poorly ballasted, the rails were light and very carelessly laid. The cars were dirty and dilapidated, wash-bowls broken, toilet rooms filthy, windows dirty and the water coolers out of commission. The stations were decrepit in appearance and slovenly kept, everything betokening the fact that here was a road that had political sponsors, political favorites as operators and, perhaps, more or less, political graft in the purchase of supplies and in the appointment of the men.

Boisetown was the end of our railroad journey, and the beginning of the serious and rugged part of the trip. I wish that a faint picture could be given of the character of the road over which our course lay. The first day's journey was a gradual and lasting climb to a higher altitude, although we seemed to go up and up, only to come down again to the same level.

On some steep inclines the soil had washed away from the surface of the road, leaving a pathway of nothing but naked boulders of all sizes and shapes.

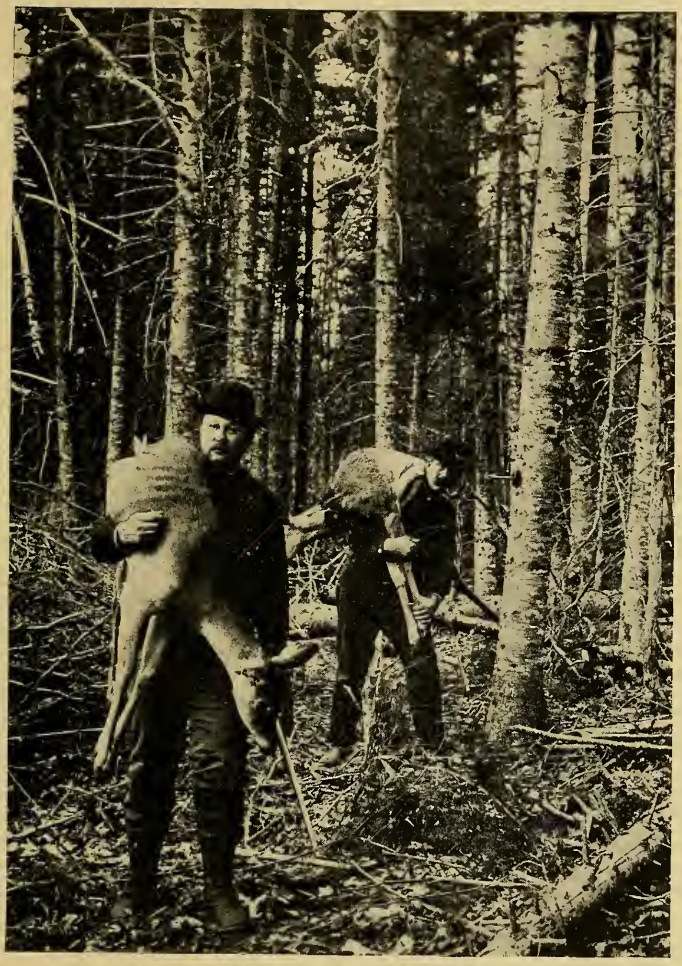
Over these the careful horses wended their way slowly and very cautiously. In many places springs discharged their waters into the road, thus making veritable seas of mud when helped, as in our case, by copious rains.

Our outfit consisted of two horses and a wagon, to haul the supplies, and a saddle horse for my convenience. Uncle Henry walked, along with the man who was to act as cook, and a boy who was to take the saddle horse back to the settlement. We were hardly on our way before a rain-storm came on, at first gently, but soon it became violent, being accompanied by fierce gusts of wind. Our oilskin clothes were but little protection, as the swirling drops trickled down our backs and down our legs over the boot tops.

We cheerily jogged on, despite the rain and the consequent discomfort, and the first day's trip ended at about dark at "Brown Camp." Being the first to arrive, I quickly had a fire burning in the stove, while "Henry" set about getting something cooked.

While we were doing this a middle-aged Englishman entered and craved shelter for his wife, Mrs. B——, who had ridden all day astride, and was drenched through and through. He said that his "cartmen"—cook, hostler and guides—were on the way, and would arrive about an hour later.

We, of course, said "yes" to his request and so he brought in a bonnie, rosy-cheeked little Englishwoman, who said she had enjoyed every minute of the trip.



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Bringing in a Pair of Deer

They had been in the woods for nearly thirty days, and were now on their way out. She and her husband were given seats by the stove, and their steaming clothes readily attested the efficiency of our fire.

But now I was in a dilemma. I wanted to remove my wet clothes and get on dry ones, but the woman was in the way. There was a bunk in the camp with one upper and one lower berth, each large enough for four men. Putting some dry clothes on the top berth I climbed up to it and thus addressed the lady:

"Mrs. B——, do you remember what happened to Lot's wife?"

"Why, no; I don't recollect ever having heard about her. Who was she?"

"Well, she and her husband were ordered by the Lord to leave Sodom and Gomorrah because both of these cities were very wicked."

"Really, now, is that so?" said Rosy Cheeks.

"Yes, surely; because the Bible says so."

"Did they leave then?"

"Yes, but she looked back."

Mrs. B——'s woman's curiosity compelled her to say: "What happened to her then?"

"She was turned into a pillar of salt."

"Really, now, is that so?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "and I'm going to change my wet clothes up here for dry ones, and if you look back you'll be turned into a pillar of salt."

"Really? Well, I won't look back."

After I changed the clothes we—Henry's party—sat down to supper, and the "cartmen" and others of the Englishman's outfit having arrived, they pitched a couple of tents and started their fires. Their cook then came in to make use of our cooking facilities to prepare their supper.

Having been in the saddle all day, and naturally feeling very stiff and sore, I thought a sitz bath in hot water would be just the thing to take the stiffness out, provided I could find something to sit down in that would hold water. Outside I had noticed a deep oblong pan, which was used for feeding the horses. It was speedily washed out, and half filled with hot water of the right temperature, and I once more undressed and entered the improvised bathtub.

I asked the Englishman's cook if Mrs. B—— was likely to come in before she was sent for. He said "no," because she was seated before a good fire of her own, and that supper wouldn't be ready for a quarter of an hour, so that I should have plenty of time to get the bath. Now here I sat perched in the upper berth as upon a pedestal and as naked as Adam was before his momentous fall from grace, when in walked Mrs. B——.

"Really, now, Mrs. B——," I said, "you mustn't look forward this time, but backward."

So right about face was the word, and she sat down laughing at the contretemps.

Later on her husband complained bitterly about the "cartmen," who had allowed all of his dunnage to get wet, saying:

"In England, you know, 'cartmen' are compelled to carry a tarpaulin and to use it, but these bloody 'cartmen' only put a thin rubber sheet over the things, and they are all damnably wet. Don't you think I could recover from them?"

"Perhaps," I replied, "but it will be the cheapest, the quickest and the best way to grin and bear it."

In the morning, the husband was still out of humor over the "bloody cartmen," but Rosy Cheeks was as chipper and joyous as ever, thanking God perhaps in her heart for the sunshine, which had now come, and for her ability to stand the cruel hardships of the journey. They mounted their horses and were soon lost to sight, but they are a lasting lesson that there's always a bright side to the darkest picture, if one will but look for it. And on this lovely morning even the much-abused "cartmen" were good humored and contented.

CHAPTER III

A WHOLESALE ROBBERY

"Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen in murders and in outrage." —RICHARD II.

MANY years ago I had a rainy day experience in the woods totally different from the above recital. The time was in August of the year 1871. I was then a resident of Oil City, Pa., and a month or so before that date a prominent lawyer of that town—whom I will call Larkin, although in reality that's not his name—filled my ears with stories of woodcock and pheasant shooting, with perhaps a chance at a bear, together with splendid trout fishing, and all to be found on the western slope of the Alleghanies. The station was about fourteen miles from the summit of the mountains. Larkin said we should find the best shooting and fishing upon a small run, which found its way into the Alleghany River, and this was to be our base of operations.

In due time we arrived at the flag station, and from there we lugged in our supplies—tent, rifle, shotgun, ammunition, etc. We soon found a likely spot to pitch our tent on the bank of a swift-running brook, where we were close to some fine trout pools, and also to

some marshy ground where we saw many borings made by the noblest game bird on the continent, the woodcock.

Our first day's sport resulted in the catching of a fine string of one hundred and ten speckled trout and a brace of woodcock. We hung the trout up on a leaning tree, but during the night an otter managed to get at them and ate the bodies, leaving only the heads strung on the cord from which they were hanging.

The next day we wandered off two or three miles, Larkin carrying a seven barreled revolving rifle made on the same principle as an ordinary revolver, while I had my shotgun. About four o'clock in the afternoon, a thunder-storm came on accompanied by a fierce downpour of rain. Almost simultaneously with the bursting of the shower, some lumbermen, who were running to their camp, hailed us and invited us to go with them so as to get under shelter. We gladly accepted their invitation, but when we reached the camp, we were soaked through with the rain.

The men made us welcome. We were told to take off our wet clothes and hang them up before the fire to dry, and they gave us some of their own clothes to sit around in while waiting for supper to be served. There were thirty-four men in the crew, including choppers, teamsters, cooks, etc. For the most part, they were a decent-looking lot of men, free of care and apparently contented with their work. The exceptions

were five or six furtive-looking fellows whose faces betokened possible outlaws and outcasts from society.

Before the supper was announced, two more sportsmen entered the log shanty and craved shelter. They had with them nothing but their fishing-rods, creels, revolvers, and wallets. The men were made welcome the same as we had been. They doffed their wet garments and put on clothes loaned them by the lumbermen. When supper was ready, places were made for the four of us, and we all enjoyed the baked beans, boiled cabbage, tea sweetened with molasses, and johnny-cake in place of bread.

After supper the rain continued to pour as hard as ever, and Larkin undertook to entertain the men by narrating stories. He was a very eloquent and a very well-read man, thoroughly up in ancient Greek literature, in which language he was almost as much at home as in his mother tongue. He had his hobby like the most of us, and his was a strong belief in the superiority of nerve force over physical force. In our walks he would start upon this, his favorite theme, and would illustrate it in some such manner as this: "Now you see I'm six feet two in height and weigh two hundred and ten pounds. I take a great deal of exercise every day so that I am always in splendid physical condition. You are five feet eight and a half and weigh less than one hundred and fifty pounds.

You get little or no physical exercise, and, therefore, in a personal contest, I ought to have the advantage over you; but if your nerve force dominated mine, you would surely conquer in the end."

This night he entranced his listeners with stories sustaining his favorite doctrine, showing that most of the really great men of the world had been men below the medium height and strength, but men endowed with great nerve force. He illustrated this doctrine by citing examples from life. Napoleon Bonaparte, the Duke of Marlborough, Grant, Lord Nelson, Byron, Alexander the Great, and Sheridan, were small men both in stature and weight, yet in their day and generation these men helped to dominate the world.

Two of the ill-visaged men took exception to Larkin's conclusions, and so did one of the pair of hunters who happened to be a big strapping fellow, and who evidently couldn't see where a little "cuss" could get the better of him. The rain kept on, and we all finally turned in to our respective bunks, and soon were lulled to sleep by the rain pattering on the roof.

We awoke the next morning to find that each one of the four of us hunters had been robbed. Larkin had his wallet taken containing thirty-four dollars; the other two men had each a revolver and these with their pocketbooks, which contained all their money, were also missing. The writer's watch was purloined but the robbers missed the money—thirty-one dollars

—which had been stowed away in a fob pocket. We held a council of war outside of the log shanty while the lumbermen were eating their breakfasts. We had informed them that we had been robbed, but they one and all protested their innocence, and assured us of their chagrin that such a thing should have happened in their camp. After they left the camp, we made a thorough search of the premises, but could find none of the stolen stuff.

We were now served with breakfast by the cookee—the cook's assistant—a lad of perhaps eighteen years of age. The evening when we arrived, this youngster had been quite kind and courteous to me, and I in consequence gave him a little present in return for his kindness, and now he motioned to me to go outside with him. There he informed me that there were five "Bushwhackers" in the crew of lumbermen who were out-and-out bad fellows, who would rob a man as quickly as any professional pickpocket, and that they each of them had "done time" in prison. These men he named, and gave it as his belief that they were the robbers. His description of the men satisfied me that they were the same men whose looks had made such an unpleasant impression upon us.

The county town was thirty miles away from where we were located, and but one passenger train each way a day stopped at our station—when flagged,—but there were many "Empire Line" fast freight trains which

stopped a little way below our station for the engine to take on water.

When my conference with the cookee was ended, I called out my three companions in distress, told them of the boy's disclosures and asked them what they were going to do about the robbery. Larkin led off by saying that nothing could be done—that no constable could be found in the county town to serve a warrant, if one was sworn out, and that if one *was* found brave enough to come up and serve it, then if a search failed to find the booty, we would be in a bad strait, and he for one wouldn't be a party to any plan to arrest the five men on the simple say-so of a youth of eighteen. The other two men concurred in Larkin's decision.

I then told them that I had a different idea and should act upon it, and asked their aid and coöperation in carrying it out. The plan was that I should board an Empire Line freight at the water tank, explaining the situation to the train crew; go down to the county court and swear out a warrant for four of the men—the youth was a bit doubtful about one of them being implicated in the robbery; get a constable to come with me to serve the warrant; obtain a permit to ride on an Empire Line train back again, and if necessary to flag one of the same line on the down trip the following morning if we succeeded in taking the four men as prisoners. This my companions agreed to, and they also promised to be waiting in some hidden place for a

signal of four blasts of the locomotive whistle which I was to ask the engineer to blow on nearing the water tank coming back. Then they were to show themselves and we were to agree upon plans for the capture of the outlaws.

In carrying out this plan the train was successfully boarded; an hour and a half afterward I landed in the town, found my way to the court-house and swore out a warrant. There were three constables in the town; two of them pleaded other important business, and declined to go with me. The third, a veteran of the Civil War, a small wiry "cuss," said that he was glad to have a chance to arrest that bunch, because he had a record of them which showed them to be "villains of the deepest dye." He took a revolver, a large sheath knife, and five pairs of handcuffs ("an extra pair, you see, if they should be needed," he said), and then we went to the superintendent of the railroad for the needed permits to flag and to ride on the trains. These having been procured, we had something to eat and then waited around the depot until a train was ready to start, for this town was a division point on the railroad.

We rode on the engine. The train was a heavy one and the grade so steep that it was necessary to have a "pusher" engine part of the way. In due time the water-tank was reached, the four blasts from the engine brought my companions to our side, and the final plans were laid.

The men not having returned from their work yet, we secreted ourselves until they arrived, and had washed themselves and sat down to supper in the dining cabin, for it must be remembered that there was a sleeping cabin as well as one where the meals were served. Then I went into the shanty where we had slept, brought my shotgun out, putting in it a couple of cartridges loaded with No. 1 shot, the largest I carried with me, and the five of us marched into the dining-room. There the constable read his warrant to the four men and ordered them to come out one by one and be handcuffed, while I with leveled gun gave them just one minute to obey the command.

The first man called upon hesitated and refused to rise; a second warning had to be given to him before he rose from his seat, walked around the table, and allowed the constable to put the handcuffs on. The rest followed suit without demur. We took them into the sleeping cabin and agreed to keep watch over them during the night by turns; the constable and the writer to watch until 1 A. M. and the other three men to watch until daylight.

For fear of an attempted rescue, it was deemed wise to keep the men in the dining-room over night, and after the other men had eaten their meal and gone to their bunks to lock the single big door of the room so that none of the others could enter again. We therefore brought in all of our belongings from the

sleeping cabin, including Larkin's seven barreled rifle and my shotgun, and these it will be seen played quite a part in the now swiftly moving drama. The prisoners were morose, and had little or nothing to say beyond making threats as to what would happen to us when they received their liberty ; and I—the man who had sworn out the warrant—would meet with their most summary vengeance. To relieve the tension, Larkin tried his hand at telling stories and engrossed their attention and ours too for several hours.

At about ten o'clock one of the men said that his folks lived in the county town and as he was known there to everybody, he would like permission to change his working clothes for a "Sunday-go-to-meeting suit." He informed us that one of the men knew where his clothing, shirts, collars, etc., were kept, and would get them and bring them to him if we would give the man permission to come in. We thought this to be a reasonable request. The man was sent for, and he turned out to be the fifth man whom the youth had advised us to arrest. It was, of course, necessary to take off the prisoner's handcuffs to enable him to undress and dress again. When this operation was completed, the handcuffs were replaced. He then remembered that he had a "diamond" stud which he would like to put in his shirt front. This made another trip for his confederate—for so he turned out to be—to the other cabin for the "diamond."

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One Way of Getting Out a Moose

When he returned with the stone, I happened to notice that the prisoner was directing with his eyes the other man's attention to the corner of the room nearly back of him, where the rifle and the shotgun were standing against the log wall. The confederate turned round a little, saw the firearms, and comprehended at once what the other man meant by his silent signals. So he at once made a dash for the corner, grabbing the rifle with his right hand, but I had jumped as quickly as he, and catching the shotgun almost simultaneously with the confederate's grasp of the rifle, I struck that weapon with the barrel of the shotgun, knocking it upward, and then, of course, I had him covered with the gun. He was speedily disarmed, and in spite of his struggles the extra pair of handcuffs were snapped on his wrists.

Now we had five men to watch. We brought in some quilts and some straw, and made places for them to lie on the floor for the balance of the night while Larkin and the other two men lay down at the far end of the cabin.

At one end of the dining-room a square hole was cut in the logs to allow ventilation, and also to permit the garbage to be thrown out into a barrel which stood outside in front of this opening. At about twelve-thirty in the morning, when the other three watchers were sleeping soundly, and we who were on duty had been dozing for a few minutes, we both heard a slight

noise, and, starting up, found the fifth or last prisoner nearly half-way out of the opening at the back, being helped in his movements by sympathizers outside, who were pulling the man bodily through the square hole. We, of course, stopped this attempted escape, awakened the other sentinels, and the bunch of us then told stories and walked around the cabin to keep awake until daylight came.

Upon the advice of Larkin we took the men outside, one by one, and put them through a severe course of cross questioning. The constable, having a pretty good record of some of their past misdemeanors, finally persuaded one of them to confess the full particulars of the robbery, and he showed us where the stolen plunder was hidden, in a pile of manure back of the stable where the oxen were housed—as oxen were used on this lumber operation in place of horses. Everything was found just as it had been hidden. The man, in his confession, told us who were the prime movers in the robbery, etc.

Breakfast was served to the men without removing the handcuffs. There being five of us, each fed one of the prisoners, and then we ate. Taking with us the "cookee" as the important witness, we went to the water tank and there awaited the arrival of a train. We boarded the first one that came along and were soon in the county town. There the prosecuting attorney made out the indictment on the evidence we presented.

When the case came up for trial, it developed that three of the prisoners had planned to wreck the passenger train going west the same night that they robbed us, which train was due at our flag station a few minutes after 9 P. M. Their plan was to open a switch and run the train into the mill-dam. They then intended to rob the passengers and the mail and express cars. When this evidence came out, together with their record for other crimes, the men were found guilty, and two were sentenced to ten years each in the penitentiary; one to five years; one to three years and the man who "peached" got off with a year.

When it was all over I said to Larkin, "Say, old boy, what about your doctrine of nerve force versus physical force?"

"Well," he said, "this incident has proved my doctrine to be sound and right; I had the physical force, but I surely lacked the nerve force, and that's all there is to it."

CHAPTER IV

TRACKS OF BIG GAME

"But soft! Methinks I scent the morning air! Brief let me be."
—HAMLET.

THE clouds having cleared away, and the horses having been well fed and rested, we started bright and early on our second day's journey, and once more the weary plodding, climbing, jumping and sliding began. "Uncle Henry" was feeling quite badly on account of our visitors of the night before, and particularly because of the "lady in the case." He had lain down in his wet clothes, thinking to change them when she had departed for her tent; but she tarried too long for his tired and weary condition. Exhausted nature demanded sleep, and so before she left he was in a profound slumber.

He got up from his bunk complaining of a swollen and very sore throat, having contracted a bad cold, which remained with him during the whole of our trip.

Three miles before our camping place was reached we passed close to Salmon Brook Lake, where a large moose had been dodging bullets from many rifles ever since the season opened, on September 15th. Henry led me in to view it. We found an abundance of fresh tracks, and among them those of the "big fellow" himself.

Something which looked like a log in the distance suddenly showed signs of life. It was his majesty feeding on the succulent grass which grows in the bottom of the lake, and of which the moose is very fond. He raised his head and at once looked around in our direction. Though he was much over a half mile away, still, as the wind from us was blowing directly upon him, he got our scent. His mane went up and he started off, heading for the nearest point of land; he was not long in crashing through the undergrowth on the bank to where he was safe from inquisitive hunters.

The first incident on this second morning of our trip was the inspection of a dam where, in the early part of the season, one of Henry's "sports" had lain down on the slanting abutment of the breast and fallen asleep. He was awakened by the breaking of a limb, and there, right before him, was his quarry, coming head-on. His rifle did its work, and the "sport" was thus spared many a weary mile of tramping because his game obligingly came to him.

Next we reached Hurd Lake, along whose western shore our route lay. I, being in the advance, spied a very large cow moose feeding in the water. Dismounting I waited until Henry arrived. He made a couple of calls with his birch-bark horn, to see if she had a bull with her, saying that if she had, he would certainly make his presence known. Hearing no reply to the moose calls, we continued the journey.

Two years ago, from out of the far northwest, a German by the name of George Newman came to Henry to hunt for moose. He walked all the way, and suffered very much in consequence, as he was of portly build; besides he was but a poor walker.

His guide, as is usual with all guides, pointed out to him the various game tracks on the road.

"Here's a fresh track just made this morning. It's a cow's. Here is a calf's track. So it's a mother and her calf. This track is a bull's, but it's an old one. You can see it was made before the last rain. Do you see this little track? It's a doe's track."

And so on from hour to hour and day to day. As the German's sight was not good and he had to change his glasses every time he examined the numerous tracks, by the time he reached Hurd Lake he had become tired and impatient of hearing about the never-ending tracks, and he declared himself in this manner.

"See here, my friendt, I do not want to see dose bulls' tracks, dose cows' tracks or dose calfs' tracks. I do not want to know how fresh or how old dey are, whedder dey were before de rain or after de rain. I did not come here to see tracks. I come to see live tings—not tracks. Now, I command you, show me not tracks any more, but de animals what make dose tracks. Und I hereby notify you dat I will not pay for dem tracks hunting, but only for de hunting of de animals demselves."

After this the guide was silent as to tracks.

I had brought a new .22 calibre rifle with a plentiful supply of Hoxsie bullets. This Henry carried, and with deadly skill in its use he abundantly supplied us with all the partridges that we could eat. We had them fried or stewed or roasted, according to the exigencies of the time when they were cooked.

He shot in all thirty-two of these fat and delicious birds. In the bagging of this number he missed hitting only two; three got away wounded. One he had to use three bullets on, four of them two bullets, and the others were killed with a single bullet each. Remarkable shooting, indeed, for a man of his years.

There's a scarcity of bird life in this section which I cannot account for. The white-throated sparrow, with his plaintive and inimitable song, I frequently heard, and what can be sweeter than his peculiar and ever-pleasing notes, which always seem to come from places where only the deepest solitude reigns. But of other songsters I heard not one.

The woodpeckers, in scant numbers, it is true, were there; the giant among them, the "cock of the woods," was often seen. A few sheldrake ducks and three black ducks and one bald pate were all of the duck family seen. One bunch of ring-necked snipe and one grosbeak, with a few yellow-legged snipe, completed the list.

Not a fox did we see on the trip, although we heard

some barking at night. Nor were there any muskrats, beavers, bears, raccoons, or 'possums seen. And only one deer was sighted, a fat buck, which I shot, when coming out on the morning of the second day of the return trip.

The second night we made camp at the crossing of a brook, Henry and I being under a tent, while the other men slept on the ground. With the end of the second day's trip we had traveled thirty-three miles from the railroad; and we were all ready to go to sleep, which we did before 7:30, as the following day's trip was to be an especially hard one.

So, with a big fire in front of the tent, we slept soundly and well in spite of the fact that the night was cold enough to make ice along the edges of the brook.

CHAPTER V

THE LOST LAKES

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.
—SONNET XXXIII.

THE third morning was indeed a glorious one, with ice in the buckets and ice along the margins of the streams. The sharp, cold tinge in the air gave an added spur to the appetite. Breakfast being over, Henry started with me to visit a couple of small lakes, the farthest of which, he said, was two miles off. Here in olden times many moose had their feeding grounds. The team was to leave us and go on ahead, while the saddle horse was to be left securely tethered to a tree until our return.

The road to the lakes, which will hereafter be called the "Lost Lakes," followed a rushing, tumbling stream for a mile and then it turned abruptly to the left, and, as Henry said, went up to the top of the mountain, where the first of the lakes was found, the other one being at the top of still another mountain. Many of the lakes in this Miramichi country have this peculiarity of being at the top of a mountain rather than at its base, as I have very good reason to know.

Henry trapped on these lakes as far back as thirty years ago, but his last trip was over fifteen years since. In the meantime his blazed spots on the trees have become indistinct, and the lumberman has come and cut roads first, and then the logs. After these were slid down the mountain's side into the brook, he left, and did not take his newly-made roads with their blazed marks with him.

So Henry and I trudged up one side of a mountain, he looking for his old landmarks, but no lake was to be seen. Then we circled around it, crossing bogs, a beaver meadow and several windfalls. At last when I saw Henry make a spot on each side of a tree I knew that he was bewildered, and the locality of the lakes would have to be taken on faith, for time would not permit of our making a further search. Of course, Henry had taken the marks made by the lumbermen for his own earlier ones, and so had become bewildered.

By following first one road and then another, all leading to water, we discovered our upward tracks, and swiftly followed them back to where we had spent the night.

Our two hours' tramp was fruitful of but one thing, the finding of a name for two heretofore nameless lakes —the name is " The Lost Lakes."

We now climbed and crossed a hardwood ridge called Robinson's ridge, from the top of which a magnificent and widely extended view is to be seen. When

the bottom was reached, on passing a small piece of thick woods near a large expanse of dead-water I heard a bull moose make an audible grunt.

We almost immediately reached "Clear Water Camp," where the horses which had preceded us were feeding and where dinner was awaiting us. The cook said that he had been "blattin" with a moose horn and a young spike-horn bull had rushed out of the woods and into the water. It was the same fellow which I had heard as we passed along but a few minutes before.

We had dinner, and then Henry, the cook and the writer started on foot through a five-mile portage, as they called it, being the last stage of the land part of our journey. I noticed here the first caribou tracks I had seen since 1898.

I mentioned that fact to Henry, and he said that the previous season one of his "sports," walking ahead of three others, came across four caribou feeding. He ran back within hailing distance and holding up his hand and counting the four fingers, he shouted:

"I've seen four big animals, but they're not moose and not deer. Shall I shoot?"

"Yes," came back the reply, but when he returned, of course, they were gone, and he was much chopfallen that they had not waited for him to get a shot. It is said that no animal can run faster than the caribou.

Many years ago, when these rather queer animals

were quite plentiful in Maine, once during the winter, when the lakes were frozen nearly solid, a herd of caribou was discovered upon a lake, and a man who had a pair of imported greyhounds put them on the chase of these fleet-footed members of the reindeer tribe. The story goes that the caribou paid little attention to the greyhounds at first, but when they let themselves out they went so fast that the hounds seemed to be only walking, alongside of them in their running. And the dogs gave up very soon, looking disheartened and much crestfallen.

This portage, which we crossed, is perhaps eighty feet wide and is grown up with hackmatack bushes, alders and wild cranberry vines. It must have been a paradise for game at one time, although now there are few signs of any sort of game upon it.

A monster hawk flew ahead of us nearly all the way, alighting occasionally upon a high tree and waiting until we were nearly up to it, then flying ahead again.

It was undoubtedly looking for something for dinner, perhaps a young partridge was its cherished wish, or it might have been a half-grown rabbit. Either of them, no doubt, would have been welcome.

When our walk was finished we entered a canoe on the waters of the Big Southwest Miramichi Lake, on the other side of which was Henry's " home camp," the objective point of our trip and forty-five miles from the railroad.

We had not proceeded far when a canoe approached, in which were two men and two women. One of the latter hailed us and asked if our cook, who was with us in the canoe, would accept service of subpœna to attend a hearing in Fredericton on October 8th. He told her he would, and she gave him the legal paper and nine dollars for his mileage charges, and without further ado she went on her way in the canoe to serve more men with similar papers.

This is a queer country in some respects, where a woman, and she the wife of the defendant, is permitted to serve legal papers. Neither may a hunting party start out from or arrive at a settlement in which there is a church on Sunday without danger of fine or imprisonment. A teamster may drive to his own home in the settlement, but he must leave his party at its outer edge.

We met a theatrical troupe *en route* for a small town in the interior, and they related their trials in getting out of a town in which they had been playing. It took a special permit from the chief of police before their seven trunks could be removed from their hotel upon a Sunday, in time to catch an early morning train on a Monday.

We now paddled to a dam at the foot of the lake, where we waited the arrival of the horses, as we were considerably ahead of them.

Here I was introduced to a retired colonel of the British army, a Scotchman, of whom I will write more particularly later on. He had been "in" thirty-three

days, and was going out the next morning without a moose, although his trip all the way from Scotland had been expressly for the purpose of getting one. Our team and saddle horse would be used by him on their return trip.

What a lure the pursuit of game is to most of the inhabitants of the British Isles. Their forebears must have lived by the chase solely, to have implanted in them an instinct so strong as to make men of great affairs, noblemen, business men and others, come over 3,000 miles, and then subject themselves to great hardship and exposure, simply to satisfy that inbred desire for sport.

In Fredericton I met an Irish peer who had just come "out" from a trip up the Tobique River and down the Nipisquit, and his sole motive was to fish for trout. He was to go "in" again the next day after moose. As I had been over his whole route of the Tobique and part of his Nipisquit route, we had a very pleasant and interesting talk in comparing experiences. He was quite democratic in his manners, putting on no airs whatever.

The team arrived at 5 P. M. We changed our dunnage from the wagon to the canoe, paid off the teamsters, and, after a canoe trip of four miles across the lake, we arrived at the "home camp," tired, but glad that we were home at last and were soon to be in sight of big game.

CHAPTER VI

THE OLD SCOTCH COLONEL

"Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep."
—TAMING OF THE SHREW.

THE old Scotch colonel mentioned in the preceding chapter was a tall, military-looking man, six feet two inches in height. He was about seventy years of age and had reached that period when he couldn't remember names very well. He had a habit of repeating his sentences once and sometimes twice. During his service in the British army he had resided in India for twenty years. The following monologue is reproduced as nearly as I can remember it.

I am really glad to meet you, indeed. I beg your pardon. What is your name, again? I'm quite forgetful, as to names, but I never forget a face. Mr. Martindale. Yes, Henry Braithwaite has spoken much about you to me.

And so you're coming after moose? Well, I've been here thirty-three days, and I go back to Scotland, whence I came especially to hunt moose—I say especially to hunt moose—without one. But instead I carry back a disordered stomach.

My God! Mr.—I beg your pardon again—oh, yes,

Martindale. My God! Mr. Martindale, I carry back a disordered stomach.

You see, it was salted ham, fried potatoes—fried in grease, sir, fried in grease—with a stray can of tomatoes—a stray can, sir, and tinned pork and beans. And dirty, slovenly cooking—excuse me, but I must say it. Henry is all right, but damn that cook.

I shot three partridges and they helped out a bit, just a bit, sir; an' if it hadn't been that I brought my own good Scotch oatmeal with me from Scotland—from Scotland, sir—and a tin of roast beef, and some red pickled cabbage—two jars of it, sir—and some Scotch oat cakes, sir, I certainly would have starved. Yes, sir, I would have starved.

Did you ever shoot a moose? I'm glad to hear it, sir. I had three chances. The first time I was otherwise occupied, sir, and I didn't fire until he was gone. The second time he—the moose—was otherwise occupied, sir, and I couldn't take advantage of him at a time like that. So I waited for him, and, sir, he suddenly left. And the third time my guide said the moose was two hundred and fifty yards away, and I sighted at two hundred and fifty, but the bullet fell shy, and the moose was off. But I got three partridges.

Did you ever shoot a tiger? No? I've shot twenty of them, and out in the open, too. And leopards over a hundred. And an elephant and a hartbeest and giraffes. But I would na shoot a zebra.

And in all my shooting I was never charged, sir, but once, and that was by a male ostrich, sir. Yes, sir, a male ostrich. They'll always charge ye, sir.

Yes, I killed a hippo, too, and came near getting a shot at a rhino.

I do hope, Mr.—I beg your pardon again—oh, yes, Mr. Martindale, I do hope your president, of whom I think a great deal, will come back from Africa safe. Did you ever meet him? You did, and talked with him? On hunting, too? Give me your hand, sir. I want to shake hands with any man who knows the president personally.

Do you think he's brave enough to go to Africa? You say that his charge at the head of the Rough Riders at San Juan was the whole thing of the war. But, man, that was nothing. One British regiment could have swept the whole kit of them Spaniards off the island. We did not do that with the Boers? Yes, but the Boers could shoot and fight, too—yes, sir, and fight, too—but them Spaniards they were away from home, sir, and they had no very good treatment, either, an' perhaps, sir, they were homesick. But anyway, one English regiment would have swept them into the sea, sir.

There's one thing I do not like the president for—if you'll forgive me for saying it; he has too many pictures taken. You say the Emperor William has fifty to his one? But, sir, he's a fool—he's a fool, sir—a

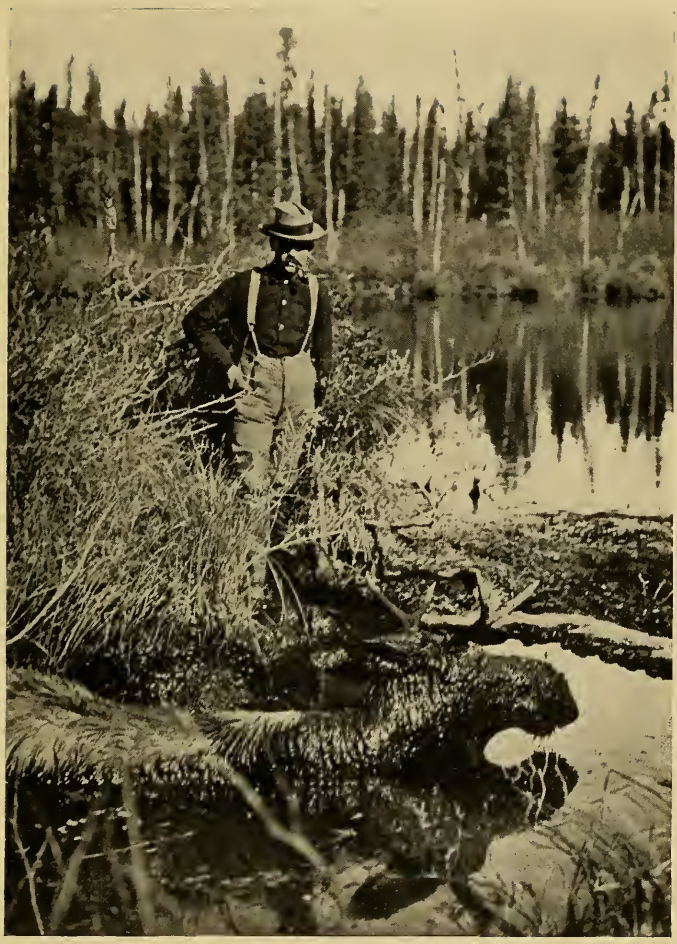
bundle of eccentricities, sir; he is that. One day he paints a picture, another he preaches a sermon, another he offers up a public prayer, and another he conducts a regimental band, sir. Yes, sir, he's a queer fellow, but ah, man, he's a grand shot—he's that indeed, man.

But now as to your president. He has his picture taken jumping a six-barred gate and riding to hounds and riding at the head of a lot of men on a mountain lion trip and lots of other outdoor excursions. But, sir, he and our king are the two great men of the age. Although I think your president is a more forceful man, our king, now that he has come to his own, is a wonderful diplomatist. He's done more for the peace of the world than all the kings and queens of the last fifty years have done.

But perhaps ye'll see the president before he goes to Africa—before he goes to Africa—and tell him, if you do, that he must not drink the water at all in Africa. It's nothing but damned mud, sir; boiled or raw, it's all the same. Tell him to take bottled water, sir; bottled water, and drink nothing else.

I had the black fever, sir, and the sleeping sickness, where every other victim dies,—every other victim dies, sir,—but, thank God, I was spared. But I've never been the same man since, sir, and I wouldn't have anything to happen your grand president, sir. So be sure and tell him not to touch the damned water, sir.

What rifle do you shoot, a 45–90? What's that?



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DIGGING HIS OWN GRAVE

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A Hocksie bullet. How do you spell it? H-o-x-s-i-e. What does it mean? Oh, it's the man's name—the maker's name. Do you think I ought to take some home to Scotland? You do? How many should I take? But, man, we've got nothing to shoot at with the rifle. Rabbits and hares? Well, yes; but ye canna shoot them with the rifle runnin'.

Will you not take a drop of Scotch, Mr.—Mr.—I beg your pardon again. Yes, yes, I remember it now.

What! Ye do not drink? Ye'll excuse me, my eyesight is not verra good, but I thought by your looks that you were perhaps a bit of a hard drinker.

Can ye tell me when the Mauretania sails? She was held up two days by a fog inside of Sandy Hook? Well, but I can get her sister ship, can I not?

I'm glad of that. Oh, yes, I'm coming back again to hunt moose next fall, but, mind you, I'll no hae that cook, because every time I think of him I say to mysel': "Damn that cook! Damn that cook!" an' I canna help it, sir, either.

And I'm to ride your horse back, sir, on the three days' journey? My God! man, but I'll be stiff and sore when I'm through with him. And it's raining, too, to start off with. Yes, I had lots of riding in India.

You may say I was twenty years in the saddle, sir; twenty years in the saddle. But then my digestion was good—I could eat anything without its giving me

heartburn. But, damn that cook, I'm going back to Scotland with a ruined stomach, a ruined stomach, sir.

Well, good-bye, good-bye; I'll hope to see you here again next fall.

Yes, sir; yes, sir, I'll be back again, sure. Good-bye.

CHAPTER VII

A SOLITARY DISCIPLE OF BACCHUS

"That quaffing and drinking will undo you."
—TWELFTH NIGHT.

HENRY BRAITHWAITE'S home camp is situated on the shore of the Big Southwest Miramichi Lake. It is fifty-three miles from the railroad and forty-five miles from a settlement. This camp is used largely as a distributing camp. Here are stored provisions for camps that are scattered far and near on many lakes and "dead-waters."

Hanging from its walls are all manner of traps, for "Uncle Henry" is a trapper as well as a guide and owner of camps. There are three rooms or buildings —one used as a kitchen, dining-room and sleeping-room for the guides, one as a storage-room, where three bear-skins were hanging, and the third as a reading- writing- and sleeping-room for the "sports." Two beds, each capable of "sleeping" three men, a big stove, a big bench or table, a wash-trough and another table completed the furnishing of the room.

Here the only occupant when I arrived was a big, morose and taciturn man, who kept upon the table an open bottle of whiskey, of which he drank as often as four times an hour. This man, whom I'll

call Glade, just because that is not his name, had been "in" some thirty days. He had got his moose, and was now waiting for a friend of his to come back from another camp, where he had also been for thirty days, but without getting a moose. Glade was, therefore, "killing time," truly a noble employment for a man weighing some two hundred and fifty pounds and possessed of much of this world's wealth.

I naturally supposed that he would want the news of the outside world, and so I told him of lively events in the presidential campaign then going on, but he made no passing comment. Even the exciting struggle for leadership in the two great baseball leagues gave him no pleasure, and so I gave up trying to make myself agreeable to a man who showed by the number of empty whiskey bottles lying around that his present interest in life was merely to satisfy his appetite for a strong stimulant.

We had a fine supper, cooked and served by John, a bright-witted chap, who was dressed in white cap, jacket and trousers. We had cold roast moose meat, with onions, baked beans, apple sauce, baked potatoes and flannel cakes. A few stories were told by the men, and then I turned in for the night at eight o'clock, glad that the rough and exciting journey of forty-five miles "in" was over.

During the night the rain once more deluged the yet thirsty earth, and at daylight its downcoming was un-

diminished in volume or force. Glade said, "You'll surely not start out on a morning like this."

"But I surely will," I answered him, "provided Henry says so."

After breakfast a guide appeared, who was to carry in a pack containing blankets and some supplies, and Henry and the guide and I took the trail for Moccasin Lake, four miles away.

The road was uniformly upgrade. Many moose tracks were seen, but the downpouring rain made it impossible to tell whether they were "fresh" or not. However, Henry decided to rest under the shelter of a big rock, and make one or two moose calls, for to his keen eye the signs he had noted warranted a trial call at any rate. Getting no response to the moose horn greetings, the journey was resumed without anything of further interest excepting that Henry shot three partridges on the way with the .22 calibre rifle. When the camp was reached we were surprised to see a big fire burning in the stove, and two men in front of the fire. There were no courteous greetings between them and my party. They had nothing to say, and after waiting a few minutes more by the stove they went outside, stopped a moment at the door, said, "Good-bye," and both of them departed without further ado.

They were guides belonging to a man who had recently inaugurated a rival business to Henry's—a man whom Henry had guided in former years. There was

much ill-feeling between the two men and their guides, with charges and countercharges, and that stage had now been reached where subpœnas were to be served upon some of Henry's guides. Our companions conjectured that the visit of these two men was to find a certain guide to serve such a legal document upon.

Afterward, in the afternoon, we came across their tracks leading from another camp to this one. This visit of theirs, it may be easily inferred, caused much talk and comment.

After dinner the rain subsided somewhat and we went down to the lake a few yards from the cabin and entered a rather rudely built pirogue, fashioned out of a big pine log. As the log was partly rotten at one end, it had been neatly mended by stretching a piece of canvas over the decayed part, to prevent the water from running in.

We made a circuit of the lake and in one corner Henry heard a cow moose call. We landed near by and made a careful search of a portion of the woods, but found no signs of the cow, or, what would have been more to our fancy, of a bull.

We did see, however, the skeleton of a moose lying along the roadside, which Henry said had been wantonly killed in the previous July by a man who wanted to test a new rifle and to whose mind there was nothing like a living animal, and the bigger the better for this purpose.

Leaving the pirogue, we journeyed up-hill over a bad road to a set of abandoned lumber camps, in one of which a lot of supplies was stored. This camp was chained and barred with many protections against burglars, because, before the place had been thus made secure, four barrels of flour, a chest of tea and a barrel of sugar had been stolen from it. The flour that remained, together with sundry barrels of pork, beans and molasses, might not now be of much service when used, as the stuff had lain there over two years.

Next we came to a dam, beyond which was a fine stretch of dead-water. Half a mile above, in this sheltered water, we saw a moose feeding. Bringing a pair of glasses to bear upon the animal, we discovered that it was a bull, feeding upon the bottom of the stream. He would thrust his head down under the water to eat of the grasses or lily roots, and when he raised his head a great swish of water would be splashed about from his antlers.

The wind, unfortunately, was blowing from us, directly toward him. Hastily we climbed a ridge to the left, in order to get around him, but the air, tainted with the scent of human beings, had already reached him. We saw his mane go up; saw him scramble out of the water to the bank, and away he went without even taking time to shake the water from himself.

He could not have seen us from where he was, but he might, in addition to the scent, have heard a branch

break and the senses of hearing and of smell were enough to steer him out of danger.

A visit was next made to a small lake on the other side of the ridge. No signs being seen of moose, either of fresh tracks or of roily water, we returned to the dam and made a trip up along the left bank of the dead-water, opposite to the place where the moose went in, but saw no further evidences of these elusive animals.

Returning to the lumber camp, Henry shot two more partridges, and we trudged back to camp, arriving there just at dark.

Our wet clothes were now hung up to dry on a latticework above a big, hot camp stove. Dry clothes were put on and a supper of roast partridge, baked potatoes and stewed prunes was eaten. At eight o'clock we turned in and went to sleep to the lullaby of the falling rain pattering on the cedar splint roof and to the occasional hooting of an owl or the sharp barking of a fox.

CHAPTER VIII

A FAMOUS PERIBONCA PORTAGE

"I mean, the fashion—yes, the fashion is the fashion."
—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

GOBER LAKE, New Brunswick, is called after a murderer by that name, but the explanation is made that the murder was not committed until fifteen years after it was so christened. Then the aforesaid Gober shot a man and killed him, for which crime he was imprisoned for one month, this light sentence being on account of some extenuating circumstances.

Gober, perhaps thirty years ago, came into the wilds upon hunting bent, and under the guiding hand of Henry Braithwaite, he finally reached the lake now named after him, and, casually asking Henry how far he was then from his home in southern New Brunswick, he was so startled and frightened when told that he was over one hundred miles into the wilderness that he there and then insisted upon turning back to civilization, and hunting had no further lure for him.

We left Moccasin Lake very early in the morning, *en route* for Gober Lake. The road led over a good pathway through the woods to Birch Lake. On the way fresh tracks of two men, one wearing rubber boots and the other moccasins, were found in the path lead-

ing toward the camp which we had just left. The guides at once identified the tracks as having been made by the two men whom we found in that camp upon our arrival there.

On reaching Birch Lake, two freshly cut logs were found in the water, tied together with pieces of rope, on which rude but safe raft they had crossed the lake the day before. For our crossing we had a pirogue or dugout, which carried the three of us and our outfit without any trouble. There was quite a portage over a ridge, in crossing which Henry shot three more partridges. I don't know how it came about, but in crossing this steep portage I could not but think of a famous portage—a three days' journey up the Peribonca River, which flows into Lake St. John, Quebec, from the north —which I crossed in 1893.

The Peribonca River is nearly three-fourths of a mile wide at its mouth. It runs through a strata of Laurentian rock and is bordered on both sides—or was then—by a dense forest of spruce and white birch trees. No houses grace its banks and no roads afford facilities for walking. The river is the sole avenue of communication between the lake and its headwaters, nearly five hundred miles away. The river narrows frequently to a width of say sixty feet, because of obstructions from projecting ledges of rock on both sides.

At this particular portage, which is on the left-hand side of the stream going up, the rock rises above the

water with a very sharp pitch a distance of perhaps forty feet, and it takes careful footing to reach the summit if you have any load to carry. We had four Indian guides, only one of whom could speak any English. They belonged to the Montagnies tribe. They were splendid canoemen, and well-behaved and willing workers.

When this portage was reached I noted that the Indians, for the first time on the trip, were smiling to each other, and that they talked a little, although they were usually very taciturn. I inquired of "Charley," the spokesman of the bunch, what they were smiling at, and obtained from him the story of the following incident:

At the very headwaters of the Peribonca River lived a trapper, small in stature himself, but with a big, buxom wife. It was his custom to come down the river in the balmy month of June accompanied by his stout wife, his canoes loaded with furs, the result of the previous season's catch.

From Lake St. John, by the Saguenay River, the journey was continued to Quebec. Here the furs were sold and supplies purchased for the coming winter, and after a fortnight spent in the quaint old city the return was made. So it happened that but two months and a half before our trip this same bunch of Indians had convoyed this pair to their home in the far-off northland. While in Quebec the good dame had looked

with longing eyes upon many gorgeous hats and had finally purchased two of the very latest fashion to take with her to her distant home, where they were the only settlers in a vast region on the border of the Arctic circle.

As each of the hats was packed in a separate band-box, they were a constant source of care and worry at every portage.

These precious examples of the then latest fashions in millinery were not to be touched by any one but the future wearer. She alone would carry them around the obstructions and across the portages. When this particular slanting rock was reached, all the stores, tents, bedding, etc., in the canoes were landed at the base of the rock, while the Indians carried the canoes on their backs up the face of the rock and then around it, placing them in a quiet stretch of water above. Then the freight was carried over.

Next the trapper and his stout wife essayed the rather dangerous climb. The woman insisted upon carrying the two band boxes containing the hats herself, and, with one in each hand, she very carefully crawled up the steep ascent.

There was quite a wind blowing, which banged the hat boxes around in a rude fashion, but all went well until the summit was nearly reached, and there the full force of the wind struck her and the bulky but light-weighted freight in front with such force that she reeled, tottered, and then fell.

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THE LIBERATED MOOSE

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Backward she went, turning heels over head, and making several complete somersaults, but still holding on to her precious burden with both hands. She was soon landed in the cold and swift-running waters at the base of the cliff, and here she was compelled to let go of the hat boxes, which floated down-stream as if in a mill-race. First the woman was fished out of the water, but not without serious trouble, and then a canoe was paddled down-stream after the hats, and they, when recovered and opened to the buxom dame's view, were found uninjured. Her wet and bedraggled condition was at once forgotten in the joy of this happy deliverance, and tears soon gave way to smiles. Now she was quite content to allow the head-gear to be "toted up" by the Indians.

But now to Gober Lake. After crossing the ridge we came to a stretch of dead-water, and, entering another pirogue, we came to a series of small falls, which we poled up, and a mile further on Gober Lake Camp was reached. There are two buildings: one for the guides to sleep in and also to be used as a kitchen and dining-room, and the other for the "sport's" sitting-room and bed-room.

After lunch Henry led the way to a canoe-landing on the lake, where we entered a birch-bark canoe, rather the worse for wear, and in face of a strong head wind we paddled across the lake. Leaving the canoe at the far side, we leisurely made our way through

some boggy ground, along the banks of a small stream leading toward a ridge called the Caribou Barren.

On the far side of the stream about forty yards away a large cow moose, that had been lying down among a lot of tall grass, jumped up and, with mane erect, started for the woods as fast as she could travel. She had winded us, which accounted for her alarm. Henry gave a low call on his moose horn to see if she was accompanied by a bull, but as none appeared, we concluded that the cow was an "old maid."

We climbed the sides and ascended to the top of the Caribou ridge. Here we found a maze of caribou runways, but not a single fresh track. The bleached skull of a cow, with two little antlers, was lying on the summit, while a good-sized skeleton of a bull, with good antlers, lay whitening in the sun a few yards off. We tramped the barren in every direction, but saw nothing of animal life.

Returning to the canoe, I found that my hunting-knife had been lost somewhere on the barren. We went back a half mile or so, but couldn't find it. Two days later another trip was made to the barren, and again no fresh tracks and no hunting-knife.

On the trip back to the camp we explored a deep cove with a lonely piece of dead-water leading to it. We had felt confident that there some fresh tracks would be discovered. We saw plenty of old ones, but of fresh tracks, not one. A female hooded merganser

swam about in the cove all alone, and she allowed us to come within a few yards of her without getting at all scared.

From all that we could see there must have been a recent migration of both caribou and moose from this locality. There were any number of runways down to the water, but no fresh signs of feeding or of wading on the part of either of these species. Henry was at a loss to account for this absence of big game except by attributing it to the doings of a man, who, it was said, in clear defiance of the game laws, had been hunting at night with a large acetylene lamp fastened to the bow of his canoe. If this was the case, the bright glare of the light, together with its smell, would frighten the big game into almost a frenzy of fear, and it doesn't take very long for them to quit a territory so abused, and to make off to feeding grounds where they will be left undisturbed in the strict solitude which they so dearly love.

While we were at this camp we were fortunate in seeing some glorious displays of the northern lights—aurora borealis—which lasted for nearly an hour one night, and twenty-five minutes the following night. In the clear, pure air the display was so beautiful that we watched it with almost breathless attention until it disappeared as swiftly as it had come.

In early November Henry expected to have, as occupants of this camp for a month's hunting, a young

man and his wife from New York, who had been hunting with him the previous year. The husband is a newspaper man of noted ability and influence in the metropolis, being a son of one of the chief newspaper publishers in that big city.

Of his wife, every one who had seen her had the same story to tell. She was a fine woman, courteous and kind to all, patient and uncomplaining under the most trying weather conditions, with an overflowing stock of enthusiasm, and possessed of an athletic figure that the goddess Diana herself might envy. The guides said that she was slightly over six feet tall and weighed one hundred and seventy pounds. Upon her last trip she walked all the way out to the settlement—forty-five miles—and arrived there in good condition.

This woman is of gentle birth, is highly educated, and cuts quite a sweep in the fashionable world when at home. So no wonder that with all her varied accomplishments she should set the guides and "sports" who have met her here—where nature is not always kind, but often very rude and rough—as if with one voice to sing her praises.

CHAPTER IX

MISSING A BIG MOOSE AT THIRTY YARDS

"But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."
—HAMLET.

At first break of day we were up and doing at the Gober Lake Camp. A discussion was in progress between Uncle Henry and the cook when I joined them as to how far it was to Crichton Lake. This is a body of water which nestles in the very crest of a high mountain, the base of which rubbed close up to our lodging. Both agreed as to the distance, if the mountain were to be attacked from the front, but Henry wanted to take it in the rear. As near as I could make it out from their talk, the journey there and back would be twelve miles, but it might be stretched out to sixteen miles by some contemplated diversions from the roundabout way in order to visit one or more dead-waters.

We got away bright and early. The route lay along a spotted trail for three miles or so until an old logging road was reached. This road hadn't been used for ever so many years, and, of course, it was grown up with many obstructions—deadfalls, alders, cedars and young firs. The road was cautiously followed. We made the least possible noise, stopping frequently to listen and then putting our feet down lightly, being careful not to

break any twigs or branches. We would tiptoe along for a half mile or more; then sit down and listen for several minutes.

We saw no fresh tracks of any kind. When the road reached the bottom of the decline, we found an extensive "dead-water."

Now the day had become really hot, and, as for myself, my clothes were wringing wet with perspiration, while Uncle Henry was mopping his face at times quite vigorously.

We explored the dead-water for signs on both sides, but found none. Then we sat down and rested for maybe half an hour, during which time Uncle Henry made a few "calls" on the birch-bark horn.

Our route was now changed to one at right angles to the road we had been following. This road led close along the brook which formed the dead-water; consequently it was wet and in places quite muddy, while the everlasting alders could not well grow any thicker than they grew in those bottoms.

An hour's walk under these conditions showed us no fresh tracks, until we arrived at a spot where a brook came down from the mountain, which we were to climb from the rear, and entered the stream that we had been following.

Here we saw the very fresh track of a bull moose, and a short distance further on we noted that he had been polishing his antlers upon some alders. With one

of these bushes a blade of his antlers had, in some way, gotten tangled up, so that the animal had pulled it up by the roots and carried it quite a distance before he could get rid of it.

The tracks were so fresh as to assure us that the noble game had passed ahead of us only an hour or so before our arrival.

It was now high time for something to eat, and we sat down close to a lively spring, ate our lunch and washed it down with the delicious spring water that bubbled up close by our seat.

Now came the climb, the real work of the day. The incline was quite gradual at first, then it became sharper, and as the road followed the brook, which was generally rushing down the hill at a good pitch, with here and there a little stretch of quiet water, it behooved us to advance carefully, looking into each covert before we passed it. We searched the ground eagerly for the tracks, which had now disappeared from the road. Up and up we climbed, and between the heat and the exertion, and the high altitude which we were attaining, my tongue was hanging out—a signal of distress—at every stop, and truly I had "bellows to mend."

Uncle Henry, however, showed no signs of trouble, but jogged along quietly and steadily. After what seemed to me a never-ending climb, Henry left the brook, and made a sharp turn to the right, telling me that he was aiming to make a short cut to a big dead-wa-

ter, that we should find but a little distance below the outlet of the lake, which we were then struggling to reach.

It was now an ascent up a sharp and stiff knob of the mountain, and following a spotted trail, which led right away from the brook. When the summit of this elevation was attained we swung to the left a little, and then the path led down-hill until alders again were seen, and surely we were now about to reach water again, because one does not find alders unless he is near to water.

Henry went ahead and stepped very gingerly, parting the alders as silently as possible, so that we could wriggle through without either breaking them or allowing them to slap back. What a protecting shield this plebeian growth of alders is to all animals of the deer tribe. The moose always seems to prefer to be surrounded by them to anything else in the wilderness.

These bushes at such a time and after such a journey as we had been making were tantalizingly difficult to get through without breaking the stillness which always pertains to the sanctuary of the moose. However, my labored breathing was certainly making more sound-waves than our feet. When Henry gently parted the last of the bushes which formed the fringe screening the water from our view, without any excitement or emotion whatever, after taking a glance out into the open, he motioned me with one hand to come up to him, while he held the bushes back with the other.

Now, I must say that at this point I was about "all in" from the exertion of the long-continued climb, as well as from the heat and the high altitude. At his signal I made a quick step forward, and, not looking at where I was stepping, my foot crushed and snapped a small twig. Then the opening was reached, the curtain of alders was raised, and Henry simply said: "There's your moose!"

The noise of the breaking twig had warned him that something was wrong, and he had just commenced to swing around when I first saw him. He was standing among some high grass and reeds, broadside on, not farther away than the width of a street. His head was crowned with a freak set of antlers, having a fairly wide spread, with very narrow blades, both ends of the antlers being somewhat like a man's open hands, with the fingers of the hands representing the points.

He appeared to be a sturdy young bull in good condition, for his hide was sleek and glossy, while his legs from the knee-joints down were strikingly white.

All of this was noted at a glance and before even raising the rifle to shoot. There was no time to be lost, however. I aimed as well as my breathing apparatus would permit for the point behind his left shoulder, which was an easy, and ought to have been a fatal, shot, as he swung around.

He didn't stop, or fall, or jump, or give any sign that he was hit; so, pumping another cartridge into the bar-

rel before he had completely turned, I next fired what should have been a raking shot, striking him on the left hind quarter. But alas! It didn't strike, and, therefore, didn't "rake." Another and yet another bullet was fired after he got going, and then he crashed through the alders, and disappeared, as if by magic.

His route led over a bit of hard, firm ground as soon as the alders were left.

When the shooting was over Uncle Henry asked, "Did you hit him?"

"Why, surely I must have hit him. How could I miss?"

"Well, your first bullet cut a handful of hair from the back of his neck," Henry said.

We followed his tracks far enough to show that I had made a complete miss with each of the four shots. I could not be made to believe this at first, and I insisted upon following the tracks up to the top of the ridge, but alas! and yet alas! it was indeed too true.

My first thoughts were not for myself in the deep chagrin which I felt at this unlooked-for and ignominious failure; but they were of Henry. What would he think after all his care, his skill and his planning in getting me up as close to the moose as any man could wish for?

"Give your thoughts no tongue, Uncle Henry," I said; "for really I do not care for myself in this matter, but for you."

"Oh, don't think of that," said the dear old fellow; "that moose alive is worth $200 to me, for some other fellow to shoot at. And don't fret yourself; I've had men come to me from ten times the distance that you have come, and famous shots they were, too, and just such a thing has happened to them. So come along to the lake itself and let's see how things look there."

It must be remembered that the moose was feeding in the dead-water below the outlet of the lake. When the shore of the lake was found we looked up and down its length and breadth, examined the soft places for tracks, but found none, and then we circled round its upper end.

Here we saw the skeleton of a bull moose lying in the water, which had been killed a couple of weeks before by one of Henry's "sports." The head, of course, had been taken away, while the hide was left stretched out upon a frame made of poles. There being no canoe on the lake, it had been necessary for the men to build a catamaran with which to get to where he fell in the water.

There was a smaller lake about a mile away from Crichton Lake, and at a lower elevation, for, as has been said before, Crichton Lake is at the very apex of the mountain. For this small lake we wended our way. Arriving there, we found no signs of moose, fresh or old, and, therefore, without loss of time we turned our steps toward the camp.

Now, the path was down and down, and seemingly ever down. We hurried as much as was consistent with safety, for the chill of a cold, clear night had settled upon us. It was dark when the friendly light of Gober Lake Camp was seen.

It may easily be imagined that I was not by any means cheerful as I sat down to the evening meal. Tired—very tired—in truth I was, yet I've been as weary before, and still have been "cheery, blithe and bonnie."

Hamlet's sage statement, "There's a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come," came to mind as illustrating the glorious uncertainty of hunting, when the unexpected always happens.

I was so sure when the trigger of the 45–90 rifle was first pulled that the big quarry would fall that I should have wagered the whole cost of the trip upon it, and yet, with four times one shot, that he still went off unscathed was so totally unexpected that it was really hard to realize.

But "Truth is mighty and must prevail," and nothing need be said more than that.

CHAPTER X

THE WISDOM OF THE CROW

"For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins."
—HENRY VI.

THE day following the Crichton Lake fiasco Henry decided that we should explore a long and famous dead-water of the southwest branch of the Miramichi River, a dead-water with many turnings, many rocky rifts and many wide, smooth expanses.

We had not gone more than a couple of miles down the stream before a wind sprang up, blowing directly from us. This, of course, would be fatal to our chances for game, and, therefore, a halt was made in a sheltered cove. There I had a good rest of an hour from the fierce exertions of the previous day.

The wind did not subside, as we had expected, and we turned back. In places where our canoe had shot like a duck through bits of quick water on the down trip, it was now necessary to get out and lead the canoe through.

On reaching one of the wide stretches of water Henry stopped and asked me if I believed in animal intelligence. I told him that I did. He then told the following story in proof that animals do reason and think more than people give them credit for doing.

Pointing to a spot behind some sheltered rocks, he said:

"I was over there once in the dead of winter looking after my traps. I had come up this wide piece of water dragging a sled after me through a depth of snow which about reached to my knees, and had sat down to rest for a few minutes. A band of caribou appeared in sight on a line very nearly parallel to the one I had made.

"My track was soon discovered: then first one bull went up to it, looked at it and turned away to think it over, then another and another, until four out of the nineteen animals in the band had inspected it.

"The cows and calves waited quietly until a decision was reached. One of the younger bulls concluded that there was no danger in it for him, and he made a few steps forward, but none of the others followed him. The bull which seemed to me to be the grandfather of the bunch made a second inspection. Then he looked up and down and crosswise of the ice, and evidently made up his mind that to advance meant danger, and that safety lay in beating a retreat.

"So he marshaled the band, the youngest ones leading off, then the cows, and lastly the bulls, he himself being last of all.

"You couldn't call this instinct. It was intelligent reasoning that brought them to their right conclusions."

Henry further related an incident where a bunch of crows had come upon some oats that had been spilled from a sled on the hard snow. There were nine of them. True to their custom, one flew up into a near-by tree to act as sentinel.

"On the far side of the road," said Henry, "there were some low bushes, and, happening to see a movement among them, I watched closely, and soon saw the head of a red fox with his eyes greedily fixed upon the feeding birds. Even a crow, at times in the winter, must taste good to a fox.

"Master Reynard crawled silently on his belly toward the unsuspecting birds, and I thought the sentinel crow in the tree must have gone to sleep. But not he, indeed. He waited until the rapacious streak of reddish fur was about to be launched like a flash at the nearest crow, when 'Caw! Caw! Caw!' said the one on the tree in his quickest and sharpest manner, and away the birds flew, leaving the fox in dire chagrin at his failure.

"Then the sentinel crow started to jeer and laugh at their common enemy and to berate him with vigor. The fox slunk away, and as soon as he was far enough for them to be out of danger the sentinel called his brethren back, he descending to feed on the oats while one of the others took his place as sentry.

"Now," said Henry, "that sentinel acted just as if he was full of mischief, and wanted to fool the fox and

to have a good laugh at his discomfiture when the alarm was given. Where is the man, if he had the chance under similar circumstances, that wouldn't have done the same thing—that is, if he had had as much humor in him as the crow had?

"My long life in the wilderness and in the woods as a trapper has convinced me firmly that not only have the animals intelligence, but plants and flowers also have intelligence.

"Did you ever examine the pitcher plant carefully? You did? Well, you must know that it is a living and intelligent trap for spiders, ants, flies, mosquitoes, etc.; that it first catches them and then drowns them, and, lastly, devours and digests them.

"On the hottest summer 'day and in the greatest droughts you'll always find the cups of these plants half filled with clear cold water—cold, mind you—and how they can keep the water cold I know not. The various insects enter the cup or trap evidently to drink of the water, and when they try to get out they find that the inside surface of the cup is lined with a coating of little spines or spikes with their short points reaching downward.

"And so to crawl up the sides of the plant being impossible, after struggling with might and main until their strength is exhausted, they drop into the water and are speedily dissected, the meaty portions being devoured, while the wings and antennæ are by some un-

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LEAVING THE RIVER END OF NORTHEAST CARRY

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known method made to sink to the bottom and finally to be packed tightly in the tube of the root of the plant.

"Talk about the cunning of the tiger and his bloodthirstiness! He does not excel in either of these traits the lowly pitcher plant, which you can see by the thousands in most of the wilderness bogs of New Brunswick and Maine."

Being this day in a philosophic mood, Henry gradually took up the question of creeds, of religious beliefs, and of religious practices. In answer to a question as to the sect which worshiped in a little church at the edge of the settlement which we had to pass through just before we reached the railroad, a man had told us that it was a union church by name, but in reality it was Presbyterian, as the majority of the congregation were of that faith.

The subscriptions for its erection were asked for on the broad plea that it was to be a union church and that no one sect was to dominate it. One of the leading men requested a widow to subscribe to the building fund, and she asked him what denomination it was to be. He replied that it was to be for all religions but the Roman Catholic.

"Is that so?" she said. "Well, why not for that, too? Isn't that a religion as much as the Methodist, the Presbyterian, the Jewish, or even the Mohammedan?"

To this he could make no adequate reply excepting that Catholics were barred. Commenting on this Henry—the philosopher of the woods, the man who has spent nearly sixty years in studying nature and in living so close to her as to be able to interpret her ever-varying moods—said:

"What rank folly it is for men to quarrel with their most intimate friends, even with their own families at times, on questions of religious doctrine, which, in the end, seem only like the splitting of hairs! How many millions of people have been killed because they wouldn't worship the God of the Jews in the early days of Jewish history! How many millions more of the Jews themselves were killed because they wouldn't worship God according to the light of the Gentiles!

"How many millions of so-called Christians were killed because they did not worship God according to the doctrine of the Koran, and the instructions of Mohammed! Then look at the millions slain by the Catholics in their day of strength and the rapine and violence shown by the Protestants when their day of vengeance arrived. And so on through all the mutations of human life since the world began.

"Begging money for churches; begging money to support pastors; begging money for current expenses of churches, which profess to be for the salvation of all mankind, excepting for those who do not believe just as you do, is not to my liking.

"In days of old if a man dared to say that he didn't —couldn't believe—in this or that doctrine, the punishment might be 'off with his head,' or burn him at the stake, or throw him into a dungeon to die like a dog.

"Ah, yes; this is a union church, for all sects—except the Catholics—and there you see sectarianism running rampant. In place of charity such a feeling begets jealousy and rancor. In place of love, hatred, malignant hatred, is engendered."

When Henry finished his peroration, I thought of the language of Dr. William Cunningham Gray, the saintly editor of the *Interior*, who spent a great portion of his long life in the woods, and who shortly before his death wrote:

"It has been my highly prized privilege to return to the Adamic conditions of existence, to live in the paradise of God, to taste the exquisite and exhilarating joys of primitive life. Adam was under disadvantages, but, after all, he was the happiest man of his race. Let us forsake the vapid follies of fashion and dissipation and return to a life as simple and unostentatious, as benevolent and unselfish as that of our Lord. Let us free ourselves from the vain complexities of theology, of philosophy and of living and rise to the pure, free air, and to the simple dignity and worth of true manhood and womanhood."

The wind increasing in violence, we went to the camp, had our dinner, and once more set out for the

Caribou Barren. We expected to find the lost hunting-knife, and hoped against hope that we might see some game on the journey. Two days before this a large cow moose had been seen feeding in some tall grass, and now on entering the woods opposite to this spot we discovered this same cow. She was, as before, without male escort. The wind blew from her to us, and we watched her for a few minutes while she fed, all unconscious of our presence. When we walked past her it was interesting to see how very quickly she got our scent and how speedily she could disappear into the friendly brush.

We tramped back and forth on the feeding grounds of the caribou, up one side of the ridge and down the other, and the length and breadth of it, but neither hunting-knife nor caribou did we see; nor any living animal, excepting the cow moose, and as for her, she was sacred, and therefore not to be meddled with.

The result of this day's hunt decided Henry in determining that we should return to Moccasin Lake on the morrow, making an early start, so as to reach there by noon time. From Moccasin Lake Camp we were to try Reed Lake, which Henry was considerate enough to say was another lake set in the apex of a high mountain, the road to which was bad enough to be remembered for many, many years.

CHAPTER XI

ONCE MORE A BAD MISS

"O Negligence, fit for a fool to fall by."
—HENRY VIII.

WE packed our belongings and made an early start for Moccasin Lake Camp. The reason for our change of base was because in two days more our return journey to what is called civilization would have to be commenced, and this day's tramp would put us a "day's march nearer home." It's the saddest part of a hunting vacation when you have to turn back on your tracks.

When you are on the forward move, the mind is always ready for new sights, new sounds, and new chances for game. When the spirits are high, and there's an eager and alert look in the eye, your step is light and springy. You peer into this cove and into that one, always expecting a surprise. You scan with rapid glances the valley that unfolds itself before you for the first time. You look at all the soft spots in the road for telltale tracks. You crouch around the big rock, and hold your breath while you look. That high bunch of swale grass may conceal a deer.

Is that a rock away at the far end of the lake, or is it—yes, it is—it's a moose feeding.

The head is under the water and when it is raised note the splash of the water as the antlers cast it off the blades, like throwing it up with a shovel, and you know it's a bull. He's got your wind and he's off. Good-bye, old fellow. I'll look for you another time.

But now we're coming to a dead-water. That piece of dead-water yonder which twists and turns to all points of the compass may even now be entertaining a bull moose with a dinner of lily-pads, a dinner always to his liking.

But the return trip is a walk without ambition and unspurred by curiosity, and therefore the distance always seems to be greater than on the ingoing trip. The portage over the high ridge, the crossing of Birch Lake in the pirogue, were now but commonplace proceedings, exciting no comment whatever. Henry made a couple of "calls" at Birch Lake, more from custom perhaps than from the expectancy of getting any answers.

But partridges were plentiful, and he soon had three of these fine birds hung to his pack, each killed with a single bullet.

The day was hot and sultry, and each of us had more or less of a load, and in consequence our exertions brought out plenty of perspiration. The return journey discovered to us no game, no new tracks, and at noon time the distance was covered, and we were back again in the camp, whence I had started but a few days be-

fore, buoyant and hopeful of coming out with a big moose head, a caribou head, and perhaps even a bear.

The cook lost little time in getting a meal for us. Henry said quietly, "Now we'll try Reed Lake," and we were soon off again. A few steps from the camp a partridge was fired at and evidently killed, but it fell in some brush and we couldn't find it, and so it had to be left until our return.

Reed Lake was only two miles away, but such a pair of miles you never saw! The road was largely one of smooth boulders,—small boulders, medium-sized boulders and big boulders. The ascent was steep enough again to test the lungs, and, together with the heat, made us pause often and long. In these rests Henry was again philosophic and reminiscent.

Speaking once more of the intelligence of animals, he used the reasoning of the late Dr. W. C. Gray: "The moral faculties of the lower animals are shown in the startling likeness to the language and tonal effects as used by man, or as much so as the physical conformation of the organs of speech will permit.

"Anger, defiance, affection, alarm, fright, sorrow, pain, gladness, exultation, triumph, derision are all heard in all their modulations in the voices and modes of expression of birds and quadrupeds; language well understood by civilized man, but better understood by the Indians of the several tribes, each of which speaks an idiom of its own.

"Most of the emotions and passions are well expressed in the soft beaming or the flash of the eye. The pose of the body, the exhibition of weapons, the tremor of the muscles, the lofty, suppliant or shamed carriage of the head.

"When we see a dog, himself hungry, carry food safely to his master, or die bravely in that master's defense, how shall we escape the conviction that really noble moral qualities are present in the phenomena? Notice the warm affection and intelligent understanding existing between such widely divergent animals as the dog, the horse, the elephant, the seal, on the one hand, and man on the other.

"The flowers at our feet look up into our faces with expressions so sweet and benign that our imaginations will persist in investing them with spirits kindred to our own."

The good doctor elsewhere says: "One Sunday I found a sick horse lying upon the cold, wet ground. When he saw me he called for help at once, lifted his head, touched his side with his nose, and groaned. I told him I was very sorry for him, and that he must not lie there, but get up and go home, and that he should have a warm bed and some medicine.

"He was too weak and benumbed to rise alone, but he and I combined our forces, and he was soon on his feet, and he led the way with feeble steps. I did not know where his home was, but he showed me.

GOOD-BY TO GENIAL JOE SMITH

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"I do not say that the man who owned him had no soul. I only say that the fact of the existence of his soul had to be reached by an abstract mental process, as we determine the existence of the ultimate atom."

In my own experience of three years ago, a young bull moose was kept a prisoner to my certain knowledge for four days and a half, without food or water. He had suffered the misfortune of having his right hind leg caught in some manner back of a cedar root. The spot where he was thus forcibly "held up," or down, rather, was but three feet from the water of the thoroughfare at the head of "Our Lake."

With his three other feet free he was during the whole of this time trying to free himself, and was constantly digging for himself a muddy grave. The water rushed in as fast as he dug and the result was an enveloping compound of sticky mud.

I had heard him plainly on Friday and Saturday nights because the wind was from his quarter. Sunday night it changed and on that night and the following night we heard no sounds. On Tuesday morning a guide and I passed right by him without seeing him, although as I have already said he was but three feet from the water.

On the return trip, however, the guide, who had left me more than a mile above, again heard the noise and soon located the cause.

Going back to the camp, he enlisted the aid of one

of our party, an expert photographer, and together they paddled up to the imprisoned moose. With an axe the cedar root was cut and the moose's leg was freed.

The next thing was to get the intelligent animal out. They used a sapling as a lever, putting it between his hind legs, with a log for a fulcrum. With one man pulling at his antlers, the other hoisting him by means of the lever, and the moose doing all that he could to help them, he was at last liberated.

Both men say that he thanked them as eloquently with his eyes, and by turning round and looking at them with every step he took, until he waded across the thoroughfare, as any human being could possibly have done.

All his instinctive dread of human beings had disappeared, and he showed by his actions that he appreciated to the full the fact that the men had actually saved his life.

This was on a Tuesday—a few days afterward we were out—my guide and I—at night when the moon was shining very bright and the air was absolutely still. We heard a pair of moose feeding up the stream. Paddling silently toward them we first came up with a very large cow feeding on the left hand side of the brook. And next we found that she was mated with the same little bull whom we had rescued, for he was now her lord and protector.

But now for our excursion to Reed Lake. When we arrived there the water was discovered to be very roily, so much so that any novice might know from looking at it that moose were feeding in and around it.

The lake was fed by a small brook of deliciously cold and transparent water, in which the young brook trout darted to and fro with great animation. I at once got to my knees upon a low rock in this stream, and drank my fill of the mountain nectar.

When I arose, Henry said: "I saw a bull moose just step into the woods at the other end of the lake. Do you see the cow there on the right-hand side?"

With a pair of field-glasses I looked, and then told him that I saw the cow plainly enough, but no bull.

Henry simply said: "We'll find him in the shadow of the trees right beyond the cow, but we must cross the lake and work up to the leeward of them."

There was a peninsula that jutted out into the lake considerably; it was perhaps a half mile away, and for this point we directed our steps. On coming to the end of this projecting piece of land we got down to our hands and knees; and well it was that we did so, as we found another cow moose feeding in a cove to the left of us, and she either heard us or winded us slightly, as we saw her mane go up, while she turned around and faced our place of concealment.

It wouldn't do to frighten her, because she was very close to us, so we lay prone on the ground until she

finally regained confidence and started feeding again. Then we raised up, and, with the aid of the field-glasses, we plainly made out a splendid-looking bull moose, standing like a statue in the edge of the woods behind the other cow.

The way the wind was blowing there was but one thing to do, and that was to back out until we had got clear of the cove to our left, and then make a wide détour around the outlet of the lake, keeping back far enough so as not to alarm the cow in the cove, and also far enough so that when we reached the far side we would be on a line with the bull and somewhat behind the other cow moose.

I have already said the day was hot. In addition to the heat, there were many windfalls to go under or over, a bad wet bog to cross and the ubiquitous alders and cedars to penetrate.

This work required patience, and, at the same time, no minutes were to be lost; for if the cow should finish feeding and go into the woods her mate would follow, and all our labor would go for nothing.

Therefore we hurried as much as we dared, and, as for perspiration, we were both dripping with it. The last obstruction, the alders, was at last reached. These were carefully parted, and once more Henry said:

"There's your moose!"

He was a fine-looking moose. His skin was glossy and black. He stood erect, his head and neck raised

to the highest reach, and he was not over thirty yards away.

On our side of him a dead tree, about ten inches in diameter, reached out parallel with the middle of his body. I hesitated a second or so in debating whether to fire over or under this impediment, and finally reached the decision to fire under it. I coolly and carefully took aim and fired. The moose quickly turned to run, and as he did so I fired two more shots at him, wondering between times why he did not drop.

He showed wonderful alertness in getting out of sight, and, with what wind I had left, I ran after him, but he disappeared as if by magic. In fact, it was very hard even to trail him, and we didn't succeed in getting a certain and sure sight of his line of retreat until we had circled twice over quite a good piece of ground, reaching back to a small ridge.

There were no signs of blood, no signs that he was faltering in his movements; but plenty of signs to show that he hadn't been hit, excepting where we found a bunch of hair, which had been shot off his mane as he swung around.

To say that I was doubly chagrined at this second streak of bad shooting does not at all do justice to my feelings. For the life of me I couldn't account for it, excepting upon the theory that the elevation and the state of exhaustion which I was in after my hard walk and climb in both instances must have made me unsteady.

In both cases, however, I had clearly and cleanly overshot the quarry, and that was all that could be said about it.

Some ten days afterward, when I was at my camp in Maine, a companion sportsman, who was making his first hunting trip to the Maine woods, for an hour or so carried my rifle, while I carried his, which was much lighter.

We had a hard tramp of several miles and when we reached the objective point of our trip—a newly discovered dead-water—I made a fire and was boiling some water, while he was carelessly examining my rifle. He casually remarked to me: "I see you carry your rifle with the sight elevated at a hundred yards." I made some passing remark in answer, but thought no more about it, until after he had left for home, and one night when I was lying out at an upper dam, his remark came back to me, and I looked at the sights and found they were set for an elevation of two hundred yards.

Then I knew why I had made two such shameful misses. I have always made it a practice to keep my sights at zero, and to elevate when necessity required me to do so. For three weeks before my departure for New Brunswick, the rifle had been standing in my office uncovered, and my theory is that some employee had innocently tampered with the sights, elevated them, and then set the rifle down, and as the

two chances which I had were both remarkably close shots, I naturally fired away over the moose each time.

Of course, it was nothing but gross carelessness upon my part in not looking at the rifle and seeing that the sights were all right before shooting, and hence the line at the head of this article, which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Cardinal Wolsey after his fall from greatness, is a timely and a proper finish to it.

"O Negligence, fit for a fool to fall by."

In relating the above incident to a friend who has had much experience in shooting big game he said that once in British Columbia he was hunting wild goats on the Selkirk Mountains. He had spent day after day climbing up and around the snow-clad mountain peaks, when he was compelled to lie down and rest. It was not long before five goats appeared around the corner of a jutting crag, perhaps thirty yards away. Getting two good big rams in line he fired and missed and as they ran he fired again and again with nothing but misses. Examination showed him afterward that his rifle was sighted for five hundred yards. This was the only chance he had in his whole trip of bagging a mountain goat.

CHAPTER XII

OUR RETURN TO THE HOME CAMP

"Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep."
—HENRY V.

Now came the exodus from Moccasin Lake Camp to the home camp, and on the morning following the experience at Reed Lake, we packed our superfluous things into a big bundle, which our sturdy cook was to "tote" homeward, while Henry and I were to make a wide détour covering two more lakes.

For once we followed a good road and, although the weather was snappy with the low temperature on this early October morning, it was a very enjoyable tramp to the first lake which was named after a man called Smith. On the three miles that were traversed before this lake came into sight, no game of any kind was seen, not even a partridge or red squirrel.

We passed a set of lumber camps that seemed to be in good condition excepting that the roofs had been torn off by a man who desired the material to cover some camps which he was building himself. This action was rudely resented by the owner of the camps who sent the roof-robber a bill for the damages, which was promptly settled.

We came upon the lake at its upper end. There

were some fresh moose tracks along the shore, and the water was somewhat roiled. Apparently moose had been feeding there during the night and they had left early in the morning.

There were some large rocks on the shore and plenty of tall grass. The sun had now come out strong and warm. We watched the shores of the lake from behind the rocks for quite a while. At the far end, three black ducks were feeding. They splashed about, diving and playing in the water and making considerable noise.

As they often bunched up so that a shot with the .22 calibre rifle might be successful, I asked Henry if I hadn't better make a circuit of the lake with the rifle and try to get a shot at them. He said that they were now through feeding and would soon be off. Hardly had he spoken the words, when they got up with much clamor and flew away. This silent, observing man had noted by their actions that their appetites had been satisfied, and they had taken to playing; after that would come their departure.

No sign of the moose reappearing, we trudged on to the next lake, a distance of a mile and a half. At the end at which we came in, the ground was boggy and wet.

Making a circuit of the shore, we came to the bleached and whitened skeleton of a moose, said to have been killed during close time by a man who

wanted to test a new rifle; the distance at which he had fired was said to have been 250 yards.

It would seem that the rifle must have been all right and the aim sure, or the victim whose body was substituted for a rifle butt would not have been lying where we found him.

The wind had now freshened to such a velocity that hunting was out of the question, and we headed for the home camp, where we arrived in time for dinner.

Here we found a gentleman who had been out over thirty days after a moose, and although he had had plenty of chances, yet he was unsuccessful. He was to start homeward as soon as a team and a saddle horse would arrive, the one to take his dunnage and the other for him to ride.

He didn't seem at all chagrined at his want of success, although he emptied the magazine of his rifle in firing at one moose. He took the matter philosophically and had very little to say about his repeated misses.

In the afternoon we made a trip to Irland Lake and found some really fresh tracks there, and in consequence we made quite an extensive détour to see if we couldn't come in closer touch with the makers of the tracks. Henry, in the meantime, made frequent calls with the birch-bark horn, but no answer was elicited.

Arriving at "Our Lake"

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On reaching the camp at night we informed the unsuccessful hunter of what we had seen on the afternoon's jaunt, advising him to try his luck there during the remaining two days of his stay; but all his ambition for hunting was gone, and we talked to deaf ears.

When night came I gathered a few green boughs and, laying them on the floor of the camp for a bed, I got into my sleeping bag and slept until daylight.

We had our last hunt before starting back during this forenoon, which was also without result, although we covered quite a distance until dinner time arrived.

After dinner Henry, the cook, and the writer got into our canoe at two-thirty, and with the wind blowing a light gale, which made our deeply laden canoe come perilously close to shipping water enough to sink her, we crossed the big lake of the Southwest Miramichi in an hour and ten minutes.

On the farther shore I built a camp-fire, while Henry went back with some potatoes to the home camp. The team which was to take our stuff out the next morning soon arrived, and we had our supper in the same camp where we had found the Scotch colonel with "that damned cook" on our arrival the Wednesday previous.

I had now been "in" altogether but eight days, and when I lay down on the ground to sleep that cold, cold night of the 8th of October, when the ice formed along the edges of the lake before morning, I realized

the fact that I had crowded into those eight days more of continually changing incident, of changing scenery, and of unique experience than in any other like period of time in my life.

It had been, with the exception of a portion of one forenoon when we waited on a dead-water for the wind to go down, or to change, an unending strenuous hunt, in spite of wind, rain, cold or heat.

The nights were always cold, and the days remarkably warm for the season. The hunt was now really over, and unless we could strike something on the journey back to the settlement—which would take three days—we would reach Fredericton empty-handed.

On the morning of the 9th of October, having breakfasted early, fed the horses and loaded the dunnage on the wagon ready for the long trip, the cavalcade left at seven o'clock.

On the journey "in" I had thought it best to ride on horseback, which I did with much comfort and pleasure. Now, however, I determined to make the return trip on foot, as I felt hardened and muscular enough to walk any reasonable distance without fatigue.

Henry planned that he and I should take a different route from that followed by the team for the first day, so as to be out of hearing of the crunching noise the wheels made on the hard flinty stones as the wagon

and horses pounded along, up one mountainside and down another.

Our route followed a road which had been used as a logging road some five years previous. It was, in consequence, full of the usual small growth of alders and in places little firs and occasionally young cedars, with many blow downs to get under or over.

Henry shot four or five partridges during the forenoon which were all the game we saw. We visited two pieces of dead-water, and one good-sized lake, which went by the name of the Depot Camp Lake; and these digressions from the road were all made with the ever-present expectancy of seeing something. While nothing was seen they added materially to the mileage traveled.

A halt was made at one of Henry's camps for lunch. Here he had left a reserve supply of blankets for the use of his various hunting parties; also flour, cooking utensils, dishes, knives, forks, etc.

Some vandals had spent one or more nights there, and had left things in dire confusion. Besides, out of pure wantonness, they had thrown some knives and forks outside, presumably rather than wash them. That men would do such tricks seems incredible, but the evidences were all there to show how despicably mean some persons can be.

The afternoon's walk was likewise unfruitful of sighting any game. We camped that night on the

bank of a famous salmon river, and listened to the stories of the migrations of the salmon; of how the fish ascend this river to the spawning beds; how the female salmon clears out a nice, clean, gravelly place, where she can deposit her precious eggs to the best advantage; how the male swims around her to protect her and the roe from her enemies; and how, at such times, the dorsal fin of the male may be seen in the water as he slowly circles round and round the mother fish, driving away predatory interlopers. We were told of a man who called himself a sportsman—God save the mark—who at such times watched the stream for signs of the male fish circling around the female to protect her; and when the dorsal fin of one of these glorious salmon appeared above the surface of the water the sound of his rifle would be heard. A noble fish would turn belly up and the "sportsman" would wade out to drag him in.

Next day we were off long before the team started, in order to be ahead of the noise of the wagon. Some few miles from our camping place Henry left me to visit one of his camps, a mile or more from the road, and I jogged along very quietly and cautiously.

Turning a bend in the road I saw my first deer of this whole trip. It was a fine young buck, and the fattest I ever saw. It was a long shot, and rather a nice one to make for the centre of his chest, but the bullet went true and he ran but a few yards before he

fell. When Henry came up it didn't take long to dress the deer and carry it to the wagon.

That night it was hung up and a smudge fire was built, over which the carcass was smoked for a couple of hours and then sprinkled with pepper to keep off the blow-flies. This deer I shipped whole to Philadelphia, where it arrived four days after, in splendid condition.

After killing the deer we came to Hurd Lake, where we had seen a large cow moose on the journey "in." Henry had heard of a fine dead-water two and a half miles from this lake that he thought we ought to visit. A high ridge had to be crossed, and then we came down to the water again on the other side of it. We found the dead-water, and it was a beautifully secluded spot. While Henry tried his birch-bark call, I was much interested in watching an apparent migration of spiders across a wide pool.

A long, slender piece of spider's silk would come floating by, away up in the air with a spider at the bottom of it, and this would be followed by so many others that it seemed they must be acting in concert.

We spent a half hour or more at this spot, then we crossed the ridge again and crept as silently as possible to Hurd Lake. Here we seated ourselves at the leeward end of the lake and watched and waited.

In a very few minutes we heard a branch break on the far side of the lake, and soon a calf moose stepped

to the edge of the forest and next into the water. It was followed by a cow moose, its mother, no doubt, who evidently did not feel at ease. We imagined that there must have been an eddy in the wind which carried back to her the tainted air from a pair of human beings. At any rate she stepped into the water and looked right over in our direction, and we saw her mane go up. In a few minutes she decided there was surely danger and out she went, followed by the young moose.

Another small lake we visited before reaching camp. Here we saw yet another cow moose, and she likewise winded us; but she was in no way retiring, as she bawled and roared for all she was worth.

Henry made a call with the horn to see if she was accompanied by a bull, but we received no answer, and so we went to our resting place, very tired and very hungry.

The last day of our trip dawned cloudy and overcast. Henry said, "No rain," and trusting to his judgment we were off early. But for once Henry was not a good weather prophet. At 8:30 it commenced to rain and from that time on until late in the afternoon it was a downpour, not simply a rain. When we came near Salmon Brook Lake, where we had seen the big bull on our road "in," we went over to it in spite of the rain. Tracks there were, many of them, and fresh in the bargain, but no moose were seen.

After that it was a wet tramp, tramp, tramp! In spite of oilskin clothes and sou'wester hat, the rain trickled down our backs and our boots filled with water. All things must have an end, however, and about half-past four we arrived at the edge of the settlement, eight miles beyond which was the railroad.

A change of dry clothes for our wet ones, a hot supper to appease our appetites, and a clean bed enabled us to pass a restful night. The following morning we were driven to the railroad station. . . . In due time we landed in Fredericton, the capital of the province of New Brunswick.

Here I said good-bye to many friends by whom I had been treated with the most kindly courtesy before starting "in." Among them was Mr. Robert Allen, the secretary of the Sportsmen's Association of New Brunswick, through whose kind interposition I was taken to a most delightfully located club house on the bank of the great river St. Johns, owned by the Kaskaketo Club.

Here a dinner was cooked and served by some of the members in a style of excellence that a "chef" might envy. Song and story followed the dinner. The day was balmy and the river placid. I saw a dainty canoe on the waterside, and, entering it, I enjoyed paddling across and up and down that noble river.

At 6:30 on the evening of October 15th, the train was taken for Greenville, Maine, on Moosehead Lake,

and as the train pulled out of that beautiful city of Fredericton I mentally bade a fond good-bye to the rugged an dinteresting game country of the Southwest Miramichi River and congratulated myself upon having had a strenuous, but a royal hunting trip, the memories of which will not be effaced as long as "the lamp of life holds out to burn."

CHAPTER XIII

FIERCE AND EXTENSIVE FOREST FIRES

"The winds are aw'd, nor dare to breathe aloud;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud."

LEAVING Fredericton, New Brunswick, in the yet early evening, we were to travel to Vanceboro and there to take the through train over the Canadian Pacific Railroad to Greenville Junction, Maine.

I have traveled much over the Canadian Pacific Railroad, having crossed the continent on a hunting trip over its rails. Our party, which was a large one, stopped at such stations in the great hunting regions of the northwest territories as seemed most likely to furnish the best opportunities to find game, and we always found the trainmen and the operating officials courteous to a degree.

In one place where we were camped for a week, among a settlement of Creek Indians, where the water was so impregnated with alkali as to make it nearly undrinkable, a locomotive was daily sent, a distance of twenty miles, with a tender full of fresh, sweet water for our use. This was done without charge, and, so far as I know, without request. Wherever our car was unhitched from the train on

a siding, some little unexpected courtesy was always provided for us.

On this present journey to Greenville Junction the same solicitous care of the passengers' comfort was shown by the train crew. On account of a detention from a hot box, the train arrived somewhat late and pulled into the station just at midnight. There are two large hotels at the junction, but neither of them had enterprise enough to have a conveyance or a man to help with the baggage or to pilot the way through the dark and foggy night to the hotel.

The dunnage, perforce, had to be left in the station until the following morning. It has happened in almost all of my trips to and from this region that the dunnage sacks have been opened somewhere, and some much-needed article stolen. Once it was a new pair of laced hunting boots; at another time a fine pair of field-glasses; again, a pair of long rubber boots, and upon this trip a pair of brand-new moose-shank shoes, a sou'wester hat and a few minor articles of clothing.

A Philadelphia woman last season had a large trunk taken. It was filled with clothing needed for a month's stay at "Our Lake," and she was, in consequence, put to dire straits to find enough things to wear to keep her warm. She had to resort to the use of a man's shirts, neckties and underwear, and to borrow a couple of skirts from some more fortunate woman. The trunk has not turned up even yet.

In the province of New Brunswick some forest fires were raging, but we experienced no trouble from them, although the sky at times was overcast with smoke.

Some thirty miles away, on the line of the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, now in course of construction, we could hear the explosions made from the use of large charges of dynamite in blasting through hard strata of rock. These severe concussions may have been the reason why we had two days of almost torrential rain.

In Maine we saw the forest fires. In one section four hundred men were fighting the fire demon, in another two hundred and fifty were engaged in the same arduous work. There were no explosions, however, and no rains at all during our rather long stay. The atmosphere was, in consequence, exceedingly dry and resonant, to such a degree that it was difficult to hunt with success, the slightest noise being heard at what would seem to be an almost incredible distance.

A half century ago, a fierce fire swept through Aroostook County in Maine, and burnt most of the timber down to the ground. This county is a large one, and runs parallel upon its northeastern boundary to the St. Johns River—the mighty river of the North, which empties into the ocean by way of the city of St. Johns, New Brunswick. The loss from this memorable conflagration was enormous, not alone in timber, but in household property, public improvements, etc.

Now see what a wonderful friend to man nature is. The settlers had nothing better to do than to till the land, which had been so suddenly and disastrously cleared. They planted the easiest thing of all to raise for their future sustenance—potatoes; and lo! the crops were enormous, the yield per acre being fabulously large, and best of all the quality was phenomenally good. When cooked, the potatoes were of firm texture, white and mealy inside, and even now they are without doubt the finest potatoes in the world. What the county lost by the destruction of its timber has been regained over a hundredfold through the marvelous wealth realized from its rich and bountiful potato fields.

There are few points in this great country of ours where Aroostook potatoes are not known and used either for the table or for seeding.

It seems that the ashes remaining upon the land after the burning of the vast forests of spruce, pine, fir, beech, maple, birch and chestnut so enriched the soil as to have made this particular county the world's garden spot for the growth of potatoes.

We crossed Moosehead Lake on October 13th—the next morning after reaching Greenville—on as fine a day as mortal man could wish for. While taking dinner at Kineo I was called from the table to listen to a telephone message from a comrade from Philadelphia, who had missed his connections and was going to

charter a special boat to take him across Moosehead Lake, a distance of forty miles, to Northeast Carry.

When we registered at the Winnegarnock House, at the "carry," three hours after this, we found a large crowd of hunters there to spend the night, who were to leave the following morning in various directions to reach their "happy hunting grounds." There were some ladies in the party, who evidenced considerable excitement over the new environment in which they found themselves. There were also many guides, teamsters, lumbermen and a game warden.

My comrade, having crossed the lake safely in a small power boat, joined us at supper time. The night turned out quite cold. We were given the upper floor of a dainty log cottage, where a royal wood-fire was burning on the hearth below us, and we here changed our apparel for the toggery we should need for the hard work of the next few days in getting to camp.

An early start down the Penobscot River was made the next morning amid the usual busy scenes of loading canoes and batteaus. When the canoes were loaded some were started up the river for points on Russell Brook and Russell Lake, while the majority of them took the downward trip. One party was going to Lobster Lake, by way of Lobster Stream, which enters the Penobscot a mile and a half below the "carry," the lake being seven miles from the river.

A lady and gentleman from Philadelphia elected to

stop before the Halfway House was reached, which is ten and one-half miles from the "carry." Here they spent their vacation, and they happened to come out again and to cross Moosehead Lake on the home trip in the same boat that I crossed in. Another party was to go up Pine Stream. This is the stream on which Thoreau, the naturalist, spent some time on when he visited this region in 1857, and near which the man who accompanied him killed a cow moose. It is nineteen miles down the river from the "carry."

Other parties were to make the Allegash River trip, which takes many days and finally lands them on the broad waters of the St. Johns River. This Allegash trip when taken from the Penobscot waters is all downstream with the exception of about ten miles when you leave Chesuncook Lake. Then you toil up a narrow tortuous stream until a small lake is reached and out of this you come to the famous Mud Pond Carry where a team of horses and a wagon take your canoes and supplies into Chamberlain Lake. After that you enter lake after lake until the Allegash River is reached. Then you have a lively run until your canoe glides into the noble St. Johns River. Two parties were to canoe to Harrington Lake, which is a few miles below Chesuncook Lake.

As for ourselves, we made the Halfway House easily in time for dinner. My companion, who was making his first acquaintance with the wild and beauteous

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DISTANT VIEW OF CAMP ON "OUR LAKE"

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Penobscot, was enraptured with the varied scenery of the first part of the journey. Big, genial Joe Smith, the proprietor of the Halfway House, met us with a hearty welcome, and gave us a notable dinner. At this modest, unassuming log-and-frame house the meals are always away above par, the butter always sweet, the eggs always fresh and the roast chickens always tender. We, of course, feasted on game this day, and after an hour's rest we proceeded upon our journey.

The water was extremely low from the long-continued drought. The canoes, therefore, had to find their way through all sorts of tiny channels, scraping over some rocks and dodging others, and little speed was made anywhere. We saw no game whatever on the down trip, unless a few black ducks, some red squirrels, and a host of muskrats would be considered game.

We entered Chesuncook Lake at four o'clock, and in a few minutes we grounded on the shore in front of "Anse" Smith's historical hostelry. "Anse" Smith kept this old house in 1857, and here is where Thoreau stopped for a while on his trip to the Maine woods in that year.

It is related that once during a dark night, when the rain was pouring down in streaks and the thunder and lightning were something fearful to hear and to behold, a man and his guide stopped at this house and asked for shelter for the night. The sportsman was told that the house was packed full and there was not a room to spare.

The man was very ostentatious in his manners and said that he had plenty of money to pay for his accommodation, and that he wanted the hotel boss to know that he was the Republican nominee for governor of the great state of Pennsylvania. That didn't impress the redoubtable "Anse" very much, but he finally said that the man and his guide might lie down on the floor, that being the best he could do for them.

"The Republican nominee for governor of the great state of Pennsylvania" was so much offended at this offer that he stalked out of the house into the howling storm, and made his man pitch a tent and build a fire on the shore of the lake, while he stood in the downpouring rain, fretting and fuming over the blow his dignity had received.

We arrived in time to get some supplies from "Anse" in readiness to start very early in the morning. We retired at 8 P. M., and at 4:30 the next day we were up and doing, had breakfast at 5:30, and left to cross Chesuncook Lake at 6 A. M. Our route lay along the northern shore of the lake until a large cove was entered. We paddled through this cove, and then entered a pond, where 4,000,000 feet of logs, which had been cut on the land around "Our Lake" the previous winter, were stored, awaiting the time when their owner—the Great Northern Paper and Pulp Company—would order them floated down to the huge paper mill at Millinocket Lake.

After picking our way through this labyrinth of logs we entered the mouth of the stream leading down from "Our Lake," a distance of three miles. We found the stream so very dry that there was not water enough in it to float an empty canoe. This meant, of course, that all the stuff had to be "packed" up to the dam at the foot of the lake, and the canoes as well.

A canoe having been carried up some days previously and hidden, my companion and I carried as much stuff as we could stagger under up to the dam, and then we walked through a dense swamp, following a thoroughfare until the lake was reached, and, finding the canoe, we paddled down to the dam. As soon as the men arrived with their first load we put what stuff we could store in our canoe, and we two paddled off to the camp.

Oh, how delightfully familiar all the scenery looked as we entered that lovely sheet of water, "Our Lake." There were the big lookout rock, the two coves with sandy shores, which in their time have furnished a feeding ground and a playground to countless deer and moose, without counting foxes, minks, ducks, cranes, loons, wild geese and muskrats; the familiar lily-pads floating on top of the water; old Katahdin—Maine's highest mountain—towering up eighteen miles away to the eastward; the Sourdehunk Mountains to the northeast; and the two great hardwood ridges covered with maple and beech, moosewood and chestnut trees, now

all ablaze with the brilliant fall colorings in every shade of yellow, crimson, and russet.

My companion gave an involuntary cry of delight as the canoe rounded into the lake and the beauteous sight was unfolded to our enraptured vision. Our canoe soon arrived at the wharf landing. Its contents were carried into the cabin, and while the "tenderfoot" was sent out to the first cove with his rifle to sit and watch for a deer, I set to work and built a fire, got out our provisions, and before the sun had set in the west a hot supper of delicious fried bacon, baked potatoes, pork and beans, congou tea and baked apples was ready for the weary and hard-worked guides when they arrived.

Need I say that we enjoyed the meal; that mirth and story went quickly around; that we were all thankful that the long-looked-for "haven of rest" had at last been reached; that when we finally went to our beds of spruce boughs we were wrapped in contentment first and in slumber so soon after that we could scarce count the minutes until oblivion overcame us?

Ah, yes, the goal which our eyes had been eagerly looking forward to for months had been at last achieved, and from now on until the vacation was over it was to be a season of daily strenuous activity and of nightly slumber and healthful rest.

CHAPTER XIV

A NIGHT IN THE OPEN

"The tyranny of the open night's too rough for nature to endure."
—KING LEAR.

Two and a half miles by the canoe and then six miles as measured by the pedometer, in all eight and a half miles away, is a dam at the head waters of "Our Lake." My camp companion and his guide went up there one day and came back with stories of big deer tracks, and plenty of them; of having each fired twice at a big buck thirty yards away and missed, of fresh moose tracks and of firs that one moose bull had rubbed his antlers on in order to peel off the velvet. So, on account of these stories, the next morning we all went up the stream again; the other hunter and his guide only to journey as far as the place where they missed the buck, while my guide and I went to the dam, he carrying a sleeping bag and a couple of rubber blankets, a dipper, frying-pan and teakettle. He was to return for some important work to be done early the next morning. I was to hunt during the balance of the day and the next forenoon, and to lie out at night beside the dam.

Albert, the guide, had started upon his return trip but a few minutes when I discovered that my match safe was empty. I ran after him and blew a whistle to

attract his attention. He returned, and a search in his trousers produced only two matches. With these I must perforce be content, and some way or other must start three fires with them for three separate meals.

Some wood was got ready for the night, green boughs picked for a bed, and then a journey was taken down the stream to the mouth of an old hauling road, which is dearer to me than any road in the world, for

> "When to the sessions of sweet, silent thought
> I summon up remembrance of things past,"

I remember that it was on this road that I killed my first caribou bull, and a veritable beauty he was, and the year following I killed still another one.

.On the north side of a dry bog through which this road runs I spent at one time six of the pleasantest, most instructive and most restful days of my life, for I sat from 9 A. M. until evening at the foot of a juniper tree within a couple of feet of a caribou trail. As the sun was warm and not a particle of air stirring and a band of caribou was ranging up and down during the daylight, I could watch and study these strange animals to advantage. Here I read such books as I had with me, and I wrote as long as my stock of paper lasted.

A little brook crosses the road beyond the bog, and across that brook is a cluster of old lumber camps now nearly all leveled with the ground.

It was in one of these old camps that I had slept one

night and awoke in the morning to find my wallet, with $135 in it, gone.

After a search of the bog—made twice—and the roadway leading to it, some little tracks in a soft piece of ground near a big log outside of the camp gave me a clew. The tracks were those of a porcupine, and I mentally said one of those fellows with the dreaded quills is the one who has stolen the wallet. An examination of the floor showed where the wallet could have been dragged down between the dressed logs, of which the floor was made. A wooden crowbar was cut, and with this a log was pried up, disclosing a deep hole, but no wallet. The next log to it was then raised, and lighting a piece of old newspaper and throwing it into the hole so as to see better, I discovered the wallet in the hole, or nest, made by the porcupine.

That incident was ten years ago, and I still own and treasure the same wallet.

It was on this road that my youngest son shot a famously big deer when he was but a schoolboy, and I was prouder of his success, I am sure, than he was.

Time has dealt kindly with the road. It is, of course, somewhat grown up with young firs, and many blow downs make it a harder task to travel on it now than in the days that are gone. The caribou have all migrated and have left the state, perhaps forever. The moose do not seem to use the road in going to and from the

water as they used to do, and I saw nothing of game but the white flag of a startled deer as it went bounding through the woods at my approach.

Now the sun was sinking in the west, and a return to the dam was imperative, so a rather hurried walk was taken to the stream, and then by stepping from stone to stone on account of the low water, the mile or so to the resting place for the night was easily made.

I had anticipated catching some fish for supper in a pool where, in other days, we always could catch enough for our needs, but, alas! they too were gone, and neither with fly nor bait could one be raised. Three slices of bacon to fry the fish with, some bread, and a box of bouillon capsules was all I had to last three meals, and without the expected fish these would make a slim ration.

Getting a good big fire going, I ate one of the pieces of bacon, drank a cup of bouillon, made from a capsule, spread out the sleeping bag and like the weary lover who wrote:

> "Weary with toil I haste me to my bed,
> The dear repose for limbs with travel tired,"

I was soon in the land of nod. But not for long, however.

A deer was whistling and stamping in the alders across the brook. The fire was burning down and the

night was becoming very cold and more logs were heaped on.

From away off in the distance, perhaps across the ridge, on another watershed, the plaintive call of a cow moose was heard. A splash in the water below the dam told of a muskrat or a mink, more probably the latter, as the locality was hardly the one to attract a muskrat.

Down the stream an owl hooted occasionally, and once a piercing scream of some small animal in distress was heard. Imagination suggested that a fox had caught a rabbit or maybe an owl had caught one. But it was all guesswork.

The stars shone beautifully bright and the noise of the falling water was most soothing, changing its tone and volume every minute apparently; it made a fitting lullaby for the tired body and brain, and to its cadence I once more fell asleep.

A branch broke to the back of me. It was a deer stealing through the thicket. He could be plainly heard, but not seen. Again the fire got low and once more it was necessary to pile on more wood. The night was getting yet colder, and every article of clothing which I had with me was now necessary to keep me at all comfortable.

At last sleep—with many such interruptions—became an impossibility, and toward morning I gave up the attempt. Hardly had the first streak of daylight flashed

its welcome light from the east before the birds commenced to stir.

The sound of a slow flapping of some big bird struck the ear, and as it came nearer it proved to be a large full-grown blue heron, which, not noticing me, let his legs drop from their horizontal position when in flight, and coming down before the wind, settled within a few feet of me. What an alert bird he was! How he turned his head this way and that way, seeing if all was safe for him, before he commenced to look for his breakfast.

Watching him intently, I lay perfectly still. He seemed to be sensible that his coast was not quite clear; whether through instinct or the power of scent which this bird may possess, I do not know. But his eye finally discovered my lair, and what a start he made out of the supposed danger zone!

When I was a boy of thirteen, an uncle loaned me an old single-barrel muzzle-loading shotgun. I went with it on a Sunday-school picnic to a lake resort twenty-five miles away. As soon as the picnic grounds were reached, I was off with my precious gun to a stream called Kettle Creek, three miles away, and in rounding a curve in the stream I caught just a glimpse of a blue heron's head peeking up from behind some bushes. Aiming below his head, at where I supposed his body to be, I was elated beyond belief at my rare good fortune in seeing him fall to the ground, apparently dead.

I did not know the trick this bird has when wounded of trying to pluck the hunter's eye out if the hunter stoops and tries to pick him up, but I did know enough to catch him by his long legs, rather than by his equally long neck. Swinging him over my shoulder, I proudly started for the Sunday-school gathering, to show my big trophy.

It was necessary to cross a rail fence, which I essayed to do, with the gun in the right hand and the heron slung over my left shoulder, with his head hanging down.

He was not dead; indeed, not by a long sight, for as I was climbing over the top rail he grabbed the seat of my trousers and also quite a portion of my nether anatomy with his sharp bill.

Giving a yell of pain, I dropped the gun and fell in a heap on the far side of the fence, and that fall broke the heron's underhold. That hold was worse to me than any collar and elbow or Greco-Roman hold I have ever known since. It was, however, not much of a trick to take a fence rail and with it break the bird's neck, and then when actually, positively sure that he was really dead, I picked him up once more, and for much of the balance of the day I strutted around with him on my shoulder, a proud and happy boy.

My father had the royal bird stuffed and placed in a glass case, where it remained among the household goods for over twoscore years.

Now, let us return to the dam, after this digression. The noisy red squirrel commenced to forage for his breakfast after the heron had disappeared. Another deer whisked from the opposite side of the brook, and at last the sun showed his glorious face over the tree-tops in the eastern sky.

The night had departed, a new day had begun—the birds and the animals and the insects were each and every one either hunting for their breakfast or busy eating it, excepting the night prowlers, like the owl and the fox, and they were making ready to go to their repose.

It would be interesting to know how many animals had passed perhaps a restless night because of their getting a breath of air tainted by the scent of a human being; how many owls had looked down upon me with curious eyes, wondering what manner of creature this stranger could be; how many red squirrels had pried into my secret retreat, and how many foxes had passed me by, in a hurry to get out of possible harm.

As for me, I broke the ice which had covered the brook from shore to shore during the night, had a morning wash, boiled another bouillon capsule, ate another slice of bacon, shouldered my rifle and was off for another day's hunt. "The night at the dam" became a thing of the past, because a new day was upon me, with its work to be performed and its pleasures to be enjoyed. My two matches had been enough for me

because the fire was kept burning all night; and as for lunch, I still had a slice of bacon, some bouillon capsules, and a bit of bread, which, with plenty of water to wash it down, was all-sufficient.

CHAPTER XV

A SMOKY ATMOSPHERE

"Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises : and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits."
ALL'S WELL.

It was a most peculiar hunting season. The air, having been loaded with dense smoke for many days and weeks, was dry and resonant. A breaking twig sounded almost like the cracking of a sapling. The laugh of the loon reverberated from ridge to ridge, and his "ha-ha's" echoed and reëchoed for a long time.

The noisy barking of the red squirrels never sounded louder, and on our approach they told every living thing in the forest, "Look out, look out, a man is coming."

The hammering of the hollow trees by the big red-headed woodpeckers sounded like blows struck by a wooden mallet.

I had ordered the roof to be removed from a camp on the farther side of the lake, and so as to be out of reach of the noise, I took a road that led back through a great swamp on our side of the water. Two miles or more into the swamp was traveled, until a likely place for watching for game was found, and here I sat down to watch and to listen.

Maybe half an hour passed, and then I heard a crash

which instantly brought me to my feet. It was followed by another in quick succession. With rifle raised I looked for the cause of the disturbance. My first thought was that a pair of bull moose were fighting, but later on the truth dawned on me that it was the noise of removing the felt from the roof of the camp which I had heard. This was hard to believe, and yet it was really the case.

On an afternoon when I was alone at the camp, the guide and cook having been sent some miles away on an errand, I heard a couple of men talking—as it seemed to me—in a small cove, about a hundred yards from the camp. Taking rifle and field-glass to see who they were—for we very seldom have visitors up our way, and hence to hear strange voices was surprising—I went to the cove.

A large flock of hooded merganser ducks took wing at my approach, and flew away, but no men were to be seen, and yet the voices could be plainly heard, sounding as if the men were far back in the woods and coming down to the water. With the field-glasses the shores of the lake were scanned, but no sign of any human being could be seen, and the voices seemed to be getting nearer and yet nearer, and finally to be on the opposite side of the water.

At last I noticed a canoe rounding out of the thoroughfare at the foot of the lake and following the farther shore. It contained the two men who had

left in the morning, and they were now returning. Their voices had at first reached me apparently from the dam at the foot of the thoroughfare, which is easily two miles from where I was sitting.

The reader can readily believe that this atmospheric condition not only made hunting difficult, but gave an uncanny feeling to the hunter himself. What effect it had upon the sensitive deer and the secluded moose can well be imagined. Very different was this season from the one some years ago when four deer in one day was the record for two of us.

No wonder that we saw but the tails of vanishing deer when we expected to see their heads. I saw hundreds of these wild inhabitants of the forest, but not a solitary buck did I see that I could be sure of. Only the tails, only the tails, and this was repeated over and over again, and day after day.

Only near to running water was there any chance of seeing them long enough to make out their sex surely, and beside running water one buck was killed, and another was fired at and missed, but with neither of these did I have anything to do. This much for the deer.

Now for the moose. The numerous roads leading to the lake, to the thoroughfares and to the dead-waters, showed plenty of old moose tracks, but not a single fresh one. Day after day I scanned the roads on each side of the lake; but, save for one track made

The Martindale Camp in Maine

by a small cow moose, there was nothing else to be found. Hence we wrote home that the moose had gone.

The allotted time for my companion to stay having expired, he left us on a Thursday, and the last words he "hollered" to me were, "When you get back home call me up on the 'phone, and just say, 'I've got him.'"

Some few days afterward, at five o'clock in the morning, my guide and I paddled down the lake to the dam at its foot. We left the canoe there, and then walked down the stream a couple of miles to a road leading away at right angles to the water. Up this road we traveled until we came to a set of lumber camps, where he had seen a big buck the day before.

No signs of him or of any other deer being visible, we planned that I should take a tote-road along the western side of the ridge to another set of old camps five miles away. The guide was to return by the way we came, take the canoe again, and paddle up the lake and the stream to a road that would lead to this last set of camps, and there he was to await my arrival, which we fixed could be easily done by 11 : 30 A. M.

We had lunch with us and I had on an extra coat, a sweater, a vest, and a bathing vest, but on account of the heat, before the first set of camps was in view all these articles of clothing had been discarded and hidden in a plainly marked hollow tree.

I was now clothed only in a shirt and trousers and underwear, a cap and shoes and stockings. This tote-road I had frequently used from the other end in years gone by, but had never been on it from the southern end. Hence I was particular in asking about its general course, and if there was any chance of my straying away from it. This the guide assured me was utterly impossible.

So we parted, he telling me that the entrance to the road was on the other side of a brook near which we were standing.

I crossed the brook, went up the ridge a short distance, and found two roads, one leading to the left and the other to the right. Not knowing which I was to take, I blew the whistle, calling the guide back, and asked which road I was to use. He shouted back to take the right-hand one.

This I found to be a fine wide road, but it did not seem to me to go in the direction that I thought it should. I noticed also that the blazed spots on the trees were only two, where a tote-road should have three spots, two spots being the sign manual for a hauling, logging road.

However, I jogged along contented and happy. The day was fine, but quite hot. I had abundance of time in which to cover the five miles before 11 : 30, as I had left the camps at 8 : 30. I carried no load excepting the rifle, walking easily for an hour by the

evidences that I had stumbled upon a real sanctuary of the moose, when crash! crash! went a big animal through the alders.

The rifle was quickly brought to the shoulder, and as quickly lowered; it was but a cow moose and a small one at that. No doubt it was the one whose tracks we had seen once before. She ran fifty yards or so, then she turned around and watched me with keen attention, but she was of no interest to me and again I started down the puzzling brook.

But mark now, another series of rushes startled me, and another big animal was tearing like mad through the alders. Once more the rifle was raised, and this time my eyes looked upon the largest bull moose I had ever seen. His antlers showed just for a second above the waving alders. He was running away in an almost direct line from me, and it was a rather nice shot to get a bullet in back of his shoulder.

The trigger was touched, and "laws-a-mighty!" as a colored guide used to say, with the report of the rifle the great animal dropped as if hit with a sledge-hammer. I pumped another cartridge into the gun to be sure of being ready if one more cartridge was needed, but it wasn't. He had fallen on a sloping piece of ground and was quite dead when I reached him. I viewed him over and examined his head and huge feet.

I said to myself, "There is the veritable moose that year after year for a decade back the lumbermen and

trappers have talked about, calling him the 'big moose of Cuxabexis Lake.'" Hundreds of times in the years that were gone had I followed his tracks without even getting a sight of him. He was now old and as gray as a rat. The taxidermist, who afterward mounted his head, said upon examination of it that he was at least twenty years old.

It was exactly eleven o'clock when I had finished looking the moose over. It must not be forgotten that I was still lost; you may be sure I didn't forget it.

The first thing to do was to endeavor to turn him upon his back, so that he could be opened and the entrails removed, but struggle as I would I couldn't move him in any way. I cut down a yellow birch sapling and tried the stem of that, as a crowbar or lever, with a small log as a fulcrum, but it was of no use. He could not be budged.

However, by lying prone on the ground, I managed to get my hunting-knife into the carcass pretty far up. Then by cutting down carefully I partly removed the intestines so that the gases would have a free escape, until I could find my way out and return with the men to help in dressing him.

I had a small hatchet on my belt and with this I commenced "spotting" my way out, of course following the brook. For a half mile it was easy work. Then the brook again went down out of sight and I came to an open place which was nigh to being im-

watch, and having attained the top of the ridge, I sat down and rested and listened for fifteen minutes, but heard nothing.

Striking out again I was surprised to find myself going down on the opposite side of the ridge. This I knew would take me to a different watershed, so my steps were retraced until the resting place again came in sight.

Another road was taken and this seemed to be the genuine tote-road. It was wide, the bottom was covered with grass and it was a pleasant road to walk in. There were, however, two blazed spots on the trees where there should have been three. I walked over a mile upon it, and it abruptly came to an end.

Another retreat to the resting place was now necessary. A road bearing more to the left I took next. This ran but a half mile or more and that was the end of it.

I now knew that I was lost, that I must have been put on the wrong road, or strayed from the right road in some way.

Back again I went to the log where the trouble had commenced and there was but one more road in sight and that was a road whose entrance was almost hidden by young firs that grew upon each side and met at the top, making of it a sort of arboreal avenue.

Entering this pathway the first thing that I saw was an old logging yard with the logs still lying on the

ground badly rotted and decayed. Beyond this yard was a small ravine, and beyond that another logging yard.

I decided that the ravine should be followed until it came to water, and then I thought I could easily find out where I was. Following this ravine a few minutes, I found a little brook, which persistently seemed to disappear into some subterranean channel in about every fifty feet of distance traveled.

This was very puzzling, because the ravine gradually widened out to the width of quite a respectable valley, and it was a hard matter to keep track of the brook's many disappearances.

At one place the stream came to the surface and for a hundred feet it widened to such a width that I could not jump across it. Green grass, lush and lusty, grew on each side of it. Beyond the grass came a fringe of alders, and beyond the alders many young maple trees, and behold! there were some moose tracks, fresh as they could be!

Here a moose had stepped over a log after wading through the brook and the mud from its feet was yet slipping down from the log. The water was muddy, too, showing where the moose had waded through it. And did I not see how the top branches were eaten off a small maple tree?

I wasn't through making a mental inventory of the signs which plainly showed that here at last were sure

time an old mackinac coat, now in rags and tatters, and an old red sweater in like condition. These I took with me, as it was now becoming cold, and I might have to sleep out all night. They would come in very handy, as it will be remembered that I had parted with all superfluous clothing, and the lunch into the bargain, before leaving the old lumber camps.

A glass bottle with about an ounce of honey at the bottom I also found, and this was taken along, too. I got to the dam at 4:05 P. M. and darkness was already settling down. I fired two cartridges and waited a few minutes, but received no reply. I then put on the old coat and sweater, built a fire and heated a tin dipperful of water. This latter I did twice and drank the two pints of hot water and ate the ounce of honey, which somewhat satisfied the fierce cravings of hunger, as I had eaten nothing since five o'clock in the morning.

Next I gathered a pile of wood to keep up a fire during the night if it should be necessary. But hark! listen to that! A shot, and yet another, from the direction of the camp above. That meant that the guide, who I was sure would be following back and forward on that old tote-road looking for me, had returned to camp.

I fired my last cartridge in response, and in reply a single shot was fired from the camp—two miles away. A half hour more and a canoe rounded a bend in the thoroughfare and Albert cried out through the darkness, "Thank God, you're safe!"

CHAPTER XVI

LOST IN A CEDAR SWAMP

"O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil."
HENRY IV.

IN the last chapter was a candid confession of getting lost on my own camping grounds.

It is now incumbent upon me to tell how I came to be lost. It's a happy thing for a human being, when things go awry, to be able to throw the blame from one's own shoulders to those of some one else.

In this particular case Albert, the guide, placed me on the wrong road. I started wrong and kept going wrong all the time, until the realization that I was really lost took hold upon me. Then I decided that it would be much easier and quicker to follow the mystifying brook, than to retrace my steps to the starting point at the lumber camps.

The mistake made was in believing that the brook would land me on Cuxabexis stream, about a mile and a half from the dam, when in reality I turned up four and a half miles further away, which made nine miles extra distance to walk.

The reader must not think that to get lost in the Maine wilderness is any unusual occurrence. Seldom does a hunting season pass without the writer's getting

passable from a dense growth of little stunted firs, alders and cedars.

Going around the right-hand edge of this jungle and "spotting" in among the big trees, I made a discovery that astonished me very much. This open cleared space was an old and now abandoned beaver meadow. The beavers had not used it for a score of years at least, and the beaver dam at the bottom was, of course, badly broken down.

Walking over this dam I was once more astonished to find another beaver meadow and beyond the dam for that one, still another meadow, making a series of three meadows with their three dams that these wonderful animals had laboriously constructed.

It is just possible that the subterranean exploits of the little brook were really caused by these busy workers in tunneling under its bed for some reason or other. I cannot account for the phenomena upon any other hypothesis.

Below the last of the beaver dams the stream broadened out considerably, and I took a road which seemed to follow it in parallel lines. Whether it does or not I'll not know until another season's exploration explains the mystery of finding myself at last at a quarter past two in the afternoon at Cuxabexis Cove, six miles at least from the foot of "Our Lake."

Chesuncook Lake, into which this cove drains, is, during the winter and spring, raised by means of a

huge dam at its bottom thirty-two feet high, and this immense volume of water is forced in places away into the interior, along the avenues made by the various streams, the water killing millions of feet of standing timber. For when the water is drawn off by opening the gates of the dam an ocean of mud and many stranded logs are left along the banks wherever the water has flowed.

I made my exit upon a stretch of such land. It was then a struggle to keep from getting mired. The best way I found was to look for stumps, roots and pieces of bark and to jump from one to the other of these friendly helps. It was laborious and heating work.

When this stage of the journey was passed I came into Moose Pond, a sheet of water perhaps three-quarters of a mile in diameter. The shores were lined with four million feet of logs awaiting a spring freshet to be floated down to the big lake below.

The logs being speedily crossed, the road now lay up the stream to the dam at the foot of "Our Lake." A mile from Moose Pond, the high landing was reached from which we had started that morning to go to the lumber camps.

During the previous spring some log drivers had erected a wide shed under which a table was built where the men ate their meals. It had no sides, it was only a roof sustained by four posts.

Here I found lying in the grass from the past spring

Fourteen years ago I had a French Canadian for a guide in a district where he had been trapping and lumbering for years. Early one morning I got a shot, head on, at a fine bull moose. The bullet entered his breast a little to the left of the centre, and pierced the lungs. He disappeared like magic and made for the ridges.

It was easy following him by the profuse trail of blood which he left, and my judgment was that we ought to sit down and give him an hour's rest, so that when the trail was taken up again he would be so stiff that it would be no trouble finally to get him.

Tom, however, was sure that we'd find him down and out at any minute, and insisted upon following him at once. The end, however, was not what we had expected, for the trail led to a wet, mossy bog, and, as the tracks were closed up by the spongy moss as soon as they were made, we could not follow them at all. Tom figured out that we had driven him eighteen miles, but whether he was right or not I have no means of telling.

When we had reluctantly to abandon the pursuit, Tom led off quite bravely for the camp, or where he supposed it was. It was now becoming late. In the eagerness of the chase we had partaken of no food since the early morning, and as the shot had been fired at eight o'clock and we had since been continuously on the move, we were naturally "tuckered out." Of clothing we had but little, as we had left all superfluous gar-

ments in our canoe when we stepped out upon the bog where I shot the moose.

Tom led the way first through an alder swamp, then over a ridge, and then we plunged into a cedar swamp. Now it was dark and we could go no farther. The night became very cold. We were not near any water. Both of us had been perspiring freely and the necessity for a big hot fire was urgent.

A fire was kindled. My hip rubber boots were pulled off, and upon these I lay as close to the fire as possible, changing my position every few minutes so as to keep first one side warm and then the other. In the meantime, I kept Tom at the job of chopping wood, while I saw to it that the fire was burning all night long.

And how long that night seemed! I'll never forget it—no water to drink and no covering, with the keen frost settling down and glistening like diamonds on the trees, logs and leaves. I told Tom stories, asked him questions, and got him to talk likewise—anything to help pass the night away.

I was fearful of falling asleep, because if the fire went down I might become chilled through and awake with a cold sufficient to bring on pneumonia.

The stars never shone brighter than on that sharp and frosty night. By fixing the eyesight first on one star, and then upon another, I could note their steady and majestic journey through the great unknown canopy overhead.

lost at least once and sometimes oftener. Guides themselves, who are popularly supposed never to lose their way, often become bewildered and then it is ludicrous to hear their profuse explanation of how it all happened.

Last August a gentleman with his wife and aunt spent the whole month in camp on "Our Lake." One of their guides was a man who lives in that vicinity only some six miles away. He has lumbered on the tract, and, therefore, ought to have known every acre of the ground in the whole thirty-six square miles.

He used to indulge at times in very strong language in the years that are past; but, by reason of his ministrations as guide to these two ladies for three or more seasons, he had become very careful of the words used in their presence.

One day a trip to the upper dam was planned, and it fell to Abe's lot to pilot the ladies up there and back.

The "Auntie" is over threescore and ten, while the niece is many, many years younger. Nothing untoward happened until the ladies noticed that Abe was thrashing through a fringe of alders and asking them to follow. They knew full well that as their road led up a ridge they should not be pushing through alders, which always grow near to water.

At once it dawned upon them that he was lost. "Are we lost, Abe?" they said in unison, and breathlessly they awaited his answer.

"Oh, no, ladies; we're not lost! Why, I could find

my way up to the dam blindfolded. Lost? No indeed; we'll soon be there. I'm just taking you by a short cut."

They noted, however, that he was steering them in all directions of the compass, that he was nervous, and wanted to keep a considerable distance ahead of them. He had a habit of talking to himself, and as his perplexities increased he talked louder and yet louder and finally the ladies heard him say, "Where in hell am I, anyway?"

"What's that you are saying, Abe?" asked the aunt.

"Oh, nothing, ma'am; I have a tooth that's hurting me, and I hardly know what I'm saying."

A few more turnings and then clear and distinct came the words, "Blamed if I'm not lost!"

"Abe, do you say we are lost?"

"Oh, no, not me. I couldn't get lost if I tried. Now, don't you go and get nervous. I'm all right, you can bet."

He now changed his course and worked his way down to the stream, along whose shores he led them by a tortuous path through high grass, and at certain places they had to cross and recross the brook, thus getting more or less of a wetting.

The trip to the dam was finally achieved. Their pedometers showed that he had made them cover fourteen miles in place of twelve, as formerly registered when they were not lost.

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WELL STALKED AT LAST

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and four weary men was stopped at eleven o'clock at night by the sound of a shot, more than a mile away. This was joyfully replied to, and shot after shot followed until they found a lumber camp, the occupants of which had been firing to bring in one of their lost comrades.

Here the travel-worn seven were served with a hot supper and then they were put on the right road. The distance was more than six miles to their own camp, which they entered at two o'clock the next morning. They had covered more than twenty-five miles in floundering through bogs and over ridges, and what they thought and what they said would surely fill a book.

On the morning following the adventure with the big moose of Cuxabexis Lake we were up long before daylight. We partook of a hurried breakfast and then with empty burlap coffee sacks, axes, ropes and sharp knives, we were off in search of the mysterious disappearing brook and the secluded sanctuary where lay the big bull moose.

My "spots" when found were easily followed. When the scene of the killing was reached, we heard the low call of a cow moose, and one single answer of a bull, but the animals had vanished, they having probably heard us as we wended our way over logs and across the stones of the oft-hidden brook.

Could it be possible that the cow's calls during the night had attracted to her side another lover to take

the place of the one she had just lost, the biggest of them all ?

It took the united strength of the three of us, with the aid of a lever, to turn the " big fellow " upon his back. Then we dressed him; removed the hide, unjointed the head and feet, cut out the hind quarters and the fore quarters and washed them off thoroughly with water from the brook.

We hung up the hind quarters between two trees and built a smudge fire under them and gave them a smoking of two hours. Then they were sewed up separately in burlap, ready for shipping.

Before this work was finished, Albert carried the feet to the lumber camps by a road which led directly there from where we were at work, and this road turned out to be the identical road upon which he had started me the previous morning, and in following which I had passed, in less than fifteen minutes from the time that I left him, not twenty feet away from where I killed the moose.

The two men now carried out to the stream the hind quarters, the head and the hide, leaving the fore quarters to be taken away later, for these were for the guides themselves.

The reader may wonder what has been finally done with the various parts of the animal. The head, of course, has been mounted. The hide has been tanned and lined and made into a monster rug. The four feet

We talked of trapping, of instances of lost men in the woods, of the religions of the world—in fact of everything I could think of to chain Tom's interest and my own to the necessity of keeping up and keeping near the fire.

What a welcome sight it was when the first reddish tinge illumined the eastern sky! Before daylight had fully arrived we found some ice which had formed during the night beneath a cedar root. This I melted in a tin dipper, and put into it a bouillon capsule. The water was boiled, the contents of the capsule cooked, and we had our first nourishment in twenty-four hours.

A tin dipperful to each, and then we were off in search of some road which might lead us out of the swamp.

The first one we found led us down to a great meadow, through which a winding stream runs, at one place spreading out into a small lake. Then we got our bearings. We were six miles from camp. We descried two men in a canoe who were taking home a deer they had shot the previous night.

A piece of silver induced one of them to paddle us as far up the stream as it was necessary for us to go to strike a direct route to the camp, where we landed, after a walk of two more miles, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

Tom would not then, and, in fact, never did, admit that we were lost.

We learned long afterward that our lost moose was found the next day by a votary of the goddess Diana, a young woman then in her teens, but now a mature matron with a growing family of children. In her palatial dining-room the head of our royal quarry occupies the post of honor.

In August of last season a young Indian guide, eighteen years of age, got lost on a Tuesday morning on the next watershed to ours, and he failed to work his way out until the Friday night following. He had lived in the meantime on wild raspberries and roots during his wanderings, for having neither gun nor matches he could do nothing else but pick and eat berries as he trudged wearily along.

In the season of 1906, a party of seven ladies and gentlemen, headed by a lawyer from Philadelphia, left camp at daylight on a short trip, expecting in a couple of hours to reach a small lake, where they planned to spend the day fishing. In some way they deviated from the road and became completely lost.

Like the children of Israel in the desert, they wandered to and fro. Lunch time came, but no knowledge of where they were had been obtained. They walked mile after mile until supper time came. A very slight meal was then doled out to the now weary pilgrims as the shades of night were settling down, but still no one could even guess where they were.

The tramp, tramp, tramp of three tired-out women

have been made into inkstands, the covers being made of silver, while the inkwells are of glass. The skin from the shanks of the hind legs has been made into a pair of moose-shank shoes, a splendid protection for the feet in snowy or slushy weather. The splints which control the action of the dew claws have been mounted into paper cutters.

The hind quarters were shipped to Philadelphia and put in cold storage. These furnished the principal dish at one or more banquets the following winter. Some of the meat of the fore quarters was smoked and the balance salted down for the use of the two "good men and true" who were my guides for the season.

Albert, when he found that I was not at the Logan Camps at the appointed time the day we parted from each other at the lumber camp, walked the whole distance of five miles back again over the old tote-road. When he failed to find me he fired several shots. One of them I heard, and answered with a shot from the first beaver meadow, but he heard it not. I also blew my whistle loud and long, but without response.

He then returned to the Logan Camps and there he ate his lunch and mine also, and once more journeyed across and back the five-mile distance, making something like a twenty-mile tramp to and from the two lumber camps.

Then it was becoming dark and he went down to his canoe and paddled to the camp.

There he was advised of my two signal shots and I've already told of the result.

It was amusing to me to note the impatient manner in which the guides listened to the tale of my wanderings, of my hunger, of the finding and use of the old mackinac coat and time-worn sweater, of the nearly empty honey bottle, of the gathering of wood for an all-night fire, of the drinking of two dipperfuls of hot water; for all of this they cared not a whit.

But of the moose they would talk over and over again. They would say, "I'm glad you did get lost," and Albert, "I'm glad I put you on the wrong road."

"But," said I, "supposing I had had to stay by the little brook all night without a cartridge left with which to fire a signal?"

"Oh, you'd 'a' bin all right: you'd 'a' had a fire and drank lots of water and you'd 'a' found your way out in the mornin'. We're both glad you got the moose and we don't care a darn that you got lost."

Therefore, to them "nothing pleaseth, but rare accidents."

The killing of the moose was the last incident of importance on this memorable trip, and shortly afterward we packed up our belongings, broke camp, and were soon on our way back to civilization. But the health and vigor that we acquired in the sweet-smelling woods was a reservoir of strength on which to draw through a long winter, full of hard work and

business perplexities. It is, after all, the added strength, the increased vigor, rather than the actual enjoyment of the experience itself—though that can scarcely be overestimated—that makes an outing or a vacation really worth while.

CHAPTER XVII

A ROMANCE OF "OUR LAKE"

"Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity in least, speak most."
—MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

IN 1834, Joe Sebattis, his wife—Nakomis, his two grown sons—Frank and Pete, and his lovely daughter—Anita, lived in a comfortable log hut on "The Point" at the mouth of the Tobique River, just above where this impetuous mountain stream rushes into the upper St. Johns. Joe and his family belonged to the Maliset tribe of Indians, the aboriginal proprietors of both the Tobique and St. Johns systems of waters, with their many thousands of acres of rich wooded lands, that fairly teemed with wild and noble game. This tribe subsisted mainly upon the fishing and hunting to be found in the Tobique valley, but many of the most venturesome of the tribe sometimes crossed to the other side of the St. Johns and took long hunts, either up the Aroostook River three miles above, or up the rugged Allegash, which enters the St. Johns one hundred and five miles northeast of the mouth of the Tobique. The squaws made baskets, mats, moccasins and snow-shoes, which found a market either among the passing lumbermen or farther down the river in the cities of Fredericton or St. Johns. The tribe boasted of having

among its members the best guides to be found in the province of New Brunswick; Sebattis and his two sons were by general consent acknowledged to be the most skilful of all the braves. The head of this wigwam had learned to read and write, just a little, through the kindly aid of Pere Lamorieux, the priest, who ministered to the spiritual wants of the few white settlers and the Indians as well. Sebattis was, in consequence, respected by the rest of the natives, and he felt his importance increase with the birth of each new moon.

Particularly in the treatment of his daughter, the idol of his heart, and in the dreams in which he indulged concerning her future married state, did this feeling of bigness assert itself. Anita was just sixteen years and three months old when he announced to her that she must refrain from receiving advances from any Maliset brave, as he was determined that she should marry some well-to-do pale-face who could keep her in luxurious comfort, give her a white man's education and so enable her to mingle with people of intelligence far above that of any of the members of his tribe. Anita's brothers shared this feeling with their father. They doted upon her, not alone for her beauty, but for her native goodness of character, her nimble wit and the noble manner in which she carried herself, for she acted almost like a princess among the other girls of the tribe, showing at once a ready leadership in all of their youthful amusements. During the winter, Sebattis had noted with

ill-concealed disfavor the marked attention that several of the young bucks delighted to pay to her. So he resolved that with the going out of the ice he would take his family, his tents, his pirogue, his canoes, certain cooking utensils and a goodly store of "fleur" (flour), beans, salt pork, tea, tobacco and bacon, with fishing-tackle, rifles, powder and ball, and spend the summer on Lake Nictau, the fountainhead of the Tobique River. Here he and his family would catch trout, smoke and dry them, hunt bears in the rich blueberry barrens, tan their moose and bear hides and render their fat, kill a moose, now and then, for fresh meat, and thus keep his daughter far away from her ardent wooers. Therefore, when the river was clear he started with two canoes loaded up to their full carrying capacity, and the pirogue filled as full as it would hold, and in this manner the family made their migration to the far-off haven of security.

The trip was a hard one, there being but little "dead-water" in the stream; in fact, possibly four-fifths of the ninety-seven miles of river in which they had to push their way up against a strong current was "quick-water." Their paddles were, therefore, of little use. It was "poling" nearly all of the way, and that, too, over a bad rocky bottom, where the poles slipped incessantly. The two sons poled the pirogue, the father one of the canoes in which his wife was seated, Anita managing the remaining canoe skilfully and with consummate

ease. In five days and a half they reached Lake Nictau, a lake of very cold water, having a temperature of forty-five degrees in summer, and which poured its clear crystal waters directly into the Tobique River. Upon their arrival they were well-nigh devoured by that worst of all plagues, the fierce black fly. They built smudge fires, covered their faces with a tarry, greasy compound, but all to no purpose. They were forcibly driven to a little rocky islet near the centre of the lake. This isle was formed from a huge mass of rock which in some distant age had slid from the side of Bald Top Mountain, which rears its crown, a short distance away, to an elevation of 2,240 feet. Four or five spruce trees had obtained a lodgment on the island rock, and some plebeian undergrowth encircled its edges. There was room enough for four tents, a dining table and a *caché*, for their provisions, and here was the only place in the whole territory, excepting on the top of Bald Mountain, where the troublesome black flies were not present.

In the early fall preceding the Sebattis migration an old Penobscot Indian, who had known Joe as a boy, made a visit to the Maliset settlement, spending three weeks there, and he had become very intimate with the family. Before the streams were frozen up, Nicholas, for this was the name the Penobscot went by, made the long, long journey by canoe from the mouth of the Tobique to Mount Kineo on Moosehead

Lake. The region in and around Kineo had been for nearly a hundred years the happy hunting ground of many tribes of Indians. The fishing there is good, and the speckled trout caught there are immense in size and of splendid flavor. Moose, deer, caribou and smaller animals were to be found within two or three days' journey from Kineo, and in summer and the early fall the men could always obtain lucrative employment as guides for parties desiring to go up or down the Penobscot, up the Dead River, the Moose River or to some of the myriads of small lakes which make this part of the United States a nation's recreation ground. The guides frequently waged friendly contests in canoe racing, in shooting with the bow and arrow, or in the use of the old "flint lock." The leader in all this manly rivalry was a young brave of twenty-two, tall and lithe, with long black hair, handsome face and piercing black eyes; he, indeed, was first in everything, and his mentor and trainer during his boyhood days was old Charley Nicholas, the Penobscot Indian, who idolized him and who would have willingly given up his life for him. Frank Talmunt was the hero's name. His father having been killed in a fight with an Algonquin Indian when he was very young and his mother forcibly abducted in a tribal raid when he was ten years old, Nicholas was both father and mother to the growing lad, and well was he repaid for his care. Frank was obedient and

affectionate to his foster-parent, deeply grateful for his watchful solicitude, and no son, white or red, could have shown more respect for his natural father than Frank Talmunt did for Charley Nicholas.

We need not wonder, then, that it did not require many moons for the stories which the old man brought back from the mouth of the Tobique, stories of the beauty and goodness of Anita Sebattis, of the stern resolve of her father and brothers that she should and must be married to a white man, of the contemplated migration to Nictau Lake, etc., to set Frank's heart in a whirl of excitement. As the long winter months rolled tediously by, he spent the days in trapping and the nights in learning to read and write, because he was told that Anita could read fairly well and even write a letter, having been taught the rudiments by Pere Lamorieux, the French Canadian priest. Many were the "talks" Nicholas and he had about Anita and how to woo her, how to get her away, if she was willing, from her secluded home. It was finally decided that, as soon as the ice moved out of the Penobscot, the foster-father should carry a letter written on birch bark from Frank to Anita. He was also to tell her of Frank's great love for her and that before the frosts of early September she should watch for a signal which he would display, at break of day, from the table rock on the lake side of Bald Top Mountain. Then, in the dusk of the evening, she was to take her

canoe and meet him in Mud Lake, a small lake separated from Nictau by a thoroughfare, a couple of hundred yards in length, and fringed with a dense growth of overhanging bushes; here their canoes might easily be hidden from view. And so it happened that almost simultaneously, as Nicholas started from the northeast carry down the Penobscot, Sebattis turned his canoe's bow up the Tobique. As, however, nearly three hundred and eighty miles separated them, it was some weeks before the weary messenger, carrying the tokens of love and the story of the lover, reached the island rock. Sebattis and his family greeted him warmly and made him royally welcome.

When time and circumstance permitted, old Nicholas speedily unfolded his tale to Anita, giving her not only the precious birch-bark letter, but presenting her with a necklace of pearls that a countess might envy, which Frank had made himself from gems which he had searched for and found in fresh-water mussels. Moreover, at every fitting opportunity when he and Anita were together, the old man, with burning native eloquence, dilated upon the feats of strength and valor, of skill and endurance, that his son and idol had performed; of his manly beauty, his honesty, his noble character and his high aspirations, so that, although Anita had never seen her lover, she had in her heart his picture as distinct as if photographed by the finest camera in the land. The rude and untutored ambas-

sador told the old, old story so faithfully and so well that Anita was soon wrapt in love's day-dreams as firmly as her distant lover. However, time was precious, the messenger must return with all speed to the Penobscot waters to tell Romeo how impatiently his Juliet awaited him, so that a meeting of the lovers could be consummated before September waxed old. Anita implicitly trusted the envoy and promised to listen to his admonitions of profound secrecy and circumspection. She sent by him a letter written upon birch bark and a coral ring as a token which her Romeo was to wear upon the third finger of his right hand when they met. The return journey of Nicholas down the Tobique was soon accomplished, and then the hard paddling and poling up the St. Johns was undertaken in right good earnest.

In the meantime, Frank couldn't contain his impatience. He "imagined many vain things," he fretted and fumed until his restlessness broke all bounds, and he determined to start ahead, trusting to luck or to fate that he might meet his foster-father on the watery path somewhere. Frank took good care to paddle only by day and to rest at night some place, where, if any canoe was to come along from the other direction, he would be sure to know who its occupant was, because the canoe would have to pass very close to where he would tie up. On the last day of July, about an hour after daybreak, Nicholas was paddling through Long Lake,

which lies half-way between the Penobscot and St. Johns on the Allegash system of waters, when he noticed a canoe lying in the mouth of the Chemquassabamticook River. The occupant of the canoe was catching trout in a famous deep pool on the left-hand entrance to that river. It was indeed Nicholas, and a shout of recognition went up from him and Frank almost in unison.

Now, if ever a maiden listened with rapture to a lover's tale, Frank listened to the story his faithful father brought back to him. Anita's letter was read and fondled o'er and o'er, her ring was kissed rapturously, and the old voyager was made to narrate all the incidents that had occurred in that Rocky Eden in Nictau Lake so many times that the sun had swung half-way round his course before they thought of cooking the mess of brook trout which was lying in the bottom of Frank Talmunt's canoe. After their dinner of broiled fish and roast partridge, the balance of the day and most of the night were spent in discussing plans for the delicate yet grave work ahead of them. The old Penobscot, having been a trapper and hunter for nearly half a century and knowing all about the route to be traversed by his protégé, gave him minute directions and sage advice to guide him on his fateful journey, and then as —

> "Night's candles were burnt out, and jocund day
> Stood tiptoe on the misty mountain tops,"

they parted, one of them to win or lose a bride, the other to prepare a nest for the couple to live in if the quest should prove successful.

We may be sure that Anita's heart and mind were tortured by anxiety as to when and how her lover would arrive. The table rock which stood out bold and sharp from the crest of Bald Top Mountain was easily seen from the island, and there were two little firs growing out from crevices in the rock, about ten feet apart. The signal agreed upon between Nicholas and Anita was the placing of a dead fir lengthwise on the top branches of these green firs, so that from the island it would look like a gate—the gate to earthly bliss. Anita seemed never to be able to keep her eyes from the rock and its green firs; if she was not actually gazing at them, they were portrayed before her mind, and as the signal was to be shown only at daybreak, she unconsciously echoed the advice of the nurse to Juliet, "The day is broke, be wary; look about;" and look about she did. Upon a day late in August, at daybreak, she cast her eyes up to the table rock and, "Oh! miracle of miracles!" as sure as the great orb of day was then rising over the eastern ridges, so sure was she that her lover was there, and even now, perhaps, watching her; for, lo! the signal was set, the dead fir was really resting crosswise on the top branches of the two green firs. What should she do? Cry out she dared not, and to make any waving signal might at-

tract attention from some of the family. She quickly decided to take her canoe and paddle out on the lake on the opposite side to Bald Mountain, so that while her lover could thus see her, any signal that she gave might be interpreted, if seen by one of her own people, to be simply a greeting of "good-morning," because the island would be between her and the mountain. So she paddled swiftly away, and when near the far shore she stopped, turned about, and sitting in the stern of her canoe, she gave the loon's cry to the morning sun. With breathless intensity she waited for a reply, and it soon came, as an echo of the same weird call, followed by a perfect imitation of the loon's uncanny laugh. Almost instantly the dead fir was removed and the signal that had done its work was seen no more.

Bald Mountain is about five miles long and two and a quarter miles broad in places. Its peak is nearly flat, having only a slight contour. At its base Mud Lake nestles close to it like a babe against its mother's breast, and in the extreme far corner of the lake enormous springs gush up from its bottom, springs of clear and very cold water, where the trout live and spawn, and where they can be seen almost any day during the spring and summer months. Anita had been for many weeks accustomed to paddle up into Mud Lake, pushing her canoe over the great series of springs mentioned above and catching enough trout to stock the family lar-

der; so no excuse would be needed for her to carry out the second part of the trysting agreement made with her by old Nicholas. When the sun had swung its course around to the back of Bald Mountain she pushed her canoe silently into the lake. She deftly steered it around the shore, which was one mass of overhanging green foliage. About midway of the lake a large spring gushes out from the side of the mountain, forming quite a respectable stream before it reaches the lake. Intuitively she pushed the bow of her canoe into this recess, and there, indeed, was her long-expected lover, seated in his canoe awaiting her coming. Without any other form of introduction than simply holding up his right hand and showing her the token upon the third finger, they rushed into each other's arms. Then he told her how he had reached Nictau Lake some four days before, how he had secreted his canoe and how he had climbed Bald Mountain and how he had slept upon its peak close by the green firs upon the table rock and how the mist for four successive mornings had hung over the brow of the mountain and prevented his signal from being seen, how he had striven to see her and how he had climbed trees to watch her, and then how disappointed he was that each day found him no nearer his love quest than before. Then, when the mist cleared away on the morning of this day of their meeting, he told her how enraptured he was to realize that she had recognized his signal, to

see her put off in the canoe, to watch her as she sped to the far side of the lake, and to listen with much anxiety until the welcome morning call of the loon was heard and he saw her waving the paddle of her canoe. Then his heart was glad, because he knew that all was well! She, in turn, told him of her long, long period of anxiety and restless anticipation and of what she had done and planned for their meeting. They had not half finished their conversation when the shadows of night surrounded them and again bade them separate —she to her island home and he to his bed of green boughs on the top of Bald Mountain. But before parting they agreed to meet again at the same place and at the same hour on the following day.

At about eleven o'clock on the next day three canoes stopped at the rocky island; in them were six Maliset Indians from the home settlement. They were on their way to hunt and fish on the Nipisquit waters. One of them—Lonnie Kasota—was a young brave who had attempted more than once to pay attentions to Anita, but, her father always frowning upon his advances, he had not made much headway. Lonnie Kasota, however, had not forgotten Anita's charms, and now that he once more beheld her, he was seized with such a violent liking for the girl that he could not take his eyes away from her. After the noonday meal, her father, noticing his ardent glances, took Anita aside and warned her against giving any encourage-

Leaving Our Maine Camp for Home

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ment to Kasota's suit, at the same time ordering her to take a canoe and go to the great spring at the far end of Mud Lake and catch enough trout for use during the day—Anita always supplied the table with trout, for she was indeed an expert angler. The maiden, in order to confuse Kasota, should he observe her departure, paddled across Nictau Lake to the opposite shore, pushing her canoe along slowly under the shadows of the trees to a bunch of great sycamores and willows that grew close to the water's edge. As soon as she thought herself out of observation, her paddle was plied with all the strength she had, so as to reach the trysting place without being discovered. On arriving there, the canoe was slipped deftly into the mouth of the little stream, and jumping out on the sloping banks, she lifted it from the water and dragged it into the underbrush. This done, Anita sat down to rest and to think. But a few minutes elapsed when she heard the call of a kingfisher from far away, and this being the signal agreed upon between her lover and herself, she softly answered with the long, drawn-out note of the white-throated sparrow—"ah-tette-tette-te"—which she repeated at intervals. Soon the bushes parted and Frank Talmunt stood before her, radiant with joy at again meeting his heart's delight. Anita informed him of the arrival of the three canoes, of Kasota's ardent attachment, and of the risk they ran of discovery, as he might be even

then following her in his canoe, and that she must fulfil her mission in catching trout for the use of the camp. Frank, acting impetuously upon the spur of the moment, and impressed with the necessity of promptly "taking time by the forelock" proposed that she should elope with him the following morning, telling her that he had already arranged with the good priest on his trip down the Allegash that if fortune favored him so much as to gain her consent, and if they should succeed in making good their escape, he should marry them, and in proof of his willingness to make them man and wife, he had given Frank his itinerary of travel so that he would know where to find him on the waters of the upper St. Johns, to which he was then journeying. The lover now poured out his passion to Anita with all the eloquence of which the poetic red man is capable, saying to her, "Anita, fire is bright: an equal light leaps in the flame from cedar, plank or weed; and love is fire. And thus I say, indeed, *I love thee*, mark, *I love thee!*" Thus was his avowal made, and he waited with breathless interest to hear the now silent maiden's answer. She looked long and lovingly into his eyes and then replied, leaning her head upon his breast, "Wilt thou have me fashion into speech the love I bear thee, finding words enough, and hold the torch out while the winds are rough between our faces to cast light on each? I drop it at thy feet. Lo, I am thine! Beloved, I love only thee!"

But listen! listen! both of you lovers, listen! What noise is that which breaks in upon this sylvan paradise? *Swish, swish, swish;* it's the paddle of a canoeman. Nearer and nearer it comes. They fearsomely part the bushes and peer out, and as they do Kasota glides by, looking in every direction for Anita's canoe. Thus warned, they decide that she must take her canoe and paddle over to the great springs, where she will surely be joined by Kasota, and then catch her quota of trout. She is then to return promptly to her rocky home and be ready some time in the early morning of the following day, when Frank's signal comes, to slip into her canoe with such feminine belongings as she may need upon their fateful venture, joining him in an elopement such as would terrify most maidens of either race, red or white.

Here was the problem before them: In order to prevent instant pursuit and give the elopers at least a day's start, it would be necessary that they should loosen the cables of all the canoes and let them drift away during the early hours or take them in tow and leave them somewhere near the entrance to the Tobique River, a good two miles from the island. Four canoes and one pirogue must be spirited away in some such manner. The water of Nictau Lake was too cold for any one to swim in, in order to reach either shore, and the family and their guests would thus be prisoners on the island until the arrival of a passing canoe, or they might, per-

haps, cut down the two or three trees on the rock and out of them make a raft with which to reach the shore.

We may be sure Anita slept little that night, although she went to her tent very early after seeing that the canoes and the pirogue were all afloat in the water, so that in the morning there would be no scraping of the canoes when their cables were cast off. At about eleven o'clock a rather brisk wind commenced to blow across the lake. Oh! if it would only change, she thought, and waft the canoes down the lake all would be well, and for this Frank on the land and Anita on the rock were both praying. Twelve o'clock came and every one was sleeping soundly. One o'clock brought a flurry of rain and a sharp puff of wind. Anita softly slipped down to the water's edge with her precious freight. Her father heard her and whispering to her, asked what was the matter. She replied that she was looking after her canoe to see if it was securely fastened. Satisfied with the answer, he was soon wrapt in slumber again. The call of the great horned owl, "*To-whoot-to-who-to-whoo*," from the near shore of the lake broke into the stillness. It was Frank's call to Anita. She now loosened the pirogue and all the canoes, one by one, excepting her own, and let them drift away into the inky darkness while with bated breath and straining ears she awaited the arrival of her lover. The embers of their camp-fire, which were even yet sputtering and smoking in the rain, would be a guid-

ing star to Frank. She did not expect him to announce his coming by any noise of the paddle, knowing well that he would propel his canoe by sculling without lifting the paddle out of the water. So when he glided into view, he seemed to her like a ghostly apparition from another world, causing her a momentary start. Without speaking a word, she stepped into her canoe, loosed it from its fastenings, sat down in the stern and, offering up a silent prayer for safety and for her father and mother's forgiveness, let her canoe drift away from the rock, and aided by the now favoring wind and the current which always sets toward the outlet, she cut the gordian knot which bound her to home and kindred. The die was cast; she had given up everything, father, mother, brothers, home and tribe, and ventured out upon the unexplored sea of marital bliss or misery. She sat passive in her canoe without motion or speech, and with it drifted with the wind and the current as they listed. Anita was dreaming of the unknown future, of the perils that lay before them, of the promised home in the far-away regions which Frank had christened "Our Lake"—our lake, hers and his—"Our Lake," where all the joys that could ever be hoped for by a true loving maid were to be hers. And she thought of the letter written on birch bark which she had left addressed to her father, mother and brothers, telling them how she had gone away with her heart's choice, apologizing for the manner of her going, because of their

pronounced opposition to her marrying one of her own race. She thought of the scene that would ensue when they found their canoes gone, of their anger when the telltale letter would be discovered, and their chagrin to know that her future husband was to be Frank Talmunt, who was well known to them by reputation.

What was Frank doing the while? He was capturing the drifting pirogue and the four canoes, stringing them out into a tow-line and doing so without making noise enough to cause alarm. When his task was done, he was soon alongside of Anita's canoe, and being now out of sight and hearing of her kindred, he clasped her to his breast. While thus locked in each other's arms and drifting with wind and stream, the waning hours of the early morning but too soon fled away. When Aurora flecked the eastern sky with rosy blushes, they were even then at the outlet of the lake. Before entering the river, Frank hid and secured the canoes and the pirogue behind a mass of rank vegetation on the right-hand side. Knowing that Anita was an expert in the use of the paddle, he considered it best to descend the river with the two canoes rather than one. Leading the way, he started down the rapid and tortuous stream. Having a good "pitch" of water, they ran down to Red Bank, twelve miles from the mouth, before stopping for refreshment. Here Anita took her fishing-tackle to catch trout for breakfast and Frank cut wood and built a fire, brought water from the

sparkling river, and soon had water bubbling in the kettle, potatoes boiling in the pot and pork rinds sizzling in the frying-pan, ready for Anita's catch of fish, which she was not long in bringing to camp. After the morning meal, Anita washed the dishes and then helped Frank in gathering green boughs enough for two of Nature's finest mattresses. Frank had brought two fine new tents—his own he pitched near the water's edge, but behind a mass of alder bushes, so that he might be aroused if any one passed during the afternoon. Anita's he pitched in a secluded grove of small firs about a stone's throw from the river. As they were to start when the moon appeared, they slept until darkness and the chill of night awoke them. They paddled all night, and bright and early next morning Anita, as before, set out to catch fish and Frank to get the fire going and the water boiling. Breakfast was finished, and they were off again before the sun was half an hour high. A right glorious run of nearly twenty miles brought them down below the "Forks," where four branches of the Tobique come together, and past Riley's Brook, where they stopped for the balance of the day; here was a famous salmon pool. Frank's plan was to run the balance of the river entirely by moonlight. As the pitch of water was good and the moon nearly at the full, by running at night they would avoid chances of meeting canoemen coming up the river and thus would prevent news of

their whereabouts reaching the islanders, whom they were sure would now be after them in hot pursuit.

It was now night once more, and, taking their canoes, they ran down the river by moonlight and slept during the daytime, so that when they reached the Maliset settlement at the mouth of the Tobique, they swept through it in the dark to the accompaniment of the barking of a host of dogs. Entering the St. Johns River, they paddled up-stream until the Grand Falls were reached, where the river makes a sheer plunge of one hundred and seventeen feet. They carried their canoes around the falls by a good road and were soon again on the way. They arrived on the seventh day from their start at the lake, at a settlement now called "Conners," where they were rejoiced to see Pere Lamorieux stepping into a canoe to go down the river while a crowd of lumbermen were bidding him good-bye at the landing. Frank and Anita pushed their canoes alongside of his, and Frank earnestly asked him to marry them there and then. The faithful priest consented and rejoiced them by telling them that he had already published their bans of marriage the required number of times. He, therefore, stepped ashore and, entering one of the log houses, set up an altar. There, surrounded by the astonished lumbermen, he made them man and wife.

The hardy woodsmen insisted upon celebrating the occasion by a rustic dance and then a wedding

dinner, which every one enjoyed with great gusto. Roast moose, boiled salmon, baked partridges, baked potatoes, as white as snow, preserved wild strawberries and plenty of rich butter and cream made up the bill of fare; no wonder that the dinner was a success. But the lovers must be off if they were to keep ahead of the chase. Father Lamorieux promised to watch for the expected pursuers as he descended the river, and if he met them, to assure them that pursuit was useless, as he had made Frank and Anita man and wife, and no power on earth could now dissolve the bond. Amid the clamor of tin pans, of rousing cheers and of waving hats, our lovers stepped into Frank's canoe. They now had no use for Anita's canoe, and they could make better time against the stream with one canoe than the two, so they gave it as a present to Father Lamorieux. Thus cheered on their way, they happily pushed up the great river and were soon lost to sight.

Two brooks as clear as crystal form the head waters of "Our Lake," and on the right hand of the main stream, as you go up to the dam, the larger of the two plunges down the side of a ridge in a succession of bounding leaps, the tumultuous waters cutting a sharp gash in the side of the ridge. Here and there is a shelf, where the water has touched solid rock, has spread out right and left, and has thus washed away the encumbering soil leaving a space large enough to build a cabin or two upon. One of these is so high above

the valley and screened so effectually from it by its curtain of white wood and fir trees that the smoke and light from an evening fire cannot be seen from below. In such a secluded location no one would ever think of looking for any sign of civilized life. Here game of all kinds was abundant at the time about which I am writing, and the two brooks and the lake were full of square-tailed trout. Charley Nicholas had discovered this *cul-de-sac* when he had been running a line of traps some years previously, and he and Frank had planned that the place should be their future home.

After finishing the rude house and a shed in which to hang game and prepare skins for market, Nicholas made his way across country to head off Frank, if possible. When he arrived at the mouth of Churchill Brook, which empties into Amsuzkis Lake, he found a place from which he could scan the lake for a long distance. Here he waited and watched, and on the second day he was rewarded by seeing a canoe coming up with a man and a woman in it, both paddling with might and main. When they were within hearing, Charley beckoned them to turn into the mouth of the brook, which was like the letter "S" in shape, while a piece further on, the lake made an abrupt turn to the right.

As may be surmised, the canoe contained the newly married ones, who were being closely followed by two

canoes in which were Anita's father and brothers and Kasota. As no time was to be lost, the canoe pushed on up the brook to the head of the letter "S," Charley Nicholas posting himself as before on the lookout point. In twenty minutes the two canoes swept into view and rapidly passed the mouth of the brook. Rounding the corner into the lake and not seeing Frank's canoe, the men evidently came to the conclusion that he had slipped into the mouth of the brook. They turned back and pushed into the opening, and so close were they to where Charley Nicholas lay concealed that he could easily hear their every word. Kasota was strongly advising them to push on without wasting time in searching the mouth of every brook, and they would be sure to overtake the runaways at Mud Pond Carry, a portage of two and one-half miles over one of the worst roads on the continent. Joe Sebattis advised a close search in the mouth of every brook, but as no suspicious signs were discovered in Churchill Brook, he gave the word to turn about and make for Mud Pond Carry. Their departure was very welcome to Nicholas and more so to Anita, who had overheard a portion of the conversation. When the two canoes were out of sight, the now happy trio told and retold the story of the wedding, of the long flight up the St. Johns, how they were nearly overtaken in the "Nigger" rapids because of the breaking of Anita's paddle, how they providentially met a passing canoe and from it ob-

tained the loan of a spare paddle, how, from the high rock above Allegash Falls on the Allegash River, they again sighted the pursuers, how they slipped into the mouth of the Musquacook stream, when the pace became too hot, then carried their canoe across a sharp bend into the Musquacook; and so the chase went on, through Round Lake, up the Allegash quick water, through Long Lake to their present stopping place.

Nicholas's plan was to wait a couple of days where they were, then to go ahead and cross Chamberlain Lake and from the far shore of that lake make a long carry right over to "Our Lake," a distance of say twelve miles. Nicholas argued that by this plan they would win out in the race because the others would keep on until they finally reached Kineo, on Moosehead Lake, and not finding the fugitives there, they would wait and wait until the danger of the streams freezing up would compel them to return home, discomfited and beaten, and before another summer arrived the bitterness of defeat would have been allayed and a reconciliation might be effected. This scheme was adopted, the long carry of twelve miles with the canoe and its *impedimenta* was made in a day, and once in the lodge at the head of "Our Lake" they gave a sigh of relief and cast care to the winds, for here was in very truth a haven of rest fit for any prince or princess in the land.

And as for Frank and Anita —

"From that day forth, in peace and joyous bliss
They lived together long without debates,
Nor private jars, nor spite of enemies,
Could shake the safe assurance of their states."

PART II

A Hunting Trip in Northern British Columbia

CHAPTER XVIII

OFF FOR THE WILDS

For years I have been dreaming, at times by night, but more often by broad daylight, of that time in some far-off wilderness of the extreme northwest of this great continent, when, accoutered with rifle and hunting-knife, I should meet a big, fine specimen of the *ursus horribilis*, or in plain English a grizzly bear, face to face, and should down him.

In consequence of this yearning, during the early part of the year much time was spent in correspondence with game commissioners, game wardens, railway officials, hunters and guides regarding the most likely locality for coming in contact with his majesty—the grizzly. From all accounts, the Bear Lake region, in the far northwestern part of British Columbia, seemed to offer the best chance of success.

The good offices of the Philadelphia representative of the Canadian Pacific Railroad were solicited, and he took care that we should have the best attention from the officials along his line. Our party consisted of Dr. W. E. Hughes, of Philadelphia, scientist with Peary's first expedition; Dr. W. J. Roe, of the staff of the Jefferson Hospital; Dr. W. R. Roe, his brother; and the writer.

It was a hot afternoon when our train pulled out of the station in Philadelphia at 4:30 P. M., August 24th, bound for our long, long journey to the far northwest. The air in the sleeping car was heavy and stiflingly hot.

The passengers soon divested themselves of their surplus clothing, and substituted the lightest things they had with them. "A lady faire," who enjoyed the comforts of the drawing-room compartment all by "her lonesome," set an example to the other ladies in the car of how to make the best of a "hot situation."

She entered the car with a rustle and swish of silken garments, which in the privacy of the drawing-room speedily gave way to gauze and muslins. Then she opened the door looking into her little parlor, and we all could see her stretched out upon the settee or lounge, a picture of solid comfort.

A mannish woman with a piercingly sharp voice paid assiduous attention to an aged man—presumably her father. She talked much and "her speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered." She sat with her father most of the afternoon and the following forenoon in the men's smoking compartment, and while he smoked long, black cigars she puffed away at her favorite cigarettes, and that sharp voice of hers effectually stilled most of the other smokers' voices.

An affectionate old couple sat opposite to us; the woman with silver hair, the husband with none of any

color, amused the writer very much by their quaint ways. They were bound for the Seattle exposition, and, as the train rushed along through the hills and valleys of the Keystone state, everything seemed new and startling to them. The wife once, on returning from the women's compartment, got by her husband without seeing him, and was just turning into the narrow passageway at the far end of the car when he called to her in a high, querulous voice:

"Be ye a-goin' to leave me, E-liz-a?"

She turned around much confused, and when her old eyes once more guided her to where the lover of her youthful days sat she said:

"Leave ye, Asa? Leave ye? No, no. I'll never leave you while I live."

How they cackled and laughed over this tiny incident, it would have done your heart good to see, because she admitted that she was real "skart" when she missed him.

A man sitting behind us evinced a strong desire to be sociable. He was returning to his home in Missouri after having made his first visit to Philadelphia. He was a merchant out there, and had been for thirty-four years accustomed to visit New York twice a year to buy goods. He had recently heard about the "stop-over privilege" at Philadelphia, so he bought a ticket over the "Pennsy," which gave him the right to stop off at the Quaker City for ten days. He first went to

the seashore and then back to the big city, where he went to see Fairmount Park. He had all these years been buying ready-made clothing of a house in Philadelphia. He called upon these people and was so impressed with the size and merits of their plant and the courteous treatment which he received that he now says it will be Philadelphia for him twice a year after this.

Citizens generally do not realize what an advantage this stop-over privilege is to every one engaged in business in the city. Merchants of the west, the northwest and southwest are finding out now more than ever before that in addition to the permission given to "break the journey," as our English cousins put it, they can ride over the best-appointed railway system in the world and buy in the best markets for many lines of goods in the whole United States.

This Missourian was loud in praise of the fine scenery and well-kept and prosperous-looking farms of the old Keystone state. And next morning as the train sped through the state of Ohio and a portion of Indiana the contrast between the farms in these states and our own was very marked, indeed.

The farms in Ohio seemed to be particularly slovenly kept. On many of them the weeds outranked in growth the crops themselves.

We arrived at Chicago in a rain. The time-table gave us an hour and a half to go from the Pennsylvania

A Stage Coach on the Famous Cariboo Road

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station to the Wisconsin Central, and we felt sure we should have plenty of time and to spare, but it was an hour and twenty minutes before our baggage appeared at the train for St. Paul. A new trunk, built to order and most carefully made to withstand the iniquity of any baggageman, had already come to grief in having the lock broken off.

An inspection of the interior showed as soon as the lid was opened that a bottle of Scotch which had been incased in a straw cover and again in a corrugated wrapper and then rolled up in an army flannel shirt was smashed and the contents had soaked through and through our collection of hunting toggery. The baggageman on the train said that the "foul deed" had been done in the Chicago station, where they will not wait to remove the trunks from the trucks singly, but dump the truck load on the floor of the baggage-room "at one fell swoop," one on top of the other, and away they go for more.

The night we left Chicago was intensely hot and muggy, and in consequence my underclothing had become wet with perspiration. A bright thought of mine was to hang it up in front of the lower window in my berth, and there it would dry during the night; but, behold! we ran into a dense fog, and as a result it was soaking wet in the morning and covered with soot and coal ashes into the bargain. In lieu of these garments I put on a bathing suit and my outer clothes

over them and awaited an opportunity to get to the baggage-car for a change of underwear.

This car was next to the engine, and was locked, so that I had to jump off at a stopping place and sprint forward to reach the car before the train started. The conductor paid no attention to me, and before I got to the car door at the side he had given the signal to start, and off the train went, with every vestibuled door closed behind me, so that my retreat by the rear was thus cut off. The baggageman was in the act of closing his sliding door. I yelled to him to give me a lift, as I was in trouble—and that was as true as gospel. He stooped down and gave me his hand. I placed my right foot against the iron brace below the door, and presto! I was pulled up and into the car.

It required some searching to find a suit of underwear that didn't have any spirits soaked through it. With the aid of a friendly newspaper spread upon the floor to stand on, I was able to undress and dress again in comfort, as there was plenty of room to work in.

The new grain elevators in course of erection in the section of country we were now passing through are mostly being built with reinforced concrete, while the up-to-date farmers are having steel granaries built for their own use which are weather and wind proof and fire proof as well. Oh, the sight of some of the yet-growing crops, of the crops being harvested and of those cut and already thrashed, and of the number of

plows at work in breaking the ground for next year's planting, is in itself worth coming out here to see! No living man in the past ever saw such an extent of bountiful crops everywhere in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Assiniboia as can be seen at the present time.

It is a revelation of this country's resources, a harbinger of great prosperity, when every man who needs work or who wants to work and will work may have all the work that he can do and at good wages as well. The product of the millions of acres of wheat, of oats and of flax which are now nearly ready for the markets of the world, and which will command the highest prices ever paid for grain at this season of the year—excepting during war time—must, when sold, set all the idle mills a-going and keep the furnaces at white heat and fill the empty freight cars to overflowing and the sailing and steam vessels to bursting with the golden grain. Wherever we went trains of cars were waiting to be loaded. Others already loaded were blocked in the sidings. The local elevators in the minor towns were reported filled to their limit, and the tide has but just started. It was a glorious and inspiriting spectacle, this veritable sea of grain and of flax, which stretched away as far as the eye of man could see.

One of the passengers who had been a member of

our diplomatic corps in Chile broke into an enthusiastic outburst of gladness at the sight of the great harvest. He said:

"I wouldn't have missed this glorious vision, for vision it is, for a great deal. Oh, what a country we have to boast of. Just see how nice and snug the sky fits down over everything on this prairie. I can't blame a settler here if he should become a confirmed egotist, because wherever he stands or wherever he looks he is the 'centre of the universe.' Look at all of this wealth of wheat and of oats and just think of our fool United States Senate which says you shan't take a bushel of this wheat over into God's country without paying twenty-five cents' duty upon it, or a bushel of those white oats without paying fifteen cents, or a bushel of potatoes without paying more than their cost. I'm a Republican and always have been, but I'll be goldarned if I don't vote for a Democrat for congressman at the next election. Now, folks, you just watch me and see how I'll shout for the Democratic candidate, no matter who he is."

Let us say a word more about the crops. On the train was a gentleman from Philadelphia who is one of a company of Quaker City capitalists now engaged in farming a tract of land forty-five miles back of Moose Jaw. This company is called "The Overbrook Wheat Farms Co." They purchased 3,040 acres at less than twenty dollars per acre, and then purchased the latest

and most efficient mechanical appliances for use on the farm.

They plow with a gasoline machine which cuts six furrows as it glides majestically along, and this is followed by a gigantic harrow—also propelled by the gas made from gasoline—which literally tears and rips the sods to shreds. If a ditch is needed, a trenching machine is started across a field that digs the ditch and throws out the excavated material upon the banks at the same time.

Last year being their first, they broke up 500 acres and planted this tract with wheat and oats, both crops —and mighty crops they are—being now ready for the reaper. Next year 1,500 acres more will be broken up, and that also planted with grain, and so on until the whole tract is under cultivation. Two gangs of men are kept at work at good wages.

Gang No. 1 starts at 3 A. M., works until 7, then rests. Gang No. 2 starts at 7 and works until 12. Then gang No. 1 again takes hold and quits at 5. No. 2 follows and works as long as the moonlight will permit. But, mind you, the machines are going all the time—eighteen hours a day. Contrast this with a pair of horses which reach their limit of endurance with eight hours of plowing, and then cut but one furrow at a time. This Behemoth cuts six furrows in less time than the horses can cut one furrow; and it works double the length of time. Marvelous, isn't it? It is

needless to say that my Philadelphia friend was as much entranced with the monumental harvest and its attendant activities as any of us.

The train was crowded with people for the Seattle exhibition, and among them were many school "marms" *en route* for Tacoma and Seattle, where the schools open on the 1st of September. One of these teachers, a bright and earnest little woman, told us that there were 700 teachers in Seattle, and in Tacoma, 400, many of whom spent their summers East and their winters on the "coast" teaching.

A stout woman who had been unable to get a lower berth, although she had tried at Chicago and St. Paul, finally became angry, and, addressing the other occupants of the car with much energy, she said:

"I'm not going to climb up to my roost like a chicken. If the company doesn't give me a lower berth, I will keep every passenger awake all night, for I'll sing 'Shall We Gather at the River.' I will pray aloud and I'll tell stories, so that nobody can sleep." Alas for her, it was of no use; this dire threat didn't bring her a lower berth. And she finally had to "go up to roost like a chicken," after all. If she had tried the mild method of appeal she would have had her heart's desire, but no man wants to be threatened in order to grant a favor.

A superannuated Methodist minister, who has been kept busy for the past decade in stirring up various

churches to give more freely in paying off church debts, was also headed for Seattle, accompanied by his wife. On our first night in the car I was sound asleep, with my back toward the aisle, when about one o'clock in the morning I was awakened by some one gently trying to push me over in the berth, while a voice said in a half whisper, so as not to awaken the other sleepers:

"Turn over, turn over, Annie."

Then I turned over with a vengeance and asked the man—for it was the preacher—what he wanted me to turn over for. I wasn't "Annie." He apologized again and again and then found his berth, which was across the aisle. I told his wife about the incident in the morning, and she was much perturbed over it, and in confidence she told another woman, and in this way all the women got to hear of it, and what a cackling there was after that.

Ashcroft, where we leave the Canadian Pacific Railroad, derives its importance chiefly from the fact that it is the starting point of the famous "Cariboo wagon road," which runs to the Frazer River, to and through the mining regions of Lillouvet, Quesnelle Forks, Quesnelle lakes, Cottonwood, Stanley and Barkerville, the latter town being the terminus of the main stem of the road. The stage line passing over the road is operated by the British Columbia Express Company.

It has a splendid equipment of stages, stables and

horses. The time made on the various roads, which aggregate altogether 650 miles, is as fast as any one could wish for. There is no stinginess about the use of horses. Our first day's run took us to the "Eighty-three-mile House," and for that trip twenty-two horses were used—four relays of four horses each and one of six. The second day's trip carried us beyond the "One-hundred-and-fifty-mile House," to Soda Creek, and thirty-six horses were employed in pulling the stage—six relays of six horses each. The animals were fat, well groomed and full of life.

The fare from Ashcroft to Barkerville is $38.50, while the rate for carrying merchandise is twelve and a half cents per pound. Over the road an enormous amount of freight is hauled in wagons made on the old prairie schooner build, with rounded canvas covers. Two of these wagons are hitched together, and they are hauled with from six to eight horses. The outward trip for these freight wagons to Barkerville takes about twenty-three days, while the return trip with the empty wagons occupies perhaps thirteen days. The lowest freight charges are six dollars per hundred pounds.

The stages stop to deliver and pick up mail at almost every house along the route. During summer and fall months a stage leaves Ashcroft Monday mornings at four o'clock and is due in Barkerville, about three hundred miles away, at 3 P. M. the following Thursday.

The second day of the trip is the hardest. Leaving "Eighty-three-mile House" at 4 A. M., "One-hundred-and-fifteen-mile House" is reached in time for lunch, "One-hundred-and-fifty-mile House" is reached for supper, and at Soda Creek, on the Frazer River, the day's run ends at about 11 P. M.

The distance traveled for the day from start to finish is about ninety-one miles. The road leads up one mountainside and down another—up and down all day long, with very little level ground. The road is a good one; considering its length, and the character of the country through which it passes, it is superlatively good.

We were very courteously treated in Ashcroft by the British Columbia Express people, the Canadian customs official, the post-office employees and the hotel men. One of our trunks got astray, and much telegraphing was needed to locate it. When that was finally done and we were sure of its final arrival the following morning, we went to bed.

At 3:30 A. M. we were up and off to the express office, where all the baggage was taken out of the trunks and repacked in dunnage bags. We left at 4:30.

Besides the stage proper, drawn by four horses, which contained nine passengers and the mail, there were two other rigs drawn by two horses each and carrying eight more passengers—seventeen in all. We saw the first game of the trip three miles from

Ashcroft. It was a black tailed doe with a nearly full-grown fawn. They were feeding in a valley, and hearing us coming they ran across the road and up the side of a steep mountain.

One of our party dreamed of bear, talked of bear, and was really bear crazy. When we arose on Tuesday morning at "Eighty-three-mile House," he walked over to the barn, and soon came back panting for breath. He had just seen a black bear walking past the barn.

"Where's my gun? Oh, not my gun—my rifle!" he said. The landlord, seeing the agitation that he was in, asked him what was the matter, and when he told him about the big, ambling bear that he had seen, the landlord simply smiled and said:

"I own a large Newfoundland dog, and he often goes to the barn."

Our portly doctor thereupon looked chopfallen and said nothing more about the bear.

We passed a somewhat notable caravan near "One-hundred-mile House." There were eight horses pulling two prairie schooners. Two of the horses had colts, which ran alongside their mothers. The drivers were Indians, and at the rear was a young squaw riding astride on a pony. Strapped to her back was a cradle covered with an old shawl. In the cradle was a papoose, and when it cried the mother gently shook her back, which rocked the baby with a rotary motion from side

to side. This evidently pleased the little papoose, as it would soon stop crying.

At "One-hundred-and-fifty-mile House" the road turns almost due west, the objective point being Soda Creek, a famous landing point on the Frazer River.

We left "One-hundred-and-fifty-mile House" at about 5 : 30 P. M., and had the most enjoyable ride of the trip.

The scenery is grand, and at a few miles from Soda Creek the road commences to drop down some 1,100 feet to the level of the Frazer River. The moon was at the full, and such a moon I never, never saw! It appeared to be as large again as it does to us in the East; it was really like a second sun.

By its light we rushed on behind six splendid horses —up mountains, along the edges of canyons yawning hundreds of feet below us, down into the valley, around sharp bends, through dense groves of poplar trees and Douglas firs, and over bridges crossing swift-running streams. Then, with brakes on, we would plunge down at such a rate as to make us hold our breath. But that wonderful moon lighted up our way most of the distance, and we arrived safe and sound at the river's edge, happy that we had had such a unique experience.

At Soda Creek the stern-wheel steamer *Charlotte* was awaiting us. And here we found Howard W. Dubois, a famous mining engineer in these parts, who lives in the winter time in Philadelphia. He is undoubtedly one of the best-known and most frequently

quoted men in this section. He was on his way to Vancouver, and would take our stage back to 150-mile house, starting from Soda Creek at midnight.

Our steamer left at the same hour for Quesnelle, sixty-five miles above, and we, being very tired from our nineteen hours of staging, were soon in bed and sound asleep.

When we sat down to breakfast we found that the steamer had made extra good time against a six-mile current, and in three hours would be at Quesnelle, about four hours ahead of her regular time. This was on account of the splendid light of the full moon, which enabled us to travel at full speed all night long.

The first thing worthy of observance about the famous Frazer River is the number of "busted" mining enterprises, the wrecks of which can be seen at intervals, first on one side and then on the other—mute evidence of blasted hopes, ruined fortunes and perhaps of many tragedies in frontier life.

We saw a big dredge which had been hauled out on the bank of the river because the finding of gold by dredging had been unprofitable or impossible at that location. The spring and the fall floods had piled up sand, stones and floating snags around it, so that it was all submerged excepting the topmost parts. A man on the boat told us that there were at least twelve of these derelicts on the river between Soda Creek and Fort George.

The furnace of our steamer was fired with pine wood, and it took four men to carry the wood fast enough to keep the steam up to the proper notch. She draws but two feet of water, and another one is being built by the same company which will draw only sixteen inches. Her name is to be *The City of Quesnelle.*

We made some purchases in the Hudson Bay Company's store at Quesnelle, and received much valuable information from Mr. Collins, the manager in charge, a man, by the way, who looks like a twin brother to our friend Joseph B. McCall, of Philadelphia, and on account of this striking resemblance he permitted us to "snap him with a kodak."

This gentleman told us that the fur trade in this district had been seriously injured because of the many surveying parties that have been in the wilderness for three years past. These parties pay as high as $3.50 per day to the Indian guides, and that is so much more than they can get by trapping that they have abandoned their old pursuits. This, of course, is better for the fur-bearing animals, so that "all's well that ends well."

We now took to the stage again for a trip of some sixty miles to Barkerville, the terminus of this famous stage line. We had of course fewer passengers than when we started, because many had gone on up the Frazer River to Fort George, where many people were awaiting opportunity of going yet farther north to the wonderful Nechaco valley. Here settlers are arriving from many

parts of the old world and from " the states " to take up and occupy the rich bottom lands in this great valley. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, when completed, will run through the centre of this immense tract of land, once the bed of a now dried up lake.

At one of the stops we made to change horses, the man in charge of the stable told us of a fracas he had had the previous night with a black bear and two cubs that had been " a-botherin' of " him for many nights past. He managed to kill the mother bear and one of the cubs, the other one getting away. The man was much wrought up over the incident, and had we been willing he would have kept us for an extra hour in telling the story.

This portion of the journey was very interesting indeed. For many miles the road led along the side of a mountain near its top, and a sharp lookout had to be kept for teams coming from the opposite direction, as the road is but narrow and the passing of teams at this high elevation is a ticklish performance, with a deep canyon on one side and a precipitous mountain on the other. In the winter time occasionally a stage—then of course set on runners—slides over the edge and down into the canyon below; but, with deep snow on the slope, there are rarely any fatalities. Of course there will be bruises in plenty, broken harness, and perhaps damaged merchandise.

One of the houses where we stopped to change

Dr. Hughes on the Bear River Trail

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horses was presided over by an aged Scotchman and his wife. The latter is famous for her cooking, and the meal she set before us only added to her reputation. In an old music book I found a song that I had not heard for nearly twoscore of years, and then it was sung by a dear sweetheart of mine with such pathos and sweetness that its memory lingers with me still. "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair" was the title. Another old favorite was found in the same book, "Jock o' Hazledean." The good dinner, the cheery talk of the old Scotch woman, and the songs of bygone days sent me away in rare good spirits and with fond memories that will last for many and many a day.

We arrived in Barkerville Thursday night at six o'clock, three hours late, caused by the necessity of shoeing some horses and mending a break in the stage. Barkerville is a mining town pure and simple. All frame houses, with sidewalks about four feet above the level, varying in height in different spots, with steps leading down to the street on each side. This is necessary because of the great depth of snow in the winter.

The glory of the town has long since departed, as a majority of the formerly famous gold mines have been worked out. In a ride of, say, forty miles we saw a number of abandoned mines, a very small portion of them having ever produced enough gold to pay expenses. Only two mines that we saw were in operation, one being worked by three Chinamen, and report

said they barely made a living out of it. However one mine is being worked near the town upon a very large scale, and the profits are said to be considerably over a hundred thousand dollars a year. There are some smaller mines which we did not see that are also paying fairly well.

We inspected one mine which was to be operated upon quite an expensive plan of dredging. We asked how long it had been since work was started upon it, our informant saying:

"I have been here four years, and it was being prepared then."

"When do you expect to start?"

"I don't know. We have sunk a vertical shaft 190 feet deep, and at the bottom of that we have dug and blasted out another shaft 220 feet in a horizontal line. We have installed a big turbine, big walking-beam and all kinds of machinery; but when we'll start no one seems to know."

"Have you taken out any gold at all?"

"Not a dollar's worth," he replied.

We came to a mining enterprise with four houses erected for the officials of the company—a fine plant, filled with machinery and every kind of implement for mining, and all of the properties were closed up and deserted. Window blinds were still shading the windows, the former occupants evidently thinking they were not worth carrying away.

We passed a lot of iron piping—enough to fill a large field—that had been sent all the way from England. The freight from the railroad to where it lay was seven cents per pound; the freight on the railroad and the ocean freight together was fourteen cents per pound, and each length cost $100. When the stuff arrived the mine it was intended for had been abandoned, and there the pipe lies rusting away in the sun, rain and snow.

We outfitted here for our hunting grounds. And considering the expense and time in getting the merchandise up here, we were surprised that the prices were so moderate.

It may be of interest to note what we took with us and what it cost, which was as follows:

200 pounds of flour @ $10 per 100	$20.00
3 pounds tea @ 50 cents	1.50
8 pounds whole coffee @ 50 cents	4.00
3 boxes matches for	.25
10 pounds salt @ 10 cents pound	1.00
100 pounds bacon @ 30 cents	30.00
60 pounds sugar @ 13 cents	7.80
50 pounds beans @ 12½ cents	6.25
25 pounds rice @ 13 cents	3.25
20 pounds butter @ 56 cents	11.20
1 pound pepper	.50
4 pounds candles @ 25 cents	1.00
1 case 4 dozen condensed cream @ $2.50	10.00
10 pounds prunes @ 20 cents	2.00
10 pounds dried apples @ 20 cents	2.00
20 pounds lard @ 25 cents	5.00
5 pounds cheese @ 25 cents	1.25
10 pounds cornmeal @ 12½ cents	1.25
10 pounds oatmeal	1.00

The total of the bill was $114. In addition to this, we, of course, had to pay for the packhorses, five of them, to pack the stuff on, which cost twenty dollars more.

Our licenses cost $100 each, and were the first that had been sold at this government office this season, other people having purchased their licenses before arriving here. The provincial and the dominion officials, as well as the leading business men, treated us with great courtesy and kindness. One of the men we met—a Mr. Bailey, had been educated in the Penn Charter School, Philadelphia. He was formerly employed as a civil engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad, but he prefers the life out here to that in the Quaker City. We were to have left Barkerville early Friday morning, but the five cayuse horses which were to have taken us to Bear Lake strayed away during the night and it took some hours to gather them up once more.

We had engaged five Siwash Indians with their five ponies to "pack" our outfit. But these men took their own time for starting, and, although they promised much, they put off their departure until the next day. So we ourselves left Barkerville at 1 P. M. over the famous Bear River trail. The first eight miles were over a fairly good road.

And this we did at a brisk trot. After that it was a ride over a trail from two feet to two feet six wide, up

one side of a mountain and down the other, with two places where the trail went up at an angle of forty-five degrees and came down on the other side at even a sharper pitch, the cayuses frequently sliding down hill, that being easier than walking and safer. The trail passed through some very thick underbrush, at times higher than the horses' heads. In the tangled mass were blueberries, a few raspberries, elderberries, fireweed, great masses of wild rose bushes with scarlet seed pods, maiden hair ferns, tansy, sassafras, purple asters, squaw pinks, Queen Ann's lace, etc.

Bird life was but poorly represented. A few yellow hammers, a species of western bluebird, a humming bird and one meadow lark, with several "fool-hen" grouse, were all that we saw. The twenty-one-mile trail was covered in a little over six hours, and we were all happy when it was finished.

So here we are, safe and sound, more than 4,000 miles from home, in the wildest and roughest kind of country, amid wonderful scenery, bracing air and, thank God, a cloudless sky, a warm sun, plenty of provisions, clothing, ammunition, firearms and cameras —everything, in fact, to please and to satisfy both mind and body. To-morrow—aye, to-morrow—we'll be off for adventures new in the "great unknown."

CHAPTER XIX

SPEARING SALMON IN THE NORTHWEST

THE Siwash Indians with their packhorses, carrying our outfit, having failed to turn up on Friday night, the next morning we were speculating as to whether they would come at all, and if they did, would the dunnage bags be brought in with their contents safe and sound?

However, the great salmon "run" was on and it was an interesting sight, and after breakfast we spent some time in watching the brilliant scarlet-coated sockeyes, with their green heads and tails—this being their nuptial color—and the huge "spring salmon" working along the gravelly bottom to the outlet of Bear Lake which was but a few hundred yards from the camp.

It is against the law nowadays to spear salmon, but our supplies not having arrived, and the need of something to eat being a fitting excuse, we thought we might try to secure three or four of the royal fish. The first thing that happened furnished us with the most ludicrous sight I ever witnessed.

Dr. W. R. Roe, one of our pair of "Falstaffs," after watching the fish for some time, went to the camp and removed part of his clothes. He then put on a cotton

undershirt without sleeves and cotton drawers reaching to his knees, and thus appareled he waded into the cold, swift-running water, armed with a spear with a single barb.

As the fish dodged his clumsy efforts to spear them he soon became wonderfully excited, and made rush after rush at them, until in one of his "long-distance" stabs he went head over heels into a deep pool.

When he came up he was more in earnest than ever, and as he was a good swimmer he laughed at the mishap of the deep hole.

"W. J.," his brother, the other Falstaff of the party, after laughing until the tears ran down his face at his brother's antics, removed his clothes also, put on a union suit of dark gray underwear, and, obtaining a three-pronged spear, likewise waded in.

With the first or second thrust at the agile salmon he also tumbled into a deep hole, where the stream was extra swift and strong. He did not appear for a minute or more, and then we saw him swimming upon his back, holding the pole of the spear with one hand and acting more like an eight-year-old boy than a dignified and sedate Philadelphia surgeon.

W. E. Hughes, the third doctor of the party, had been busy taking snapshots of the two doughty spearmen from the bank, and he likewise laughed until his sides ached, as mine did also. He disappeared for a while, and when we saw him once more he was garbed

in the same suit that Adam wore when Mother Eve first made his acquaintance in the Garden of Eden.

No fig leaf or cotton or gauze or union suit underwear for "W. E."; no, siree. They would only be an impediment to him, and so the man, who had braved the terrors of a winter in the Arctic regions as scientist with Peary's first expedition in search of the North Pole, was the first and perhaps the only man who ever attempted to spear salmon in the Bear River without some garment to modify the coldness of the icy waters.

I have been writing of "spearing" salmon, but for an hour or more their fierce lunges only ended in an occasional ducking, as the fish were too nimble for them.

But hold! Listen to the yell and the pæan of victory from "W. R.," who at last has pierced a sock-eye salmon through and through with his one pronged spear. Bearing his trophy aloft, he paraded up and down the river in his thin underwear, taunting his brothers in medicine with his success and their repeated failures. But, listen again! There's a cry of joy from "W. J.," who was "jabbing" at the fish down the river, and he also held a sock-eye aloft, but we had seen an exhausted salmon drifting down the river, and this three-fourths dead fish he had, indeed, run his spear through, so his "kill" was not allowed and we wouldn't let it count.

Finally, all three "caught on" to the curves necessary to strike the fish fair and square, and each man

landed at least a pair of sock-eye salmon, brilliant of color, agile as squirrels, but alas! poor in flesh and utterly devoid of flavor.

After lunch, the four of us, actuated by the same motive of obtaining sleep and rest from the grueling trip over the Bear Lake trail of the day before, found our way to a big circular tent, and there we slept soundly for a couple of hours. Kibbee, our guide and host, suggested to me that he and I should go down the river for three or four miles, and see if there were any bear signs, and then we also could see the spawning grounds of the salmon, which were strung out for over a mile on the gravelly bottom of the river.

We saw a few signs of black bear on the sandy points at the sharp curves of the river as we went down. The signs did not appeal to me at all, for I was in the presence of one of the most tragical illustrations of the truth that nature's first consideration is imperatively the reproduction of the species.

Here we saw thousands upon thousands of spring salmon, the males averaging nearly thirty pounds each in weight, plunging, diving and "side-stepping" each other in their savage efforts to protect the precious spawn.

Every one who has seen the plunging of porpoises on the seacoast can have a faint idea of the scene which we witnessed if he will multiply the few porpoises thus seen by a hundred or more. Remember, too, that the

salmon is many times swifter in his movements than the leisurely porpoise, and some idea may be obtained of the sight which greeted us. The water was like a boiling cauldron—splash, splash, splash! the fish were jumping in every direction.

It seems that as soon as the female commences the process of depositing the spawn on the gravelly spot, which she and her male partner have scooped out, then a predatory male makes a rush to eat or destroy the precious eggs, while her male gives valiant battle in the effort to protect them. When the male has fertilized the roe eggs by spraying a fluid called the "milt" over them, the seemingly never-ending battle waxes fiercer than ever.

In this *mêlée* we saw some big fish literally skinned alive. On many of them the dorsal fin was either eaten off or torn off, the tail nipped off almost to the bone, and numbers of fish were gashed and eaten so badly in the furious fighting that they gave up the ghost and died.

In one particular spot eight big fellows were all so earnestly fighting that they paid no attention whatever to our boat as it floated down the river, and its prow passed through the fighting mass, separating the combatants forcibly. Looking back at them after we passed, we saw them at it again. It was a fight to the finish.

Strangest of all is it that this fighting does not cease

even at night-time. No wonder, then, that, when the fateful task of spawning is over, they all die—every one, male and female alike. The future of the species is then bound up in the destinies of the eggs which they have given their lives to produce.

We went down the river three miles looking at the signs of bear on the sand-bars at the edges of the stream, then turned and poled back, arriving at camp in time for supper. Here we learned that two of our doctors, W. E. Hughes and W. R. Roe, with a guide, had undertaken to cross the river in a boat. W. R., the stout one, in some way shifted his position in the boat amid stream, and over the boat went, tumbling them all into the water. As they were all swimmers, they got out safely, but had that happened in a lake a different story might have been told.

The Siwash Indians and their packhorses arrived with our supplies and dunnage a little before dark. The stuff came over the rough trail without any damage whatever. Their horses were turned out to graze, and one of them, a youth of ten years, rolled his trousers up over his knees, and with a single-pointed spear waded into the water of the river up to his middle to spear salmon.

His father, an old, dried-up Indian, smiled with delight as he told me: "He catch um tree fish. He quick, good boy. He ride pony stand up"—that is, bareback. They were to receive two cents a pound for their work

in "packing" our supplies. Two hundred pounds is the limit that they will load on one of their horses, and if the load weighs any less than that, no allowance is made.

It therefore required five horses carrying two hundred pounds each, at $4 per head, and their total freight bill was $20. In the olden days, when "grub" was "packed" on the Indians' backs hundreds of miles, the freight on flour or sugar was $1 a pound and on potatoes and turnips a half dollar more. One man made considerable money by spearing salmon in the fall near where our cabin stands, then salting them down, and on the snow taking them over the trail to Barkerville on dog-sleds and selling them at $1 and $1.25 apiece.

A stove which warms Kibbee's kitchen, and on which all the cooking is done, cost $47 to bring over the trail only three years ago, and that without counting his time and labor in helping to drag it on a sled. To-day a loaf of bread in Barkerville is two bits (twenty-five cents).

In Quesnelle, on the Frazer River, I saw a box of raisins opened on a shelf in a grocery store. Although a year old, they looked to be in good condition, so I asked the proprietor to weigh me out a pound.

Then I asked him how much. "Four bits" (fifty cents) was the laconic answer. In Barkerville there is no single article priced at less than "two bits" except-

ing postage stamps, and, of course, the government sees to it that they, at any rate, shall be sold at the face value.

It can easily be imagined that the mails must necessarily carry a great deal of freight, as the cost of one cent per ounce up to four pounds in weight enables a large assortment of different kinds of merchandise to be forwarded in the very quickest time at the minimum postal rate.

For instance, I mailed in Philadelphia to a friend in Cottonwood, near Barkerville, two packages, each weighing two pounds eight ounces, and they went through safely at a total cost of eighty cents. Our government must have lost some money upon them; but see what the Canadian Postal Department must have lost taking into consideration the three hundred-mile stage route over which the packages had to go.

But there's another side to the problem of values up here. The wages of working men in the mines in Barkerville and vicinity are $4.50 per day, and Kibbee pays $7.50 per day to the guides he uses for our convenience, and we furnish the provisions into the bargain.

This is the tenth day of September, and, as I am writing, Henry, the cook, is shelling green peas and washing the most tender and delicious lettuce any one could wish for, both grown in a little plot near the bank of the river. It is pouring rain, and the rain may

last for several days; then the men predict a sudden freeze-up, and, presto! the long, long winter will be upon them.

Last winter the thermometer went to fifty-two degrees below zero, and the snow near Barkerville was over seven feet deep; so that winter away up here means something more than a picnic. It means long, cold nights, with little daylight, plenty of stars overhead and a scarcity of heat from the all-powerful sun god.

We left Bear Lake camp early on Sunday morning, our flotilla consisting of three boats, a house-boat, manned by two men, to carry the provisions and outfit. The other two boats carried three men each, two sports and one guide.

The day was fine, and as this was the real beginning of our hunting trip it stirred my blood to feel that first jump of the boat as Kibbee, the guide, pushed off from the landing. How quickly the camp was left behind! Now all was before us—a new country, a virgin forest, new lakes, new rivers, new waterfalls, new mountains. Nothing old, yet how very old, but all new to us.

This trip is to be for us a recreation—we are going to tease the unknown—"what is fresh and new in nature is great, divine." We are seeking adventure. The healthy imagination is a daredevil, a pick-lock, a break-bolt. In all ages adventure, the great motive for all we do, has been loved for itself. There is a

north pole at each man's door that invites the spirit of adventure. Each human being has a trail to make for himself.

"Routine starves body and soul, and, in its deadly clutch, we begin to measure the days of life on the walls of consciousness like men condemned to death, who chalk the passing of the days on the walls of their cells that finally fetch them to the rope and trap-door."

We are now afloat, healthy and free, the world of adventure before us, the humdrum work of office and of shop behind us. So, farewell for a period to the trivialities of life, its fashions, its vagaries and its artificial delights. We are about to enjoy the perennial passion of living in the open, dreaming or thinking of nothing but what every new day may bring to us before its precious hours have departed.

Renewing our youth by rugged exercise, expanding our lungs with air untainted by sulphurous smoke, we feel like shouting out with Walt Whitman: "Oh, for the open road!"

Our way lay through Bear Lake and up the upper Bear River to a stream which empties out of Swan Lake. Here was the first of Kibbee's trapping camps after leaving his home camp. At the mouth of the lake, stuck up on the side of this camp, was a piece of cardboard, on which was written a notice that at the point where we entered Swan Lake stream, fresh meat would be found ready for use. This was signed by a

fish commissioner, who was on a tour of inspection looking for a good place for a hatchery for sock-eye salmon.

Kibbee and I paddled down and found the *caché*, which contained two fore quarters and a hind quarter of a young moose. After eating lunch, our party was split up, Drs. "W. J." and "W. R." going with a cook and two guides up to Swan Lake to look for moose, while Dr. "W. E." and the writer started for a cabin nine miles further up Bear River, where we hoped to catch sight of a grizzly bear.

In the other party was a polished, gentlemanly looking young man, who was acting as bow poleman for the house-boat. Thinking him to be one of the guides and desiring to become acquainted with them all as soon as possible, I said to him, "What is your name?"

In place of telling me his given name, he gave me his family name.

I then said, "You and I both come from the same country."

"I came from Norfolk, England," he replied.

We had some further talk, in which he said he expected to spend the winter on Bear Lake, and that he would go home by way of the Pacific. I advised him to cross the continent and visit Philadelphia, in which case I would be glad to do the honors for him in the Quaker City. He impressed me so much by his modest and unassuming manners, his earnest desire to do all of the work that was to be done, and by his choice lan-

A Pair of Doctors Spearing Salmon

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guage, that after parting from him I asked Kibbee who and what he was.

"Well, you see, he came to Barkerville and wanted some place to go where he would be among big game and where he could learn how to handle boats and traps, cut wood and do frontier work generally. He was referred to me, and I told him what I would charge him per day, and that he could stay as long as he liked and leave when he liked; that I might be away a-lookin' after my traps a month or two months at a time and he would be left alone.

"He just smiled and said that wouldn't worry him a bit, so I said:

"'Well, I want to know all about you before we hitch up together.' Then he gave me his name, and it was 'Lord' something or other.

"So I goes to a friend of mine in Barkerville and tells him all about it. So he says: 'If you'll wait, I'll look up the English "stud" book, and if he's the real thing, he'll be in it.'

"So he gets the book and runs up one page and down another and, sure enough, there was his name, all right.

"You see, my friend's name is also in the 'stud' book, so he knew all about him. When he lighted on his name he read about his people who lived long before him. I'll tell you this; he's a willin' worker and isn't afraid of any kind of work, although he's not overly

strong. He's good company, doesn't have much to say and all of us like him."

We reached our second stopping place at dark, after a nine-mile push up the river. The current was so swift that the pole had to be used all of the way up. The sand beaches on the sides of the river bore the imprints of grizzly bears' feet, and most of them were fresh. A few moose tracks were visible where they had crossed the river, and beaver tracks and musk mounds were very plentiful.

Kibbee says that on these musk mounds, built of small gravel stones, the beavers squeeze out their excess of the substance which is called musk. This musk is valuable, and is used in the manufacture of perfumes and in medicines, and brings, according to demand and quality, $4.50 to $16 per pound.

It is contained in a sack, and its trade name is "castorium." Trappers have found out that they can set a beaver wild by removing a portion of his mound—as each beaver has its own—and putting in a little oil of aniseed and a few drops of rum.

The beaver realizes the first thing that here is a strange "musk," because he knows his own musk too well to believe that the strange odor is his. He evidently thinks some other beaver has done this to spite him, so he gets mad all through and tears his whole mound down and builds a new one.

In doing this he gets so reckless that he forgets his

usual caution, and steps into the trap which has been set for him. There's a close time now on all beavers south of the Blackwater River, and in consequence many are the beaver skins shipped as being from north of the Blackwater, whose owners were never within three hundred miles of that famous beaver district.

I told of the capsizing of a boat with Drs. W. E. Hughes and W. R. Roe in it. Dr. Hughes treated the ducking with indifference, and did not change his wet clothes for dry ones. As a consequence, when we sat down to our rude meal in the trapper's cabin, he had no appetite and complained of a sore throat and cold in his head.

In the morning his pulse had increased twenty beats, and he felt bad enough to say that he would stay in bed all day, and starve it out. However, I prevailed upon him to take a cup of soup, made from lentils.

In spite of his protests, Kibbee and I took the boat and paddled down to the Swan Lake camp. There we found that W. J. Roe and W. R. Roe had not yet started for their next camp. We therefore had dinner together, and taking a couple of bottles of medicine, we poled up-stream again, making the camp at 7 : 30 P. M.

Dr. Hughes was much better as a result of his enforced rest, and also from his refraining from food. As to the medicines—while he thanked us for bringing them, he declined their use, saying that *as he was a doctor, he didn't take medicine.*

Frank D. Kibbee, our mentor, guide and host, by this time had shown us that he was all that his friends claimed for him. Every one whom we met on the journey to Barkerville gave him unstinted praise, and after reaching that far-famed town, we received the same reports from hotel men, miners and business men with whom we talked.

In his own domain he is "the boss." As a trapper, hunter and guide, it is hard to beat him.

He was born in Montana forty-two years ago, and from his earliest boyhood he has always been a trapper. He drifted out here ten years back and commenced trapping, and was successful from the beginning. It's an awfully lonely place now, and was more so then.

He tried to get an assistant or some man whom he could trust to look after his main camp and his pelts while he was making the round of his traps. His ground covers over one hundred and twenty miles of good trapping country, over which he claims the right to trap. He must be a rugged man to go over this territory, set the traps and look after them properly, skin the trapped animals and prepare them for shipment to London, where they are sold at the annual fur sales.

As an assistant would have to be out in all kinds of weather and always to look out for his own food supply, it will be seen that it would be no easy job to get any one willing to undertake the position.

Kibbee considered himself very fortunate in securing the services of a squaw, who was a good cook and a clean housekeeper, who could trap and shoot almost as well as he could, who climbed the highest mountains with him after mountain goats or bears, and who conducted herself with such decorum as to be received courteously by the families in Barkerville with whom Kibbee was acquainted.

She was with him for a period of six years, and then a yearning for a more nomadic life took possession of her and she drifted away. Then he took in an old man of seventy, more out of charity than anything else, and he stayed with him for over four years, Kibbee clothing him and keeping him in comfort. Then the old fellow left.

Now he has another old man of seventy, who cooks and looks after his various interests with rare fidelity.

In the winter time this man, Kibbee, with blanket, bait, bacon, axe, skinning knife, matches, and a few pounds of flour on a hand sled, trudges forward through the wilderness. The northern lights glow in the distance and it is bitterly cold, but cold makes finer fur. Down far trails in gloomy forests, across the breasts of silvered streams, he labors from trap to trap. Should he find fifty dollars' worth of fur along the whole line of the traps he is content.

Meat is what the trapper mostly lives upon—meat of different kinds and of different degrees of tough-

ness or tenderness. Whether it is moose, deer, caribou, rabbit, woodchuck, goose, duck or the tail of beaver, it matters little so that it be meat.

To see Kibbee clean up a frying-pan half full of moose steak would be an object lesson to a city man, who with childish appetite nibbles at a bit of steak and must have it covered with sauce or ketchup or mushrooms to make it palatable and appetizing.

But there must also be some fruit or vegetable food to help keep away the scurvy during the long winter night. Hence a few pounds of dried apples or of prunes should be on the trapper's sled thus to aid digestion.

When he starts out in the late fall the curtain of silence cuts him off from the fellowship of the Barkerville trail for many moons, once he lifts the curtain of that ghostly woodland. It is paddle and portage for days and weeks as he visits lake after lake, pond after pond, and river after river. Then the frost crisps into silence the foaming water and the lapping lake. The grind of running ice warns him it is time to change birch bark for moccasin and snow-shoe. The canoe is *cachéd*, and the trail strikes into the forests of Douglas fir and of white and yellow birch.

When he returns, leaves may be budding on the birches and on the willow bushes.

Once, and only once, the awful loneliness of the deep forests overcame Kibbee's nerve, and he threw

his traps into the swift running waters of the lower Bear River and back to Montana he went; but six months of civilization were enough for this man of the woods, mountains, and lakes, and back he came to his traps and stretching frames.

He lifted his traps from the bottom of the river, joyfully went the rounds of his trapping lines, setting the traps as he went, and now he will be a "child of Nature" until an all-wise Providence calls him to his own last *caché*, which in all probability neither graven stone nor wooden sign will mark.

CHAPTER XX

WATCHING FOR BRUIN

In the ascent of the Upper Bear River, as far as the first camp, the bear signs were to be seen upon every sandy marge of the river. Some were old, but many were so fresh, and particularly those of one big grizzly, that we were keyed up to the highest point of expectation.

In rounding one sharp turn in the stream we came suddenly upon a flock of thirty wild geese feeding on some tall green grass. Although we had a .22 rifle and two 45-90's, we did not shoot, as we were in search of bear and not of geese, and the shooting would undoubtedly alarm the bears if within hearing. One old gander among the geese gave the note of alarm, and, with much honking, they were soon away up in the air and off for pastures new.

We spent a night at the first camp and heard nothing and saw nothing of game of any kind. In sight of the door, and seemingly but a short distance away, were too great snow-capped mountains. We were told that although "so near they were yet so far," as, before the summit could be reached, twelve miles would have to be covered.

Weather, time and other circumstances permitting, our scientist, W. E. Hughes, purposed to climb the nearest one in search of mountain goats and bears. We left our boat a mile and a half above our first camp on the Upper Bear River, and next day made a "hike" through a trail unique in the quality that, of all sorts of bad ground to travel over, this trail offered three distinctly bad types.

The first was through the so-called brush, which, out here, means the everlasting willow bushes. They are not so high as the alders, but are thicker and harder to get through, slapping the water or dew upon your neck, face and body with every step you make.

Next came five miles of open bog-land—called here a "park," where the foot goes down generally into water over your ankles, and at times over your knees. This is interspersed with hummocks, where you have to jump from one to another of them, and if you miss your footing, you're up almost to your middle in oozy mud.

After this delectable stretch comes a couple of miles of burnt land, on which the logs, lying in every direction, impede your progress, while, if the morning be wet and your footwear slippery, then you'll find the logs also slippery, the bushes, snags and roots tantalizing, and you'll surely slide and fall many times before you're over the burnt land.

We took four and a half hours to cover the eight

miles, and when we came to the little 8 x 8 cabin we were really very glad. Although we had had numerous falls by the way, we were still unhurt. This cabin had not been visited by any human being so far as we knew since the previous spring.

It is the farthest cabin on the Bear River used by Kibbee in his trapping. A sheet-iron stove and a bunk is all the cabin contains, although outside we saw a good collection of traps stored up ready for this coming season's work.

The object of this particular trip was to hunt the grizzly, if we could find any of these animals willing to be hunted, or even to be seen. We were tired looking at tracks on the sandy marges of the river, and we hungered for a sight of the real *ursus horribilus*—this being the scientific name of our much respected old friend, the grizzly.

A quarter of a mile before the cabin came into sight, we crossed several bear trails, worn down deep by the big fellow who had been carrying salmon back from the river to *caché* them; but every few yards we would see where he had sat down and eaten a salmon, leaving only the bony head and the tail to show the diet he was living upon. The bank of the river at and near the cabin is fifteen feet high and almost precipitous.

Well-worn trails lead from the river to the crest of the bank, and were made by the bear scooping out steps to climb up by. The top of the bank was actually

covered with salmon heads, fins and tails, where the big eater had sat down to devour his catch. The stench from these decaying portions of the fated salmon was very bad; and the myriads of bluebottle flies, mosquitoes, black flies, midgets and bulldog flies drawn to the locality by this salmon feast were something truly appalling.

The guide said the bear signs were good, and his plan of attack upon the wary beast was to post a man at each end of the crescent, which is here made by the river; the third man was to take his position in the centre.

The half circle thus covered with three rifles would be in length perhaps five hundred yards, and no one of the party would be in danger of the bullets from either of his fellows by reason of the conformation of the ground. We did not make a fire by which to prepare supper, as the smoke would be scented far and near by our expected and much-hoped-for prey.

A cold lunch was hastily eaten, and each man went to his appointed post. W. E., on account of his cold, was stationed near the cabin at the head of the crescent. Kibbee selected a stump in the middle of the river at the foot of the crescent, and the writer was posted in the middle of the half circle, where he could "catch them coming or going." To do this he should have been equipped, like Janus, with an eye in the back of his head as well as one in front.

We were to sit the night out and not to stir until the morning sun had dispelled the mists and clouds that hung around the tops of the snow-clad mountains.

According to the plan, the writer reached his watch-tower at 4:10 P. M., and the situation was something like this: The stream above could be covered with the eyes for one hundred yards; below, for not more than forty yards. On the other side of the river was a sandy beach, with a background of willow brush.

The place selected as offering the best chance for a shot was on top of the bank, which here was twenty feet high. The bear, if he came, would have to come in sight from the front, which was the upper end of the curve; or from the left, through the screen of willows across the river; or from the right, which, of course, was the mainland.

In the river below, the salmon were thrashing the water as violently as ever, and this interminable fight was kept up all night long, making it extremely difficult to hear any other sounds but those made by them. None of us had any blankets with him, or overcoats. We had been sweating freely from the difficulties of the eight-mile flounderings, and we hardly realized what a change in the temperature the night would produce.

The writer put on a woolen bathing suit and a sweater-vest. He also had a piece of sail-cloth to use as a cover, if perchance it should rain.

Kibbee mounted his resting place on the stump with-

Kibbie, Al and Mr. Martindale at Upper Cabin on Bear River

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out any extra clothing whatever, and suffered very much in consequence.

About five o'clock in the evening several strong currents of hot air passed down the valley of the river, but they were followed by currents of very cold air from the snow-capped mountains.

At six o'clock a slight rain-storm varied the monotony of the vigil. A fish-hawk alighted upon a tree to our right, and his shrill cries kept up until darkness enshrouded us all. A bald eagle slowly flew from a tall dead fir across the river, and alighted on the top of a big spruce, where he must have passed the night, as we saw him fly from the same tree the next morning.

The night was cloudy, and at times completely shut out all of the stars which up here are most wonderfully bright and appear much larger than in the East. Venus gave out very nearly as much light as the moon, which, when she finally made her appearance through the fleeting shadowy clouds, was but at half her full size.

Before entering the brush at the side of our tryst, the guide had pointed out to us marks upon a tree made by a monster grizzly, who, standing upon his hind feet, had with his claws scratched his sign manual on the bark. The marks were so high above our heads that they gave us a better idea of the stature to which these big brutes attain than anything else could have done.

The winged insect pests were something terrible. Never—no, never had we been so persecuted by insects as we were upon this night. We all had knowledge of what the mosquito, the midget and the black fly can do, when they are at their best; but W. E. Hughes and the writer, here for the first time, met the "bull-dog" fly of the northwest, and our word for it, he's most rightly named.

He makes no fuss, gives no warning like the mosquito kindly gives you as she buzzes around you in the quiet stillness of the night, nor does he come with a rush like the bluebottle fly, which on this night made a noise like a babel of voices; but stealthily he alights on the back of your neck, or the upper part of your wrist, or in your beard, and you feel him not on his landing. He waits quietly until he gets his famous "underhold," and then—then—you feel him, and try to "shoo" him away, but like his namesake of the dog tribe, he won't be shooed. So you slap him or brush him away, but he gives up his very life with his bite, for he will not, and does not, let go until he's killed.

He is something akin to the plant, which for the first time we saw here, that goes by the charming name of the "devil's club." It grows to the height of a man's head, is rounded off like a palm leaf at the top, sways to the passing wind, and loves the society of its fellows, for there's always many of them growing together.

They seem to delight in dark, dense woods where the ground is covered with deep moss and the side hills littered with rotting and storm-struck timber. As you brush the "devil's club" aside you realize that he is "armed to the teeth" with thorns upon thorns. You may have your eye scratched out, your ear torn or your nose lacerated. If you are a church-member in good standing, you certainly will not swear aloud, but you will breathe and think "cuss" words with every step you make among them.

The persecution of the insects became so unbearable at last that at ten o'clock we pulled the friendly piece of sail-cloth over our head. As it was not large enough to cover head, shoulders and body, together with the hands, one of which must surely rest upon the trusty rifle, we fought the pests from our hands and wrists by fanning the air at all times. And this, perhaps, may account for the only incident that happened during the night to relieve the long-continued strain of watching and of listening.

At half-past ten we heard a couple of branches break directly upon our right in the woods, where the big fellow had stood up, and, brave fellow as he was, had made his mark away up on that old spruce tree.

What could have made the branches break so stealthily, so silently, with no other following sounds to give us a chance to interpret the cause thereof? Naturally, this made us sit up and think. And our

conclusions were that there could be no other cause than the silent coming of a bear. Therefore we listened more intently than ever before in our "most eventful history," because, if it were an "ursus horribilus" on one side, here was the swift-running river on the other, and what might not happen if his "horribleness" only gently pushed us over the bank into the cauldron of fighting salmon below?

The minutes sped on and nothing happened until, say, eleven o'clock had arrived, and then came five ponderous blows on the ground, struck by some animal of enormous strength, apparently directly in the spot where the branches had been broken a half hour before. Now if ever a rifle was grasped quickly and a piece of sail-cloth thrown off rudely, both of these feats were performed by us in a jiffy.

With hammer pulled back ready for business, and with bated breath, we waited for a solution of the mysterious knocks. However, the waiting was in vain, for none came.

In the following long hours before daylight, we had ample time to ponder over them, and we, of course, imagined many "vain things"; among others was this: If his majesty—because none other than he could have given such an exhibition of power and strength—had forgotten his usual caution and had made an attack from the rear, how could the rifle have been aimed with any certainty in the dim and fitful light of the

half moon, which at least once in every five minutes was obscured by passing clouds? At best it would have been sort of a gamble, with perhaps a fatal shot, and perhaps only a broken leg, as at such close quarters he must surely have received one or more bullets into him before the fight was over one way or the other.

The longest night will surely pass if we but wait long enough, and our night was slowly passing.

After midnight the weather turned very cold indeed, and the discarded sail-cloth was again put in requisition. When the first faint glow appeared in the eastern sky, a tiny, piping note came from a little water ousel in the willow brush across the river.

The fish-hawk and the bald eagle both were early risers, and away they started in search of their breakfasts. Some crows, who had roosted in a bunch of Douglas firs, flew slowly down from their wooded heights to the banks of the river to feed on the carcasses of the dead salmon, which lined both banks of the running stream.

Then we heard a bright, cheerful greeting of "good-morning" from our scientist, who had shown the best judgment of the three, because he had hunted out the warm shelter of the cabin at 9:30 the night before and had slept the sleep of the just until five o'clock in the morning. He was accordingly rested and happy. Kibbee was heard from a short time afterward, and his story was soon told.

He had sat on the stump in the middle of the river until nearly midnight, until the cold drove him from his perch into the willow brush, and the penalty he paid for not being more warmly clad was a bad cold, which afflicted him for many a day afterward.

He had seen nothing, heard nothing and smelled nothing but the decaying bodies of the dead salmon. He soon gave me a solution of the mysterious sounds I had heard. The noise of the breaking branches was indeed made by the grizzly. He had then got our scent and perhaps more than once had raised himself to his hind feet and had looked us over and over again, and then to satisfy his curiosity he had struck the blows with one of his powerful feet to attract our attention and to see if there was life in the object that he had scented and stalked to his cover.

As the blows had had the desired effect of stirring the—to him—strange and dreaded animal which we call man into life and action, he had seen enough, and as silently as he came he loped away to his lair to laugh in his own clumsy fashion at how he had outwitted one of the tribe of his most dreaded foes.

CHAPTER XXI

THE LONE BULL OF SANDY LAKE

It's a remarkable cluster of lakes that encircles a group of mountains in the region of the Bear River—most of them snow-clad—with short stretches of running water pouring down between the rugged elevations, and thus connecting the lakes in a formation resembling the shape of an egg.

Bear Lake forms the small end, while Isaac's Lake, forty miles long, bounds the territory on the north, with Swan Lake, Little Lake, Three-Mile Lake, Spectacle Lake, Sandy Lake and Long Lake and one or two more completing the semicircle. The distance from Bear Lake to the outlet of Indian Point Lake, into the lower Bear River, is, roughly speaking, one hundred and fifty miles.

Our guide, Kibbee, controls the trapping rights, by purchase mostly, of this big patch of mountains, lake waters and running streams, with the exception of Isaac's Lake, where an old Scotchman by the name of Kenneth McCloud claims possession. McCloud is now eighty-four years old, and is the only human being on Isaac's Lake.

He has become feeble and does not bring out the

amount of fur that he formerly did. He does not seem to relish company very much, unless the visitor brings him a "bottle"; and in that case, he's given a hearty reception. He has not been seen by any one since last June, when he visited Barkerville.

Kibbee built a cabin on the upper end of Isaac's Lake some years since, and also a boat. The next time he visited the lake the canny Scot called at the cabin to tell him that his boat had been smashed by a big storm during his absence; but Kibbee found more signs of destruction by human hands than those made by a storm. The incident was a forcible suggestion that intruders were not wanted on that particular sheet of water.

It is just possible that on some future visit to the lake the old Scotchman's bones may be found whitening in his cabin. He has been living the life of a recluse up there for forty-three years, coming to the outskirts of civilization once, and sometimes twice, in a year to dispose of his furs and get his "bottle" and supplies, and then to return to his wilderness home.

We had planned to make a portage of four miles from a small lake, called McCleary's Lake, over to Isaac's Lake, striking the latter lake fifteen miles from its head. We would then build a raft, and, after visiting McCloud, paddle and pole to the end of Isaac's Lake, where we would take a trail of sixteen miles for Indian Point Lake, and this would bring us within seven miles

of Bear Lake, at our main camp, but a rain that seemed never ending, and which lasted for over three weeks, upset all of our plans, and we had to give up the project.

The next plan was a trip to a spot called "The Iron Slough," pronounced "slew," where caribou and moose were said to be very plentiful. Up to this time it had been found impracticable to hunt bear from the fact that the brush which everywhere lines the river had not been thinned out by frost. This formed an impenetrable screen, behind which the bears could come and go at will, so that the human eye could not obtain a glimpse of them.

The only possible chance was to come upon one unawares, while he might be crossing the river, or walking along the edge of some sandy beach, at a sharp turn of the stream. We were out at daylight and stayed until dark, day after day, and five times we stayed out all night, but not a solitary bear had we seen, although tracks were provokingly plentiful wherever a sandy point appeared.

So now the caribou was to be our quarry. We, therefore, left Bear River and paddled over to Swan Lake, where we spent the afternoon and night. Dr. W. E. Hughes and the writer made a circuit of the lake and saw many mallard ducks and some wild geese. We heard coyotes yelping in the woods, and afterward saw two of them away off on the shore. One stood watch-

ing us intently, and when I stooped to pick up my rifle it was off to the woods like a flash.

On the following morning we crossed Swan Lake against a strong head wind, and then we came to Spectacle Lake, so called because there are two oval sheets of water joined by a jutting piece of land, which looks like the bridge of a pair of spectacles. Here we fought the head wind until we could go no further, as we were in danger of swamping. We pulled for the shore, built a fire, cooked a bit of moose steak, and this, with some boiled rice, made for us a sufficient lunch.

The wind subsided somewhat, and for a while we had easier going, but on nearing the end of the lake it blew up fresh again, and the boat made but little headway in spite of our earnest work with the paddles.

So it was a dubious problem whether we could get across or not, when we saw a boat coming toward us with one man paddling. He turned in behind a point of land, and in a few minutes came out again.

As this action looked somewhat strange, we wondered what it meant, and as the canoe came nearer to us we saw that a white cloth or sheet covered something in the centre of the boat. Kibbee, when he saw this, gave out one of his rough and ready ejaculations:

"My God," he said, "it's 'Al,' and he's bringing out a gutshot man." Then we thought of our fellow hunters who were occupying the cabin at the far end of the lake, and imagined many things that might have

happened. When the canoes met, the problem was easily solved, as the sheet was a piece of sail-cloth which covered some fresh moose meat that "Al" was bringing out to us.

Here "Al" took Dr. Hughes into his canoe and turned back with us. Our boat, relieved of the weight of the scientist, enabled us finally to make the shore. We found that Dr. W. R. Roe had actually seen a bear, and the bear had really seen him, and, to be absolutely sure about the matter, he—the bear—had risen on his hind legs and looked at the doctor out of the corner of his eye, then he—the bear—dropped to all fours and loped away. Dr. Roe didn't shoot for two reasons—first, because he thought the bear would come nearer, which he didn't, and, next, because he thought he was too far away to make an effective shot.

The two doctors had been interested with the company of a mining prospector who had a claim on a creek six miles away, which he was trying to develop into a full-fledged gold mine. As this man, some years back, had discovered one of the best-paying mines in the Barkerville territory, his experience and knowledge were entitled to much respect.

The following morning we left the other half of the party to wrestle with the problem of getting a shot at that most particular bear. We crossed Little Lake, about one-half of which is taken up by a great beaver meadow, and through this meadow a channel not over eight feet

wide twists and turns until the opposite shore is reached. Then follows a portage of one hundred and twenty-five yards, and when we had carried over this distance and dragged the boat over the skids, we entered Three-Mile Lake, which was crossed against another hard head wind.

At the end of this lake was a portage of thirty feet, which brought us to a winding brook. Launched on this stream, we speedily found that it was the home of many beavers. These industrious animals had no fewer than five new dams across the stream in the length of a mile, and there were, in addition, several old and abandoned dams into the bargain.

In going over these dams it was necessary to tear their tops off before we could get the boat through. While this was tedious work, yet it was nothing to what we had to do on our return to surmount these selfsame dams, which in the meantime the beavers had repaired, because then it was all up-hill.

From this beaver brook we ran into Swamp River, and here, for the first time on this trip, we came in touch with a glacial river, for the water is of a grayish, clay-like color and is really the drainage from ice-capped mountains.

Two miles below, the river falls over a cataract sixty feet high and we could hear its roaring distinctly, but we hadn't the time to spare to paddle down to see it and then force our way back again against the swift

current, so we went ashore and cooked and ate lunch. Near where we sat Kibbee pointed out a standing tree that was chopped off at the top, and his explanation of this unusual feature was like this:

"You see, me and the woman was a-comin' down from Sandy Lake cabin with a load of fur, when we seed a lynx up in the top of that thar tree; we couldn't make it out what he was a-doin' up there, and he looked so still-like to me that I didn't shoot at him. So I goes over to the tree, and, sure as guns, he was up thar dead; he had got caught in one of my traps and had drug the trap up the tree, and got so tangled up with the chain that he died and was left hanging thar. So I climbs the tree, cuts off the top and down he comes, and his hide fetched me $22, because lynx fur is high now on account of them autemobil fellows who need so much fur."

A four-mile paddle up-stream brought us to Sandy Lake. On the right-hand side as we passed in we made out a small moose, apparently a yearling, walking on the beach, but we wanted nothing to do with him, he was too little. Four and a half miles more and we came to where the Swamp River flows into Sandy Lake from Long Lake. It was now getting dark, as the sun already had sunk behind a big mountain, the topmost snow-clad peak of which towered some thousands of feet above the timber line.

Kibbee, with his sharp eyes, discerned an object up

the cove toward Long Lake that looked like a big bull moose. Our scientist focused his field-glasses upon it, but on account of the oscillation of the boat, which prevented him from seeing plainly, he pronounced it a log.

It appeared to me to be a bull caribou, and at last, when it moved, we all came to the same conclusion—that it was indeed a caribou bull. But what a big fellow he was! None of us had before seen anything alive like him in size.

He was close to a mile from us, standing on the shore of a cove, feeding at a "lick" that served to whet the appetite at times of both moose and caribou.

The shape of the letter "V" will give an idea of our position. The bull was at the left point of the "V," and we were at the base of it. A bit of jutting land ahead of us was the right point.

We paddled as fast as we could to the point of land in front of us, which shut us out entirely from the view of our quarry. Here I asked Dr. Hughes to take his rifle, and make a "try" for him, but he insisted that the honor of stalking and perhaps shooting the first big game should belong to the writer.

As no time could be wasted in argument, Kibbee and I started off as fast as our legs could carry us, right up the side of a hill clothed with deep, soft moss and encumbered by a great deal of fallen timber.

The light was fading, and our footing was anything but sure, as we plunged over logs and dodged under

Waiting for the Wind to go Down

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dead branches. We both had "bellows to mend" before the journey was half over. Three times we left the ridge, and went down near to the water.

The first view we had of the bull through the trees showed us that he was even a larger, finer specimen than we had realized when seen from the boat. The second time we neared the water's edge, he was just entering the dense woods, and only his rump was visible. The third time he was out of sight altogether.

We still "plugged" on, panting and blowing like horses pulling a heavy load up-hill. Soon we came in sight of a little cove with a large log lying at the back of it, and this seemed a good cover behind which to hide.

When we got to the log our feelings may be imagined upon seeing that the bull had again come out of the woods, and was placidly looking in our direction. I waited just a minute or two to get quieted down, as my heart was pumping like a trip-hammer. Kibbee said the distance was two hundred yards, although an examination next day showed it to be over three hundred, but the fading light was so deceptive that I thought I had better shoot for the top of his back.

Taking as steady aim as I could for the upper part of the shoulder, the bullet sped on its way. But it was a clean miss. As it did not strike the water, I thought perhaps it had gone under him, so I elevated a little more and fired; but still no hit.

The bull could not make out where the sound came from, and turned completely around and walked back into the entrance of his trail, leaving only his hips exposed. Kibbee whispered, "Wait; he'll come out again." And that he did very soon.

He now stepped rather confidently along for a few yards; then stopped to listen. I fired in rapid succession four more shots without a hit, the bull turning twice while this wild firing was going on.

I started shooting with four cartridges in the magazine of the rifle and one in the chamber; and these having been expended, I took one out of my vest pocket.

When this was fired I was horrified to find that my cartridges were apparently all gone, and yet the big fellow was still standing there, wondering, no doubt, where all the thunder and lightning were coming from. By now it was dusk. A hurried search in the hip pocket of my trousers brought forth the seventh and last cartridge; and once more taking aim in the gathering darkness, the bullet hit him fairly and squarely, and down and over he rolled.

Then we heard a shout of exultation from Dr. Hughes, who had crept up by way of the shore and was now close behind us. He had seen every shot as it was fired and it was his judgment that I had been firing too high altogether, and that the shooting made him think of the battle of San Juan.

When we gathered around the fallen prize each of us said he would likely never again see his equal in size, shape and bulk. We opened and dressed him as quickly as possible; and following the shore back to the boat again, we reached the Sandy Lake cabin at a quarter past eight. Fire was made without delay, a pot of soup boiled and eaten, and with much talk over the recent excitement we lay down to rest.

I say to rest—for my mind was so full, with its rehearsal of the run up the ridge and through the woods; of the fall head over heels from a log down an incline and into some brush at the bottom of a deep depression; of a stumble from striking a root with the right foot and going face and head into the spongy mass; of the rapid shooting and of the search for the very last cartridge, and, finally, of the result of the successful shot, that "sleep, blessed sleep" was not for me until the early morning hours had long been passed.

The following morning we went over and skinned the bull and took some measurements. His antlers had a spread of thirty-eight inches; the longest prong measured forty inches from tip to head, inside measurement, and forty-two inches outside.

After the hide was removed his bare neck measured forty-six inches; and some idea may be obtained of his bulk when it is known that the fat which lay upon his back and sides measured by the tape line two and a half inches in thickness.

We saved some of the meat and all of the fat to take with us on our journey to the Iron Slough. We buried the feet and more of the meat in the cold glacial water, placing some stones over them to keep them from the coyotes during our absence.

We hung the hide over a willow bush to dry, skinned the head and took it out into the water and fastened it to a log, so that the porcupines could not touch it, while the balance of the carcass we left, together with some of the meat, for the other half of the party, who were to follow within a day or two.

Thus was the old adage that "the unexpected always happens" once more exemplified.

For eleven days we had been looking in all the likely places to find big game. We had been up and out at likely hours in the morning and at likely hours at night. We had covered in this period of time over sixty-eight miles of boating and had seen not a single living head of game of any kind, excepting a small deer which we shot, and that was unexpectedly seen at the base of a mountain, where one would least look for it, and yet here, away from his tribe and kindred —all alone—this big lone bull of Sandy Lake was discovered within a very few minutes of dusk, stalked and killed. No wonder we were exultant and excited beyond measure at the final unlooked-for result.

CHAPTER XXII

THE "SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA"

On the morning succeeding the killing of the lone bull of Sandy Lake, we left for the Iron Slough. Our route led up Swamp River to the mouth of Long Lake and up that notable sheet of water until we emerged once more into Swamp River, twelve miles above. It seemed that we were destined to have nothing but head winds, as when we entered Long Lake it was blowing directly in our teeth.

This lake is nothing more than a widening and deepening of Swamp River, flanked on both sides by mountains of the first magnitude—not one, or two, or three, but crowded in as thick and as close as the twelve miles will permit. They seem to be of every form, all of them covered with snow at the peaks and at least three, perhaps four, carrying the weight of great glaciers.

We camped opposite one which was the exact prototype in shape of Cheops, the famous pyramid in Egypt. The sides and faces of each and every one were scarred and seamed with the traces of snow avalanches, which had cleared the ground in their paths of rocks and trees as clean as if swept with a giant steel broom.

The following season after the avalanche had fallen, fresh vegetation would spring up, making a green streak of growing brush, trees and herbage, all very pleasing to the eye. These streaks reached from the base of the mountains to the top of the timber line. Fire has ravaged most of these grand sentinels of northern British Columbia of their thick growth of trees, but this brings its own reward, for nature with her lavish generosity soon clothes the burnt-over ground with a lusty growth of green herbage which gives rich sustenance to mountain goats, caribou, moose and deer and to such smaller animals as the whistling marmot and the rabbit; and among the birds, the ptarmigan, the blue grouse, the "fool" hen and the willow grouse.

Where such game abounds, there, of course, will lurk the fierce animals that prey upon it. Up near the timber line the grizzly and black bears find food suitable for their wants. The fur-bearing marten finds in the many squirrels plenty of food for his appetite. The lynx likes the taste of the rabbit, as does the eagle, the owl, the wolverine, the coyote, the weasel and the timber wolf.

Poor bunny has a hard road cut out for him. He has more blood-thirsty enemies than any other animal under the blue canopy of the skies. It may be that he was originally designed to furnish food for so many different species, and for this reason he was made the most fecund of all animals, the female giving birth to

five litters of four young rabbits each during the five spring and summer months, and, if they were left alone, as they were once in Australia for four years, they would become an unmitigated nuisance.

In this far northern part of the world, nature in her wisdom has provided an additional safeguard by making the rabbits susceptible to some contagious disease that carries them off every four years, and this year is the fatal year for them, and hence there are no rabbits to be seen anywhere. For this reason the lynx has hunted pastures new, for without the rabbit he has such hard picking that he needs must emigrate.

I have read much of the glories of Switzerland, of its mountains and its valleys, and have seen many pictures of the same, but I cannot believe that they surpass or even equal the grandeur and beauty of the mountains and valleys of this comparatively unknown country. There have been undoubtedly many timber speculators there looking the timber over, but the first stick of wood has yet to be cut by a lumberman to be shipped to the outer world. Whatever timber has been cut there would not amount to more than 10,000 feet in a year, and that would be for Kibbee's or McCloud's use as firewood, or for the making of one or two boats.

Gold prospectors, too, have been there, and yet not one dollar's worth of gold has seen the outer world. It is really virgin soil, clothed with virgin timber and, leaving out a half acre patch of tilled ground beside

Kibbee's Bear Lake camp, it is a virgin agricultural land. So to all intents and purposes, this region is unknown even to the people of British Columbia themselves.

In fighting our way up Long Lake against the head wind, some curious vagaries of wind, rain, hail, thunder and lightning made the passage not only startling, but for a time positively dangerous. Once a strong warm current of air struck us on the left side of the face, followed within a minute by a blast of cold air on the opposite side. This condition continued for a half hour while the various forces were assembling for a final contest as to which should win.

Then a flash of lightning and a loud clap of thunder aroused us to the fact that the titanic battle was on and to some apprehension as to the safety of our heavily-laden boat. Following the electric exhibition came three distinct whirlwinds.

The first struck us from the left, and, despite our paddles, it swept us nearly across to the right-hand side of the lake, and we were in the middle of the lake when it commenced. The second brought us directly back again even more suddenly than we had crossed at first, and this time we came dangerously near capsizing.

The third whirlwind caught us astern and carried us up the lake whether we liked it or not. The waves came in long spasmodic rollers crested with foam, but as long as we shipped no water we were content. This

continued until nine of the twelve miles had been covered, and then came the rain in a deluge.

Our guide had no camp, but he had long ago found a spruce tree which was set at such an angle that we would be perfectly dry under its sheltering branches. With some little difficulty we made a safe landing, carried our dunnage and supplies to the lucky spot, pulled the boat up on the rocks out of danger of wind and water, and then gave hearty mental thanks for our safety. The storm varied in intensity through the night, but quieted down enough by morning to permit us to pass onward to our destination.

When we pushed off from the sheltering arm of the spruce boughs, we saw ahead of us what appeared to be a gap only the width of a creek where the feet of two mountains came down from opposite sides and almost closed the channel; but when the boat entered the pass it was found to be nearly a mile wide. The height of the mountains on each side had played with our sense of distance.

Once more the Swamp River was entered. There were two channels, and the water in both looked fiercely swift; the left channel was chosen. It was filled with sand-bars and had a few deep pools and some rather bad rapids. These were passed by one man walking on the bank pulling with the rope, another holding the boat out with the canoe pole, and the writer using the stern paddle.

We then came back into the main stream, and soon it was bull strength with paddle and pole for a mile and a half. Then we beheld the entrance to the much-talked-of Iron Slough. This stream, if such it can be called, enters the river on the right, as you go up, and passes through a great stretch of marsh-land, turning and twisting its way through the ever-present alders and willows for a distance of seven miles, and all of this way running parallel to the Swamp River, which flows to the left.

At the head of this slough, or stream, as I prefer to call it, nestles a tiny lake—right against the breast of a mountain, down whose sides flow two icy creeks which feed it, and in turn this lake feeds the stream.

At places on the way up, Kibbee went on to the wide-stretching marsh, and climbed some high tree from whose branches he could scan the sea of waving swale grass, hazel bushes, high-bush cranberries, stunted spruce trees, blueberry bushes, mossy bog-land and hummocks, treacherous underfoot and hard to balance one's self upon. As a fitting border to the picture, we could see the Swamp River in the distance, with a rampart of towering mountains guarding it.

Trails of caribou and moose we all could see, and fresh tracks of both animals, too; but not a single piece of game could the guide or we detect. We took a frugal lunch at the head of the stream where it could be stepped over, and then went to the lake.

Here the writer climbed up the side of a mountain for a hundred feet, while the guide from the same elevation climbed an old hemlock tree. He sat up there, and I stood on a rock, gazing out upon that vast marsh, expecting certainly to see at least a band of caribou or a pair of moose, but not a single mammal enlivened the scene.

Of bird life, we noted a marsh hawk and a sparrow hawk searching for their evening meal, and a pair of kingfishers circling overhead; but this was all. Our expected game were undoubtedly up the sides of the mountains, but the brush—the everlasting brush—kept us from getting near them.

There are certain rules of ethics carefully observed among trappers and others up here. When Kibbee first put in an appearance with his traps on this favored ground, a man by the name of Moxey claimed possession, and it was buy out or "git out." Kibbee bought out, getting, in addition to the right, all of Moxey's stock of traps.

Then another man appeared who knew not the land, but who claimed rights upon it. He built a cabin, but before it was finished Kibbee "went to see" him. There were but few words spoken between them; the man sold out and left. Now none is there to dispute Kibbee's title to the trapping lines.

This great marsh is the natural home of the beaver. We went over no fewer than nineteen of their dams,

which were in fair condition, besides a hundred or more that years ago were abandoned and allowed to go to ruin. These animals have tunneled the ground, built houses, dammed streams, and changed water-courses wherever and whenever their fancy pleased. They here have an abundance of food of just the kind they most love, and now, as there is a close time upon them and no one is permitted to trap them, they are increasing in number very fast.

The marsh also makes a splendid feeding ground for the caribou, and their tracks are seen everywhere. We were told that the wolverine is the caribou's deadly enemy, and Kibbee has never yet trapped one without finding caribou hair in its stomach.

It takes two wolverines to bring one of the big animals down;—one worries him in front and the other in his rear. They keep at him until he loses his head, and runs about in a circle across which the gluttonous wolverines will cut short corners and nab him behind, finally hamstringing him, and thus bringing him to the ground. Then his finish is speedy and sure.

The deer up here have a hard time of it with the coyotes. In the spring time, when the deer are feeble and lean, and the winter's crust of snow becomes weakened by the presaging spring weather, the coyote will startle them into making a few running jumps. The crust gives way, the deer are stalled, and the coyote gets his belly full of meat.

We stayed at the head waters of the stream until the afternoon and, as rain was again threatening, we took our departure for the same nesting place which we had used the night before. Our hunt for moose and caribou came to nothing.

However, we did not regret the lost time or the labor expended in reaching this remarkable piece of territory. The lure of the big game had taken us to a wonderfully grand section of country, which was totally new. Sooner or later it will attract tourists from near and far by its beauty and rugged grandeur.

We have seen mountains that as yet have never been limned by the artist's brush or portrayed through the medium of the stereoptic camera. In fact, I question much whether the territory has ever before been written about.

Several men in Barkerville asked if we intended writing about the country and if we expected to print what was written. We said we surely would if the sights we saw warranted it. So this is possibly the first screed that has been written upon this vast sweep of country, hemmed in by mountains that are not yet even named, watered by streams along the shores of which even a prospector has not yet trod.

One man we know has climbed to the top of three mountains, but where are the men who have scaled the others? The probability is that their tops have never yet been trod by the foot of man.

When the new railroad is finished a journey of thirty miles therefrom will bring the pioneers and venturesome ones right into the heart of this region, where now a distance of about three hundred and forty miles must be covered by stage, packhorse, and canoe before the incomer will be able to sit where this chapter was penned.

CHAPTER XXIII

ON THE TRAIL OF THE GRIZZLY

Dr. W. E. Hughes, our scientist, had his heart set upon climbing one of the big mountains that overlooked our camp. First, his ambition was to get within rifle shot of the nimble mountain goat; next, to try his luck with the whistling marmot, or mountain ground-hog, of the Selkirk and other western ranges; and, lastly, to study the flora and fauna of these craggy peaks.

Having no such high desire, the writer was assigned to the care of a young man born of Scottish parents in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. Neil was his given name. He was industrious; a fairly good cook, a good axe-man, and a good boatman. He was not a hunter, nor did he pretend to be one.

His life so far had consisted in working very hard for his daily pay; first at wood-cutting in Maine, then in digging and picking potatoes in Aroostook County, that state, where he was expected to fill one hundred barrels per day; next he was a section hand on a small railroad in the Pine Tree State.

Then, seven years ago, the Canadian Pacific Railroad having advertised the low rate of twenty-five dollars from Portland, Me., to Vancouver, B. C., he and a fel-

low workman took the trip. Landing at Ashcroft, they have labored in this province ever since.

There was a gold-mining operation away up in the north, the road to it being over a trail four hundred miles north of Quesnelle on the Frazer River. Some parts of machinery were needed to equip a sawmill, so as to commence sawing wood in the early spring, and this lad, with six others, was hired to haul the much-wanted machinery upon hand sleds.

Each man had to pull a load of 150 pounds outside of his own kit and provisions—the total load being close to 200 pounds each. The freight weighed a total of 1,050 pounds. It was found best to start each day's work at two o'clock in the morning, for then the crust on the snow was hard and glistening, but by that same hour in the afternoon the snow was so soft as to make it impracticable to travel over it. They, of course, traveled on snow-shoes and, as seventeen men were on the trail ahead of them bound for the same mine, their path was well marked and easily kept. The man who contracted to deliver the freight was paid $1.60 per pound, or a total of $1,680, and he made some good money upon the contract.

The start was made on the morning of March 13th and the trip ended on the same day in the month of April. Thirty-one days of walking and dragging a sled heavily weighted for four hundred miles was no mean achievement in that space of time.

Neil and his fellow workers on the hand sleds obtained work on another mining operation at that place, working there all summer, and then receiving but $50 each; the manager having slipped off to Vancouver and left them to mourn the loss of their summer's wages, which he still owes to them.

The prices for commodities in the settlement that summer were, roughly speaking, three pounds for one dollar. Three pounds of flour, of sugar, of rice, of corn-meal, of beans, or of oatmeal for one dollar, and bacon, butter, tea and coffee one dollar per pound. This will give a pretty good idea of what it means to live up in this far-off country where strength and brawn are what count for success.

Now this rough-and-ready, willing and able worker was to be my sole companion for a week. We left Bear Lake camp at eight o'clock of a Monday morning, with a hard head wind facing us. It is seven miles across the lake, and the wind and the waves were too much for us at one point, and we went ashore close to the side of a high rugged mountain.

"While we are waiting for the wind to go down, suppose we climb up to the bear trail that winds around the mountain," Neil said. "You can walk along that for a mile or so, and when you want me, I will be following close inshore with the boat, and you can easily reach me by blowing your whistle."

I did so, and found the trail without any trouble, but

it was a different thing to keep it. Bruin seems to pay but little attention to obstacles; where he can go under a dead fall, or over one, there the trail runs. If not, it may start right up the mountain, or down to the water's edge. For the writer, going under the dead falls meant to crawl on hands and knees; to go over them was to climb through a frieze of dead and broken branches, as well as over the prostrate trees, and numerous falls soon admonished me that paddling at the bow of the boat was an easier place than following that sort of trail.

A few blasts of the whistle brought the faithful Neil to the shore with the boat. If paddling across Bear Lake was hard work, it was nothing to the work we had in poling up the river, for it was in flood, and with the wind behind it, the best that could be done was to dodge into the eddies first on one side, and then on the other, so that when Swan Lake camp was reached we found we had used up six hours in going nine miles.

After lunch there we were off again for another tug against wind and current in poling still further up the river. We had gone a couple of miles, when the mouth of a slough loading to a widely extended marsh was reached and, to give us a breathing spell and to see if there was any game in sight on the marsh, I directed Neil to shove into it. The mouth of the slough was somewhat choked up with willow brush and, as the boat made an awkward swing into the brush at one side,

Crossing the Portage from Spectacle Lake to Little Lake

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Neil grabbed one of the treacherous branches to pull the boat in by, but instead of pulling us *in*, the rude branch pulled him *out* head over heels into the icy glacial water. He climbed into the stern of the boat and shook himself like a dog, and asked what should be done now. I said, "We'll get right back again into the stream and pull for all we're worth, so as to keep you from getting chilled through."

On passing up we came to two sandy beaches, one on each side of the river, and on both sides there were fresh tracks of a grizzly bear made but a few hours before. We poled up to the next beach above, and there we landed. Neil undressed, and with the loan of a jumper and a pair of overalls, a shirt and undershirt and a pair of trousers from my kit, he succeeded in getting a complete suit of dry clothes.

It was now getting dark, and it seemed to me a good idea to run down again to the place where the fresh bear tracks were. As there was a little cove at the upper end of one of the sandy beaches and the wind at that point being in our favor, we could run the boat into the cove and lie there snug and comfortable for the night and watch for bruin at the same time.

We, therefore, went down, pushed the boat into the cove, cut off some willow brush to give us an unobscured view of the beaches, pulled the bow hard and fast upon the sand, ate some cold boiled rice which we had brought with us in a kettle, and then fixed our-

selves for the night. I told Neil to go to sleep, and I would waken him at midnight, and then he should go on watch. Neil lay down in the stern and cuddled up as best he could. He was soon snoring and dead to the world, and while my vigil lasted he could be plainly heard at times above the noise of the rushing water. This was something I hadn't counted on and I felt sure that no bear would come near us while the snoring lasted. But how to stop it was a problem which could not be solved during that night at least.

The night passed very slowly, the only sounds heard being the calls of a pair of moose lovers away off to the back of us and the splashing of an occasional musk-rat. I did not waken Neil, but kept watch all of the night and morning myself, dozing off at times for a few minutes until the welcome glow of sunrise bade us be up and doing.

Then I saw an exhibition of patience and endurance on the part of Neil, which had lasted through the most of the night, that impressed me more by its silent testimony than a whole chapter of words could have done. The boat had been leaking, and as he lay upon his left side and the boat was tilted some degrees, it happened that where he lay just one-half of his body was in the water, and therefore was wet, while the upper half was dry.

His teeth were chattering when I called him. He simply remarked that his sleep had been fitful and dis-

turbed, at times he slept soundly and then again he had been kept awake by the slowly accumulating water in the boat. Not wanting to make any noise for fear of possibly alarming a prowling grizzly bear, he had suffered and endured this condition in silence. There's grit for you.

When we arrived at our cabin he complained of a headache and a swelling in his throat, and that night I induced him to bathe his feet in hot water for twenty minutes and go to bed without his supper. This evidently was the proper treatment for him, as he was all right the next morning, but he asked to be excused from any more lying-out watches at night.

It now commenced to rain, and continued to pour in a steady shower, such as only this part of British Columbia and some sections of the tropics can revel in. There was not the slightest let-up by day or night until forty-eight hours had passed. You may ask what was to be done during such a downpour of rain? The cabin, 12 x 14, was no place to sit in and none to hunt in. If the fire was burning brightly, you had to go out-of-doors on account of the heat, and just then it was very wet out-of-doors.

On the opposite side of the river from the cabin was a growth of magnificent Douglas firs, perhaps a hundred of them in all. These trees are tall and stately; straight as an arrow, and gradually tapering off until the top of the stem is reached. In a strong wind they

swayed from side to side, the tops swinging in a half circle, and if the wind should be strong enough, they will at times lash and snap like a whip. John Muir, in "A Wind-storm in the Sierras," describes these noble trees, one of which he climbed during a great wind-storm, as follows:

"Though comparatively young, they were about a hundred feet high, and their lithe, brushy tops were rocking and swirling in wild ecstasy. Being accustomed to climb trees in making botanical studies, I experienced no difficulty in reaching the top of this one, and never before did I enjoy so noble an exhilaration of motion. The slender tops fairly flapped and swished in the passionate torrent, bending and swirling backward and forward, round and round, tracing indescribable combinations of vertical and horizontal curves, while I clung with muscles firmly braced, like a bobolink on a reed."

Interspersed with the Douglas firs were some balsam firs, a few very tall black spruces and some second-growth pines. In prowling through this growth of tall timber, on the forenoon of our arrival, when the sun was shining, and when, for a part of one day at least, nature was to be seen at her best, I discovered two of these Douglas firs growing but a foot apart, one of them measuring twenty-eight inches in diameter and the other thirty-seven inches, and both of them over one hundred feet tall. Directly back of this pair

of sylvan monarchs were a balsam fir and a spruce. The branches of the Douglas firs spread out as they neared the ground, so that they formed a canopy, or giant umbrella, with a circumference of thirty feet.

The tips of the lower branches were incased in swinging trailing moss, which acted like an immense circular sponge in absorbing and holding the rain as it fell. All around these trees was an accumulation of spills and cones, maybe the accretion of a couple of centuries' growth, and as dry as punk. I dug down into the rather compact mass with my hands, and low down the spills had become mostly disintegrated into dust, but the cones were yet firm for a foot from the surface. "Here," I said, "is a model shelter from all the rain and all the storms with which rude winter may ever afflict the land."

In front of this haven of security ran a little brook fed with icy water from the great snow-capped mountain opposite. The busy beavers had built a pair of their ingenious dams on the stream, both of them below this spot. Some of the sock-eye salmon had forced their way up over the first dam into the pool above; six pairs of them being counted at their life-work of spawning, while nineteen dead salmon showed that their end had come in carrying out nature's behest. Only one pair had surmounted the second dam, and this pair gave me an opportunity of studying with

intense interest their actions during the process of spawning.

Close to the two Douglas firs a deep well-worn bear trail led down from the mountainside right to the edge of this brook, and from the bank at my very feet a bear had been catching salmon and eating them on the grass, as the partly eaten salmon heads scattered over the ground proved beyond a doubt. When the rain commenced on Tuesday night, we trusted that by the morning the cloudburst would be over, but the morning came with the rain just as steady as it had fallen during the night.

Then I thought of the Douglas firs—a thirty-foot umbrella. Neil having a coyote to skin, I had him paddle me up the little brook to the foot of the first beaver dam and sent him back to the cabin to finish his work. In front of the dam hundreds of dead salmon floated upon the water, or were settled at the bottom, while fifty or sixty live ones were spawning among the gravelly stones.

I hoped that by maintaining a day's watch under the sheltering arms of the pair of firs I might see one or more bears come down the trail and get a shot at close range; so I scooped out a bed among the fir spills and cones, where I could lie in perfect—in fact luxurious—comfort for as long as I liked.

With a copy of a monthly magazine a year old to read, I settled myself for a long watch. From the bed

where I lay the pair of salmon could be seen hour after hour. The male, in an apparently vigorous condition, was lying about nine feet lower down in the stream than the female. There were two white pebbles close together, and between these the male was located. The female was in a dilapidated and sorry-looking condition. Her coat was of a pale red color, while his was a royal scarlet. Her tail and dorsal fin were nearly chewed off, and she appeared so weak and emaciated as to be hardly able to wriggle her tail. Four times one day and five times the next, while I was watching them, the male shot up the stream to where she was laboring and jabbed at her with his jaw and bit her tail with his sharp teeth.

These attacks, of course, stirred her up to renewed energy for a few minutes, and he would then drop down to his old position. The current of the brook seemed to be unsteady, and many times the male would shoot out to the right a few feet and then return. I presume that the current at these times had carried the eggs out of their general course, and as it was his mission to fertilize them, he would thus head them off.

The whole of the first day passed in this manner, with nothing to divert the attention from watching the bear trail, excepting these two salmon and a red squirrel, who spent his time in gathering pine-cones and carrying them away in his mouth. A tiny bird,

of the warbler species, and a grayish white moth seemed to like being under my shelter. These five creatures were my sole companions for two days—the salmon, of course, being a never-ending source of interest.

Meanwhile, the rain kept up its steady downpour. The weather was warm, and I was extremely comfortable. If a grizzly bear had come down the trail, I would have been content, but that one want was not satisfied, and, therefore, my best-laid plans went all "aglee." Friday morning the sun at last broke through the enveloping clouds of mist and rain. We decided to pull up stakes and return to Sandy Lake, where the lone bull was killed, our idea being that by this time bears might be feeding upon his carcass.

We ran the boat down the river to the entrance to Swan Lake, and here we found that the overflow from the river, which had risen five feet during the downpour, was rushing up the narrow entrance into Swan Lake, and through that lake into Spectacle Lake, three miles further up. We had lunch and spent the night at the cabin on Swan Lake, and with a stiff head wind against us pushed on the next morning to Spectacle Lake and over a portage there into Little Lake.

In the cabin at this portage we found a note from the balance of our party, consisting of Drs. W. J. and W. R. Roe and one guide, stating that they had left on Tuesday for Sandy Lake and would be back that night, so that put an end to our trip to the remains of the

caribou. In the meantime, in prospecting around the upper part of Spectacle Lake we found a long slough, which terminated at one end in a circular pond. In one corner of this pond was a well-beaten bear trail, and my mind was set upon lying out under some trees close by it. Neil said it was a likely place to shoot a bear if one should come down, but—you know the rest.

The other men reached the cabin before dark. They had been at Sandy Lake two days. The carcass of the caribou had not attracted carnivorous animals of any kind, and all that they had seen on the trip were the tracks of a large moose. They decided to go back to Bear Lake on the following morning, start on Monday morning for Barkerville, and there take the stage for Ashcroft at six o'clock that evening. I decided to stay another week.

On this evening Neil took me in the boat to the cove at the end of the slough, and having seen that I had everything arranged for my comfort during the night, left me for the cabin, which he had some difficulty in reaching on account of the darkness. Nothing came near me during the night excepting a great owl, which suddenly appeared right in front of me and then sheered off to one side and soon was lost in the pitchy darkness.

Nature is very considerate of all birds of prey that fly by night in providing a soft downy lining of feath-

ers for the inside of their wings which makes their flight a noiseless one, and thus enables them to steal upon the unwitting little bird as it nestles in the branches of a tree, or to pounce upon a rabbit as it capers through the grass or small bushes.

The sky was covered with a dark canopy of clouds, which prevented the moon and stars from being seen, but at one o'clock in the morning the clouds had drifted away, and the moon, which was nearly at the full, came out in all her glory. The cover, which up to this time had been but a region of shadows, now became almost as light as day, and if Mr. Grizzly had then walked into the water, it would have been a fair chance that he would have been hit with one or more bullets before he reached the shore again, if indeed he had not been "kilt intoirely."

It grew very cold toward daylight, and when Neil's canoe rounded into the cove at 6 : 20 in the morning, I need not say that I was very glad. Thus ended one week's adventure by water and land, in storm, rain and sunshine, leaving much to think over but little to regret.

CHAPTER XXIV

HOW THE SALMON IS VANISHING

WHILE staying at the Bear River camp I met John P. Babcock, fish commissioner of the province of British Columbia. Mr. Babcock is a man who enjoys an international reputation in all matters piscatorial. He is, above all, a recognized authority upon the habits of the salmon and upon the statistics relating to the annual catch, or "pack." He was on a tour of inspection of all the salmon streams in the province.

Bear River is the "mother stream" of an enormous run of sock-eye salmon and of the so-called spring salmon, which was the reason for his visit. I was glad indeed to listen to his fascinating talk on the history of the salmon while he was waiting for the morning light to enable him to start on this, his annual visit to the head waters of our river.

It will perhaps be remembered that the sock-eye, when it makes its fatal journey to its natal spawning bed, is clothed in its nuptial colors, the body being of a brilliant scarlet, while the head, jaws and tail are of a bright shade of copper-colored green.

It would be difficult for any one to see a more beautiful sight than that made by this magnificent fish when thousands of them are leaping, plunging and

diving in the clear and ice-cold streams of this far northern clime on their journey to the very spot which their unerring instinct assures them is their own birthplace.

Besides the sock-eye and the spring salmon, there are the humpback, the blueback, the silver and the dog salmon, but only the first two species visit the Bear River, and none of the others equal the sock-eye in brilliancy of coloring.

Mr. Babcock's mission was to gauge as accurately as possible the dimensions of the "run" of sock-eye salmon for the present year.

When the salmon eggs are hatched out and the young fish are able to travel to the ocean, if they reach it without being devoured by their numerous enemies by the wayside, they will surely return four years after to spawn and to die. Thus in four years the fish which were then being hatched, or those that survive, will return to carry out nature's injunction to perpetuate the species.

In Commissioner Babcock's report for 1906 he makes the following warning statement:

"In view of the fact that the catch of 1903 was sixty-two per cent. less than that of the previous fourth year, 1899; that the catch of 1894 was sixty-six per cent. less than that of 1901; and that the catch of this year is twenty-six per cent. less than that of 1902, no other conclusion can be reached but that the great

fishing industry of the Frazer River district is declining at an alarming rate, and cannot long be maintained under existing conditions."

This statement applies only to the Frazer River and its tributaries, of which the Bear River is one, but the same conditions prevail in all the other great salmon rivers, the Columbia River in Oregon, the Sacramento in California, the Skeena and the Naas in Canada, and the Yukon in Alaska, each and every one showing that the reckless slaughter of the salmon at spawning time is bringing about the inevitable result of a shorter and shorter run with each succeeding year. Man is not the only transgressor, although he is undoubtedly the most serious one.

The very moment that the salmon appear at the mouths of these great rivers their arrival is heralded by battalions of screaming gulls, yelping seals and plunging sea-lions, all of which feast on the royal fish as they pass up the fatal streams.

After entering the rivers they reach the dreaded set traps, the revolving fish-wheels, the seines, the purse nets, and should these be passed in safety they are beset by dogfish, sharks and ospreys. On the shores thousands of Indian boys and girls, some as young as six years of age, together with their parents, are at work almost day and night spearing the fish.

The Indian children take to the spearing of salmon as naturally as they do to their mother's milk when

babies. I have seen only one of them at work. He was ten years of age, and he was as quick in his movements with the spear as a cat after a mouse.

Still further up-stream the grizzly bear and the more modest black bear are waiting for the "run," and it is wonderful the number which these greedy animals catch and eat or reserve for later use. An old and experienced trapper says a full-grown grizzly will easily bury away in his *cachés* 3,000 salmon.

Last, but not least, we must not forget the dip net, which annually claims its thousands of victims.

When the vicissitudes of the journey up to the natal spawning bed have all been surmounted, the real troubles of the mother salmon are just beginning. She and her mate scoop out a depression in the gravelly bottom of the river or stream with their bellies and fins, where the eggs may sink to the bottom of the water and lay there in safety until the process of hatching out is completed. Then it would seem as if every living creature in that immediate locality had an insatiable appetite for the eggs.

Trout take them voraciously; mallard ducks dabble and dabble in the running water for them, and the male salmon seems to be possessed of a fierce desire to eat his neighbor's progeny. Worse still, in the last stages of the spawning process the mate will seize the female by the tail and cruelly bite and lacerate her. Whether this biting is done as a counter-irritant to

Two Sockeyes and a Big Spring Salmon

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help the female in her struggle to eject the roe or from bad temper, no one can tell.

As the days come and go the poor salmon become weaker and weaker. They eat no food from the time they leave the ocean and live solely upon the absorption of their own flesh. No matter how many salmon have been dissected during a season, none have ever been found with any food in their stomachs.

Many of them die of exhaustion before they even reach the spawning bed. During the process of spawning the fish are not fit for food, and yet the Indians along every river where the salmon spawn spear and smoke them for winter food.

We reached Bear Lake on the third of September, and the following morning we had our first sight of the splendidly colored sock-eyes. Then they were brilliant of hue beyond compare. Few of them were scarred by battle or the labor of working up the stream, although the spring salmon, that had arrived somewhat earlier, were even then showing signs of wear and tear.

By the twenty-fifth of the same month, the majority of the sock-eyes were already dead. Where we formerly had seen a hundred, we now saw five and six. One morning, from a high bank at the upper part of the river, where we had seen thousands upon our first visit three weeks before, we could count no more than thirty-nine fish, and of these only two were females.

On the far side of the river from where we stood

there were several mounds on the sandy margin. These were *cachés* made by the bears, filled with sock-eye salmon, and in the brush at the back were more *cachés*, stored with fish for future use. The eagles, fish-hawks, crows, mallard ducks and gulls were having a ghoulish feast upon the dead and decaying fish.

In a canoe run of eighteen miles, which I made in two days, while standing up and paddling in the bow of the boat, the sight that met my gaze was really sickening. The bottoms of the deep pools were lined with the bodies of dead salmon, in places lying cross-wise on top of each other, and the sandy beaches were strewn with the now putrid fish.

Hundreds had been caught on the willow brush as they floated down on the head of a high rush of water that occurred two weeks before, and were now suspended and slowly rotting away a foot or more from the running water underneath.

The crows spy a dead salmon more quickly than any other birds that I have seen; they at once pluck out the eyes and leave the balance of the fish until it is in a decaying state. Then they gorge themselves until they can barely fly.

As the waters of the rivers recede the sand-bars catch the dead fish in multitudes, and the air becomes vitiated by the stench, which in some places is almost unbearable. As Shakespeare says, it is "a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind not of the newest," while the

water itself becomes so polluted that it is not palatable or safe to drink.

In daytime the sight of gluttonous birds feasting upon carrion is bad enough, but if we could see by night we would behold the mink, the skunk, the fisher, and perhaps some other animals, as well as the grizzly bear himself, all busily at work, either eating of the foul mess or storing it up in a convenient place for future use. The most pitiful sight of all, however, is to see the dying fish floating down the stream, first on its side and later on its back, without strength to swim, the only sign of life being perhaps the unconscious muscular action of wagging its tail.

Another sight, and that a very common one, is where one fish has weakened more in the vicissitudes of the run than its mate, and while lying over upon its side from sheer exhaustion its mate pokes it with its jaws to keep stirring it up to further effort, until the dying one becomes stranded upon some friendly shoal, when its mate plunges away into deeper and safer waters. Man's inhumanity to man has often been harped upon, but the worst of men seldom become as cruelly cruel as the salmon are toward each other.

From the most recent observations of the present "four-year" run of salmon it is safe to say that it will show as great a falling off in actual returns as the "four-year" run in 1905 did from that of its preceding period, and if this prediction should prove true, some-

thing should be done to remedy the threatened extinction of the salmon.

It is undoubtedly true that the hatcheries, by artificially hatching out millions of eggs, are doing some little to stay the inevitable hand of fate, which points unerringly to the destruction of the salmon packing industry if some more drastic and revolutionary plan is not soon adopted.

Five years ago the interesting and valuable beaver was in peril of obliteration in the province of British Columbia, where the beaver grows to a large size and is clothed with a skin that for color and texture challenges the world. A close term of five years was then placed upon them, which at its expiration was extended for one year more.

As a consequence, the marshy bottoms and the mountain streams are fairly alive with these industrious animals. For twenty days I was among them all the time, and could see their handiwork on every side.

Their substantial dams can be found in every running brook in the mountainous parts of the province. Their houses may be seen on every mountain stream, and their *cachés* of food for the long winter months are being filled by thousands and thousands of the busy and hard-working little fellows.

The value of the beaver lies not alone in his fur. To the trapper, the prospector, the surveyor, the freighter, the hunter and the red man his flesh is food of the

highest value, because it is right at hand—easy to get and easy to prepare.

In the deepest forest, where running water exists, the trap will catch him. A few minutes serves to skin and dress him, and yet a few minutes more to build a fire, put him on a stick and baste him with his own fat, and, presto! a meal fit for a king is before the hunter.

Every one, even the trappers, who make more money from the hides of the beaver than from any other animal, freely admit that the law passed for the preservation of the beaver was a just, humane and timely piece of legislation; and has already proven that it was a wise and necessary precaution for the prevention of the total extinction of the animal.

The salmon packing industry during recent years has reached the enormous average annual pack of 4,000,000 cases of four dozen cans each, or 200,000,000 pounds of salmon. The one-pound cans of salmon are a welcome and economical addition to the table of the majority of the people of civilized countries, and if the industry should become a thing of the past, because of the extinction of the fish, it would be almost an international calamity, and nations should join hand in hand to protect the salmon from total destruction, the same as England, Canada, the United States, Japan and Russia have done to protect the seal.

State and national legislation in the United States

should encourage the establishment of more hatcheries for the artificial propagation of the salmon. The Dominion of Canada, or the province of British Columbia, should take concurrent action on the same lines, and a close time of at least every other year in a given period of say six years should be adopted, during which time no fishing by revolving wheel traps, seines, dip nets, spearing or in any other manner should be permitted for the purpose of canning, preserving, salting or smoking the fish.

Thus any salmon packed during the close years would be confiscated as illegally packed, and the offending packer punished by fine or imprisonment. As the value of the pack at the present time aggregates close to $30,000,000, it must necessarily mean joint action on the part of the states, provinces and nations interested to bring about the best and most thorough results.

I am not preaching anything new, at least not to residents of the Pacific Coast. They already see the handwriting on the wall, and realize that something must be done, and that speedily, to remedy the present extravagant destruction of the fish.

British Columbia would like to see the states of Oregon and California and the territory of Alaska exact such legislation, while those states and that territory would be pleased immensely if British Columbia would set the example and make a close period.

Here is an opportunity for our Secretary of State and the Premier of Canada to join hands in helping their respective governments to help themselves. Common sense dictates such a step, and financial interests should demand the protection and perpetuation of this great industry. The English householder, who is now able to purchase a tin of good, wholesome salmon, although it may not be of the finest pack, for five pence half-penny —eleven cents—and the Canadian or American housewife, who can purchase a can of like quality for ten cents, are each and every one interested in this serious and vital question.

A close time will, of course, make prices higher for a few years, but in the end this would be far better than the total destruction of a trade which now benefits the entire civilized world.

In this case the old adage, "a stitch in time saves nine," is a homely reminder that the sooner prompt and efficient action is taken to preserve the now vanishing salmon the better it will be for the world at large.

CHAPTER XXV

BRITISH COLUMBIA BIRDS

VERY early on the morning of October 4th I was awakened by a bird singing his matin song in a rollicking, joyous mood, befitting early spring rather than the early fall. He sang as if he was putting every atom of strength that he possessed into the melody, for melody it was. I couldn't sleep after he started, although very tired from the previous day's hard work. The bird was singing in one of a clump of cottonwood trees across the Bear River, and his song, while bewitching to the ear, was totally new to me, and I couldn't make it out.

I turned to nudge my bedfellow—Dr. W. E. Hughes—and asked him if he knew what it was. He had also been awakened by the songster, and was then trying to see if he could recognize the identity of the singer. He ventured to say that it must be a robin, although his song was radically different from his eastern relatives. In a few minutes one of the men down-stairs—a native—said to a late riser: "Get up. Don't you hear the robin singing to you as if his heart would break? Get up—get up—you laggard." And so it was a robin, but oh, so different from ours, and this made us note the various kinds of song birds and of game birds that we saw in this far-off part of British Columbia.

It will perhaps be of interest to know that in the vicinity of Long Lake, which we visited on September 17th, the wild goose, the mallard duck, the red-breasted merganser, and the blue-winged teal, made their nests, laid their eggs and hatched out their young. We saw many very large flocks of these different species of wild fowl in the sheltered coves of Sandy Lake and Long Lake, and in the winding waters of the Iron Slough.

A trapper who formerly ranged through this part of the Bear Lake territory, when he found the nests of the wild goose, would always take one or more eggs from the nest, as long as the goose hadn't started to sit upon them. He claimed that the goose could only count up to four, but as a rule they lay five eggs, and by robbing her of one egg a day he could keep her "laying all summer without setting," or until the gander would give up in disgust at her late hatching and hie himself off to other quarters in search of another mate. The young goslings make a rich feast for the bald eagles, who so gluttonously feed upon them that at times they can hardly walk from overfeeding.

Kibbee came up to a full-grown bald eagle once, which was so surfeited with feasting upon the tender young birds that the big bird couldn't raise himself from the ground, and he was consequently killed with a canoe pole.

The mallard duck shows much more sense than the goose, and if its nest or the eggs are tampered with, it

forsakes the locality and builds a new nest in a fresh location. Tame ducks have never been considered very cleanly birds as to their feeding habits, so we were not surprised to learn that among the host of birds that gorge themselves upon the dead and fast-decaying salmon which pollute the air and the water of the Bear River, the mallard duck is about as greedy as any of them. During the time when they are thus indulging in the Bacchanalian feast, their flesh is so tainted as to be uneatable.

An osprey had a nest in the top of a very tall dead tree. We frequently watched her in the middle of the month of September flying forth and back with food for her young. A very late time for young birds to be hatched out, we thought, and we wondered if anything had happened that would account for such a late start in life for the youngsters, as in a few weeks at the latest winter would be upon them, and then their wings would be hardly able to carry them to the southland.

There were many specimens of the bald eagle to be seen along the course of the river, and of crows following the same watercourse—their name was legion; it need not be said that this harvest of putrid salmon was partaken of until they could hardly give a warning "caw" or arise in flight when they were disturbed. There were a few ravens consorting with them with like ravenous appetites.

Grizzly Bear Killed by Dr. Roe on Spectacle Lake

Of hawks, we saw several specimens; the marsh hawk, the cooper's hawk, the sharp-shinned hawk, the sparrow hawk, and an occasional red-shouldered hawk. Our old friends, the flickers, were here in goodly numbers.

The snowbirds nest in this region, and they were very abundant. The rusty blackbird, catbird, chickadee, kinglet, pine siskin, gambet, white-throated sparrow, and tiny humming-bird, all find food here and an environment suitable to their varied wants, and when we left showed little signs of departing for a warmer climate.

One day, when I was lying behind some logs watching for bear, a very large flock of great crested fly-catchers alighted upon a tree near my hiding-place. Whether they saw me and wanted to see what manner of being I was, I could not tell, but they flitted from tree to tree, back and forth, in their swift flight for over an hour, always in sight, and never staying upon one tree for more than five minutes or so. Before they left, reinforcements had reached them from several directions, so that when they finally flew away their flight was to the south and their numbers had been more than doubled. No doubt, they were starting upon their annual southern migration.

Nearly all of the wading birds had left long before our arrival, and many of these, like the yellow-leg, the bull-headed plover, the golden plover, and the Wilson

snipe, nest here, but they are early birds to leave. We saw but one golden plover, a few sandpipers, and one Wilson snipe.

By the time we took our departure, in the early days of October, the geese, the mallards, the teal, and the mergansers had disappeared, and a few loons and dippers were all that were left.

The mighty Frazer River, in British Columbia, which is soon to be the line of least resistance for a new transcontinental railroad, is an important pathway in both the northern and southern migration of millions upon millions of wild fowl, and any one who has not seen the hosts of birds which come down from the far north in September and October may in but a few years have an object lesson that they will long remember if they should take a journey along the great river during the fall flight.

The Yukon and the Columbia Rivers are, likewise, trunk lines for the hosts of wild ducks and wild geese, while along the smaller watercourses may be found millions more of bay-birds, curlew, snipes and plover following the same instinct which tells them that in the far-off southland is food a-plenty, freedom from ice and snow and a sanctuary where their young can thrive and grow fat upon the choicest of food, and where they can live in peace and quietude.

We must not forget the grouse, for there are plenty of willow grouse; our old friend, the ruffled grouse, or

pheasant, having the same habits, but not the same fear of human beings, as this bird has. He will run along the ground or on top of a log, then fly to some near-by tree and sit out in the open; a whole covey will do this in conjunction, and if the gunner picks off the bottom ones, one by one, he may get them all, but let him shoot the topmost one and the remainder will all take flight.

The "fool hen," or spruce partridge, as we call it in Maine, also abounds here. The ptarmigan, in his coat of white, frequents the high mountains and generally may be found above the timber line.

Just think of what a fusillade of leaden shot the wild ducks and wild geese will have to pass through before they return again in the spring. A taxidermist tells me that at least two geese out of every six which he mounts have one or more pellets of buck or T. T. shot in their flesh, which have been there from previous flights, the wounds made by the shot being all healed, so that until the birds were skinned the presence of the shot was completely hidden.

Upon our return we passed several good-sized lakes in Alberta Territory and the Saskatchewan country, some hundreds of miles south of our hunting grounds, and although these lakes were partly frozen over, yet the open water was covered with wild geese and ducks, and the gunners were on hand to welcome them.

As they fly south through the Dakotas, Minnesota,

Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri, the Virginias and then by the "Atlantic coast line" to Florida on the eastern seaboard, or down through the states of Washington, Oregon and California to Mexico, Central and South America, their flight will be punctuated at every resting or feeding place by swiftly propelled charges of chilled shot. These will be fired at them from all manner of shotguns, from the single-barreled muzzle-loader, carried by the southern darkey, to the modern improved hammerless.

During this southern migration it has been estimated that more than 500,000 guns are used by a like number of men and boys. A hundred cartridges for three days' shooting is not an excessive number to fire, and if the gunners are out on an average of three times in a season, we will have the enormous total of 150,000,000 cartridges, containing an ounce and a quarter of shot to each one, or a total of over 585 tons of shot. This is for a single season.

These figures may seem stupendous and perhaps may be excessive, but I hardly think so. Of course, if every shot bagged a bird the ducks would soon be exterminated, but they are becoming more and more wary with each passing year, and big bags are the exception nowadays.

The stern enforcement in most of the states and territories of the game laws, which limit the shooting to prescribed dates and in some states to only a certain

number of birds that may be killed, is doing wonders toward the protection of wild fowl from indiscriminate slaughter.

Cold storage men who buy up and store away feathered game for future use are now, in many of the states, under strict surveillance. Fortunately, the wild duck is a prolific breeder, and if given but half a chance their number will increase amazingly.

In the extreme north, and particularly near the Hudson Bay Company's posts, the Indians kill large numbers of geese and smoke or otherwise cure them for winter consumption. In the olden days the Hudson Bay Company allowed its trappers one salmon per day in British Columbia and Alaska, and in Athabasca one wild goose or three big white fish, and up in the Arctic circle two fish or three pounds of reindeer, or one wild goose.

Many are the families up north, even now, who must depend upon the wild duck or goose for their store of meat. So from ocean to ocean—from the Arctic circle to the wide pampas of Patagonia—the swift flight of the wild fowl stirs the blood of the sportsman, and sharpens the appetites of millions of residents along the sedgy lakes, ponds, or rivers of the fresh waters, or the bays, sounds and lagoons of the sea where salt marshes and meadows abound.

A doctor of my acquaintance, who allowed himself to be tied down to a large practice so that he never

could or would get away for a day's recreation, once journeyed with me to a happy hunting ground in a bay off the coast of Virginia. His stay was to be only two days, but the time was February and a blizzard came along which kept him a prisoner for four days, and the incidents of that time were so indelibly impressed upon his mind, though the years since then are many, that even now he will, upon the slightest encouragement, rehearse them over and over as if there was never anything in this wide, wide world like unto them.

For instance, although he had a gun, he forgot that fact always when the birds came in with a swift rush over the decoys or until they were perhaps nearly out of sight. He was the third man in the boat when a bunch of brant came in with a grand swirl, and the writer and the guide each got in two shots, and eight of these royal birds fell at the discharge of the guns.

When we asked him why he didn't shoot, his answer was: "They came so quick that I hadn't time to get my breath before they were gone." It so happened that another bunch swung in with a like result. These incidents are perhaps the brightest bits of real pleasure in his eminently busy life.

The lure of the blue-winged teal or of the mallard duck brings to thousands upon thousands of men renewed life, vigor, and freedom from business cares. The salty air puts a keen edge on their appetites. The

sportsman needs no sauce with his meat, for hunger is the best sauce of all, and when a day in the ducking blind will not make a hunter hungry, then he had better put his house in order, for he is nearing the end of his earthly pilgrimage.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE MEPHITIS-MEPHITICA

MEPHITIS-MEPHITICA is the scientific name of an industrious and interesting little animal whose habitat reaches from the Carolinas to the frozen land lying around Hudson's Bay, and from New York state to the Pacific coast.

Mephitis has no friends—none whatever. He is hated by the humblest of animals, and feared by the biggest and strongest, including the grizzly bear himself. He works mostly by night, is stealthy in his habits, is personally very cleanly.

His coat is black and white, and the black is as glossy as satin. He has a small head, with small blinking eyes. His principal adornment is a very showy tail, which tail he usually carries in an erect position. He is a sort of mammalian peacock as he walks around with his tail hoisted, and an "I-dare-you-to-knock-the-chip-off-my-shoulder" air, and every other animal, even man himself, is content to let him alone.

This description is deemed necessary by reason of some happenings that have lately come to us in the pursuit of big game; and, remember, mephitis is not

considered "game," either big or little, and yet he is indeed game to the core.

A member of this famous species, mephitis-mephitica, had taken possession of the earth beneath the floor of our first cabin on the Bear River, and as she was like her sisters (for this one was a female and a mother at that) nocturnal in her habits, she annoyed us very much by knocking on the floor, in some manner unknown to us, at sundry times in the night loud enough to awaken a very sound sleeper, and none of us took credit for being anything but light sleepers.

Our guide, being by profession a trapper, set a trap which he felt sure would catch the offender, and then he and the writer left the camp to be gone a day and a night. Dr. W. E. Hughes, our genial scientist, elected to remain indoors, as he was a bit under the weather. Upon our return, as our boat rounded a curve in the river, we looked up to the cabin which stands on the brow of a high hill, and we distinctly saw a vision of black and white moving with rapidity.

We knew at a glance that it was the mephitis, and that she was in the trap. Standing in the doorway was our scientist with glasses on, watching out of the corner of his right eye the gyrations of this novel moving-picture show.

He had a rifle in his hand, and was cogitating deeply as to whether he could shoot the top of the agile mother's head off, without giving her a chance to

"shoot" him with her peculiar but efficient weapon of defense in return. The look upon the doctor's face was the most comical that I ever had seen.

The doubt he was in was clearly shown in his countenance, and yet there was an expression of fear upon it; fear that she might see him and then, without let or leave, "shoot" him.

When we climbed the bank and came to the door, we, too, became possessed of a strange and strained look. A council was held. What was best to be done; risk a shot? Kibbee said no, declaring if the shot was not successful his cabin would become untenantable for at least five years. Besides, all of our clothes would be ruined in the "mix-up," and, as we didn't have many with us, this decided us there and then.

Kibbee went to his boat and fetched up the canoe pole, which was eleven feet long. He climbed to the top of the cabin and, reaching down from above, he pried open the trap, and Mrs. Mephitis when released made a lightning bound down the bank to the river-side, Kibbee, our crack shot, sending a bullet after her as she sped away, but scoring a clean miss.

The next day she returned to look after her kits, which we, for some reason or other, believed to number eight, although we never saw one of them. It is true we did not see them, but didn't we hear them and smell them every blessed hour?

Then Dr. Hughes and Kibbee took a day off, and the

writer spent the most of the time in penning some notes. On account of the quiet in the cabin, Mrs. Mephitis thought it was empty, and she therefore loped around the front, but always kept a weather eye on the front door.

"Now," says I to myself, "I'll get my rifle, lay it on the table cocked and ready for use, and the first time she crosses the dead line of five yards from the cabin I'll blow her head off!"

All of that afternoon we played a duel—you'll observe we didn't fight one, but just played one—for she kept such a sharp eye upon my movements that whenever she appeared near the dead line, and the slightest move on my part was made to elevate the rifle, like a flash she was in her burrow under the cabin; and unto the end of our stay at that particular cabin she was really "monarch of all she surveyed."

We removed from the Bear River cabin to one at Swan Lake. We arrived there in a drenching rainstorm, after fighting a head wind for several miles. We built a fire, ate our supper, and, being very tired, we went to bed early. It might be well to say right here that this cabin in one respect was like most of the others, in that everything was in dire confusion.

It seems to be a universal practice among trappers to leave their dishes unwashed, the frying-pans, buckets and kettles in like condition and everything at sixes

and sevens, until they are needed again. So, while the fire was burning up in the morning, the first thing in order—or shall we say "disorder"?—was to heat water with which to wash up and clean the cabin outfit.

Trappers tell me that the prime necessity in their business is to skin and stretch the hides of the animals taken in the daily catch along the trapping lines. Everything has to give place to this necessary, but disagreeable, portion of the trapper's trade. In Kibbee's words, he puts it this way: "You see, when I get to cabin at night it may have been a-rainin' all day, or snowin', and my catch would seem to weigh a ton on my back, or in the boat. I gets into the cabin with, say, a half dozen marten, a couple of lynx and maybe three or four beavers. That, of course, would be when the law was a-lettin' of us catch beaver.

"The longer the catch laid without bein' skinned the harder it would be to get the hides off. So we have no time for washin' dishes or pans or kettles. While the water's a-bilin' I'm a-skinnin' of the pelts as hard as I can."

So now you will please imagine that in this cabin, ten by twelve in size, you see a bunk large enough for one man, a sheet-iron stove, kettles, pots, pans, tin cups, a few plates, knives and forks, stretchers for skins, a bottle of patent medicine as a "cure-all," scraps of rope, twine, pieces of bags and bagging, a heavy gray blanket to lie on, and a piece of sail-cloth to act as a cover

STRETCHING THE SKIN OF THE BLACK BEAR KILLED BY DR. HUGHES

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for the sleeping trapper, who generally goes to rest with his clothes on.

On this night of which I am writing, the dishes and pans, as usual, were left unwashed. There was a little cooked rice in one bucket and some fried moose meat in a frying-pan left from supper. Kibbee and I got into the bunk, which was only intended for one person, but by sleeping head to foot we managed to get on quite well.

Dr. Hughes was on the floor in his sleeping bag, one-half of which extended under the bunk, while the other half projected out until it nearly touched the open doorway. The door was always left open, that being the only means of ventilation. We were not long in forgetting in sleep the labors of the day.

About midnight Kibbee kicked me in the head with his naked foot and asked if I could find my electric bulb. He said there was some good-sized animal prowling around, and he would like to see what it was.

The bulb was handed to him, and while still lying in bed he pointed the electric light to all parts of the cabin without seeing anything particularly dangerous. Two rats and a weasel scampered away, or perhaps it was only two mice and a weasel, for things look large to you under such circumstances, and yet the expected larger animal was not to be seen.

A shaft of light was now thrown behind the open door. Here were standing two rifles, and in between and behind them was another member of the mephitis-

mephitica family with eyes of unusual brilliancy fixed right upon us.

This one was a male, and he was crowded back so close to the cabin wall that his famous and dreaded tail could not be held erect, because there wasn't room for it. Kibbee, the "scientist," and the writer counseled as to what was best to be done.

Kibbee said that if left alone it might bite one of our ears or noses while we slept. This, the scientist said, was but "the fiction of a diseased brain," that there was no case on record of any such happening. Kibbee stuck to this belief, and wanted to shoot there and then.

He said that when he was a boy, his father, who lived in Montana, used to dig the mephitis out of his hole, and that when the animal first saw the light he would turn himself around with his tail to the light. His father would grab the tail with his hand, and, holding the animal straight up by his caudal appendage, he would chop his head off with an axe, for in this position the mephitis was absolutely harmless. In proof of Kibbee's assertion, this animal was even now turning his tail to the light.

He commenced to wriggle himself around so that his head would be against the front of the cabin and his dangerous tail would be free; seeing this, Kibbee said there was nothing now to be done but to "douse the glim" and sleep it out, trusting to luck to awake

next morning with our ears and noses in their proper places untouched and unharmed.

The scientist said there wasn't the slightest danger of an attack from the black-and-white beauty, but all the same he was very careful himself to put his head beneath the sheltering folds of his sleeping bag.

I lay awake for an hour or more, and I thought I heard Mr. Mephitis wending his way out from behind the door and then nosing around the scalp and hide of our big caribou, which was hanging up on poles outside. The weasel, the rats or the mice came back and rummaged through the pots and pans to their hearts' content—one of them did indeed run over my face, and Dr. Hughes was certain that one ran over his head, but he admitted that his head was inside of the bag.

"All's well that ends well," and we awoke the next morning with ears and noses intact; with the never-ending rain pouring down; with the wind in the wrong quarter; with a loon laughing at us from across the thoroughfare; with a red squirrel chattering on the roof and a pair of camp birds pecking scraps of fat from the hide of the lone bull of Sandy Lake.

For those who never heard of the mephitis-mephitica, it should be said that besides his classical appellation, he rejoices in two common names, by either of which you may call him and he will not be offended. In some parts of the country he goes by the name of polecat; out here his regular name is skunk.

CHAPTER XXVII

PERILS AND HARDSHIPS THAT MUST BE ENDURED

Dr. Hughes and I were anxious to make a trip either from the Bear River to the mighty Frazer River, or by way of the Goat River trail, a distance of sixty miles, from Bear Lake to the Upper Frazer; in either event to canoe down the Frazer to Quesnelle where we would take the steamer for Soda Creek, and there catch the stage for Ashcroft.

On the stage to Barkerville we met a bright, courteous and intelligent Englishman, who was a "squaw man," that is, he had married a Siwash Indian woman.

He recommended us to arrange for a couple of Indians with a boat to paddle us down the Frazer to Quesnelle. This man said that the Goat River trail was a bad one. The mountains on each side were said to be much frequented by mountain goats and bears.

On our arrival at Quesnelle we arranged with the manager of the Hudson Bay Company, that when we reached Barkerville, if we could get men and horses to go through with us by the Goat River route to the Frazer, we would wire him to have the Indian helpers ready.

At Barkerville we failed to find any one that had

the slightest desire to make the trip, and money did not seem to tempt them. The route had such a bad name from disasters to previous expeditions, that we reluctantly had to give up the project, although the doctor and I would have gladly walked the entire distance and carried a light pack into the bargain. Still it was imperative that we should have horses to carry the provisions, clothing, etc., and men owning the horses didn't care about risking them on the trail.

The next thing we tried was to find some one familiar with the Lower Bear River, to go down with us either in a boat or canoe to its mouth, where it enters the Frazer River. There are two bad canyons in the Bear River which at certain stages of the water are dangerous. One man who went through four years ago told us that no money could hire him to undertake it again.

There were accounts of another man who had made his will before risking the trip, and yet he came out alive; of another who had swamped, but was saved. This man we met—a strong, robust young fellow. He agreed with us that if we would pay for a new boat and give him ten dollars per day he would take us through to the Frazer by way of the Bear River. We therefore engaged him, and he promised faithfully to meet us at the mouth of Bear Lake on September 26th to start on the following morning.

In accordance with this agreement, Dr. Hughes and

the writer left the Upper Bear River on Saturday the 25th, and arrived at noon at the main cabin at the mouth of Bear Lake. No word, however, had as yet come from our man, so the only thing to do was to wait.

On Sunday afternoon, while waiting for the guide to appear with his boat, Dr. Hughes and the writer took a stroll down the tract for a distance of four and a half miles. We then sat down about one hundred yards apart as we had crossed several fresh bear trails on the way, and the surroundings looked more like business with bears than anything that we had yet seen.

I might say right here that so far, in spite of our hard and earnest daily work and that, too, without any let-up on account of the rain, snow, hail or sleet, for the weather had been extremely wet, we had not yet seen a bear, either grizzly or black. The willow brush, which flourishes in wanton growth on each side of the running streams, formed an impenetrable screen, behind which a prowling bear might be as safe from discovery and attack as if it were at the North Pole.

There are no roads of any kind in this country and no trails, excepting those made by beaver and bear. The beaver trails do not run very far, and those made by the bears after leaving the sandy edge of the streams are not well marked when the big woods are reached, for bruin has a habit of walking on the tops of logs, thus causing great gaps in his trail.

The doctor and the writer sat near to the burnt land until it became dark without seeing anything whatever, and we very reluctantly retraced our steps to the cabin. On the walk back we heard two rifle shots fired on the river, and we surmised that they were signal shots fired by our guide for the Lower Bear River journey. We sat up quite late, expecting him to arrive at any minute, but he failed to put in an appearance.

The following morning there was no word or sight of him, so we reluctantly gave him up, and the proposed fateful journey down the Bear River as well. This was a great disappointment to us, as we had raised our hopes to a high pinnacle of future success in canoeing down the two rivers, and to see them drop like a house of cards vexed us sorely.

It had been agreed that in case the man did fail us Dr. Hughes would take Kibbee and another man with horses and travel to Indian Point Lake. Moose were said to frequent that lake and a smaller body of water named Beaver Lake. Then, after hunting around these two pieces of water, Kibbee and the doctor would climb a high mountain—as yet unnamed—in search of mountain goats, while a boatman was to go with me back to the Upper Bear River again.

So Neil, the boatman, and the writer pushed off early in the morning in the face of a fierce wind blowing straight in our faces. Dr. Hughes and Kibbee

started down toward the burnt land to round up the horses at the same time.

So far the doctor had not even had a shot at game of any kind, with the exception of his killing a mephitis-mephitica, and that couldn't be called game by the widest stretch of courtesy. It is, however, most always that the unexpected happens in hunting. The two men walked along the beaten horse trail following the river, looking and listening for the horses.

They had passed the spot by about a mile where we had sat watching during the afternoon of the day before, when they saw something like a ball of fur run up a cottonwood tree, followed by another ball of the same kind of fur. The two climbing balls were in reality two black bear cubs.

Kibbee warned the doctor to look out for the mother and not to worry about the cubs. She was finally discovered squatting contentedly and eating with apparent gusto the big luscious blueberries from a heavily-laden bush, which she held in her front paws.

Our good friend, Dr. Hughes, has wide fame among doctors as a diagnostician. I am informed that the first qualification for a good diagnostician is a calm and even disposition. Such a man must never show worry or haste; he must be careful, deliberate and thoughtful, and he must positively be discreet, and our doctor has all of these necessary adjuncts developed to the

fullest extent. Please now note the following narrative as told by his companion Kibbee:

"I'll be hanged if I ever seed such a cool, unnervous, unexcitable man as that there Dr. Hughes is. When we spied the old she bear fust she was a-sittin' on her haunches eatin' blueberries in big mouthfuls. As she crushed them in her mouth the juice would squirt out of each side of her jaws, and she never noticed us; she was too busy lickin' her chops and pullin' the berries off'n the bushes.

"The doctor has two sets of glasses—one for shootin' and the other for walkin'. As soon as he seed her he deliberately takes off his walkin' glasses and puts them into a case and puts that case into his left vest pocket. Then he takes outen his right vest pocket his other glasses, also in a case. That case was tied by a piece of string in a knot.

"He unties the string, rolls it up and puts it in his pocket, opens the case, takes out the glasses, puts them on and then carefully puts the case back into the right-hand pocket of his vest. He next raises the rifle, sights it at the old bear, a still settin' on her haunches, pulls the trigger and, jimminy crickets, the old gal rolls over dead.

"Then he and me got mixed up with the two cubs; for in place of shootin' at the two we only shot at one, and the other got lost in the shuffle."

They skinned the two bears as speedily as they

could, and, leaving the carcasses where they lay, the search for the horses was resumed, and they were finally found fourteen miles down the river. By the time they were brought back, the bear hides picked up and all had arrived at the cabin the day was far advanced. A hasty meal was eaten, the horses were loaded and late in the afternoon they started on their mountain trip.

At the two small lakes plenty of tracks of moose were seen, but no moose. The mountain was climbed with considerable difficulty and not a little privation. A night was spent above the timber line, where the cold was very severe and the snow was deep and soft, and where they couldn't get any water to drink or in which to boil their rice. When daylight once more greeted them they were hungry and cold, and, being without food, the doctor, like Falstaff indeed might have said: "My belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills."

Kibbee had dinned the doctor's ears with stories of the multitudes of whistling marmots which they would find upon the mountain, and you know the skins of these interesting animals make a fur that is much in request by fair dames for automobile coats or wraps. Alack-a-day, another disappointment, for the whistling marmots were all—every one of them—holed up for the winter, and the hunters couldn't possibly wait until spring should come.

As for mountain goats, neither the goats nor their tracks could be seen with plain eye-glasses, or the most powerful binoculars, and they were constrained to return on the following Sunday night, without game of any kind outside of the rich experience which they had.

It had been agreed that Drs. Roe, Dr. Hughes and the writer should all come together again on Sunday, the 3d day of October, as the Roe brothers were to start for home on the Monday morning following. I expected that Dr. Hughes would stay over with me for yet another stage.

Dr. Hughes finally decided that he must go with the other two hunters, and the writer was equally determined that he would stay until the next stage, and leave early on the following Thursday morning, hoping in the meantime that he might be able to see and to get a shot at a grizzly. That having been the prime object of the trip, he was loath to leave without its accomplishment.

Therefore, according to program, the other three hunters were off at an early hour Monday morning to cross the trail to Barkerville, taking all six horses with them, and also a telegram to be forwarded to Philadelphia that I would be out by the following stage.

The writer's mind had been for a couple of days centred upon the possibility that the carcass of the black bear which was still lying on the burnt land five

and a half miles down the river might by this time have become putrid enough to attract some roving grizzly to feed upon it, or to cover it up, according to bear custom, for future use.

So, even before his comrades started, he bid them farewell, and was off to the burnt land. A copious rain during the night had made the willow brush very wet, so that when the scene of the black bear's last feast of blueberries was reached, he was wet through and through. In addition, a high wind was blowing down the river, and he was thus liable to do more harm than good in watching for a bear which would be pretty certain to get his scent. Therefore, he returned to the cabin at noontime. Kibbee, in the afternoon, went down the river in the boat to see if there were any fresh signs and returned without having seen any.

Tuesday morning both of us were off at daybreak, and when the burnt land was reached we found the carcass of the black bear yet unmolested. I had lunch with me, and having found a spot in a corner formed by two large logs lying at right angles, where the carcass was in plain sight, I fixed up a comfortable seat and prepared to spend the day there; Kibbee, in the meantime, going down the river some fourteen miles to visit a half-breed, upon whose territory we were hunting.

Nothing happened during the day with the exception of a violent thunder and hail storm that moved down a valley behind a high range of mountains to

Cooking a Meal at the Edge of the Timber Line

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Bear Lake, and then suddenly turned and swept down the river with a furious clatter and roar.

Having seen it coming, I prepared by pulling a rubber blanket over me, and weighting it down with the rifle. The storm was perhaps fifteen minutes in passing and left in its wake on the ground over an inch of hailstones. For lunch, cold boiled rice brought along in a tin pail and plenty of big blueberries satisfied my hunger.

The day wore on, and when the wind commenced to blow in gusts I reluctantly turned my steps once more toward the cabin, but before it was reached another rain and hail storm deluged the land.

Wednesday morning dawned bright and clear, and once more we were off to the land of blueberries and bear meat. Before getting to the carcass we discovered with great joy that during the night a grizzly bear had been there; that it had removed the carcass to a place where it had covered or *cachéd* it with soft earth and leaves. Indeed we had probably scared it away as the carcass was left but partly covered.

We were to start out over the trail on the following morning, Thursday. It seemed best, therefore, for Kibbee to go down the river bench until he could corral three horses to take us out to Barkerville, and for me to lie concealed near the carcass until his return. It may be easily imagined that I was all eyes for a moving object of any kind.

The hours dragged slowly along during the forenoon, and nothing appeared to divert the mind excepting a very large flock of that lively little bird, the crested flycatcher. These birds flew from tree to tree, backward and forward, for an hour or more, their numbers constantly augmenting, until at a signal from one or more of the leaders among them they all, to the number of hundreds, started on a flight to the southland. Another cold lunch of boiled rice was eaten, and the afternoon arrived; still no signs of anything exciting.

Finally I saw a swaying willow bush, and then another, and yet another. Mentally I said: "At last, at last, I'm to have a shot." The hammer of the rifle was pulled back, and, expecting to see a bear every instant, I was on the keen edge of suspense, when the agile form of Kibbee came into view. He had been making his way up to me as swiftly and as silently as he could.

The horses he had left a piece down the trail, so as not to disturb things if any game was within sight or hearing. The time was half-past three in the afternoon. It looked as if another great storm were brewing, for the wind was already gathering quite a velocity, and, although I had come prepared to lie out all night, the certainty of a windy and stormy period decided us against such a plan.

This was now the last day, and the chances were

as a thousand to one that I would have to return home without a grizzly. We discussed ways and means for some few minutes, and then it was decided to build a structure out of saplings and logs, and in its furthest part to place the now loud-smelling bear meat. Then to strap a rifle to two cross-bars so firmly fixed that if the trigger was touched the rifle would be fired and there would be no recoil. If the bear should return and enter the improvised bear den there might be one chance in fifty that he would get shot before he would be able to retreat.

Therefore, the first thing to be done was to drag the carcass over to the butt end of a blown down tree, then saplings and logs were placed around it in an A shape, with guiding pieces of brush or saplings to continually narrow the space as the bear crawled in.

Guides were fixed overhead to compel the bear to get down on all fours and then on his belly, in order to reach the meat with his front paws. Right in front of the meat, and fixed perpendicularly, was the rifle, with the muzzle left just high enough to clear the animal in its struggle to reach the carcass. One end of a cord was attached to the carcass while the other end was fastened to the trigger of the rifle, and the trigger was set.

When all this was done, and the ground cleared of bits of chopped sticks, etc., everything was in readiness for a possible visit from the bear that had that

very morning taken possession of the decaying carcass.

It was believed by both of us that if the threatened storm did break it would, of course, effectually destroy our scent, and there would be a chance of the bear crawling into the artificial den and getting in range with the bullet by creeping forward on his belly and reaching out with his paws; but if it shouldn't rain, then nothing would be doing and I should be compelled to return empty-handed as far as a bear was concerned. So we left for the night and led the horses along with us, arriving at the cabin some time after dark.

We sat down to supper, but before a bite was eaten a flash of vivid lightning and a peal of thunder startled and rejoiced us. These were followed by another hail-storm and then a deluge of rain, and, listening to its pattering on the roof, we retired to rest, anxious as to what the morning light would develop down on the blueberry barren.

I was up at four o'clock in the morning and packed all of my belongings in the dunnage bags, ready for the packhorses. When this was done breakfast was ready, and it was not long before Kibbee, Duffy (the half-breed trapper) and the writer were off for the bear ground, to see what it had in store for us.

Kibbee led the way and took an easy pace, making no noise whatever as he slid along ahead of us. When we got in sight of the "contraption," however, he

stopped and we all looked in every direction to see if there was anything moving, but all was still. Then he was off to our novel trap at a lively gait. We soon heard a yell from him.

"We've got her and she's a grizzly for sure, and she's still warm," he cried. We were there in no time, and there, indeed, she was, jammed in so tight in order to get at her breakfast that we couldn't turn her, but the three of us dragged her out and viewed her over.

She had been killed instantly; the bullet had passed downward between her shoulders, and had pierced her heart and liver; she hadn't moved after being shot.

The two trappers pronounced her to be a four-year-old female grizzly, and said she had never been a mother, and consequently she was just rolling in fat. We removed about sixty pounds of this white and beautiful looking fat from her back and shoulders and about ten pounds from the intestines.

The skin was a very heavy one, but somewhat worn on the haunches from sitting down while feeding on the rich bunches of blueberries.

Kibbee carefully removed the gall bladder, which is much in demand by Chinamen as a cure for indigestion, and for which they will readily pay from $1.50 to $2.00. With one man carrying the fat and the other the hide, we left the burnt land at half-past ten.

Now a heavy grizzly hide is not an easy thing to carry and neither is seventy pounds of fat, so we had

a tedious journey to the cabin. To my surprise the hide was literally alive with lice, great big ones, and these had got inside our clothing—even down into our boots. They were something of the size and appearance of bedbugs, only they were more lively. They didn't bite or worry us excepting that their crawling propensities were very unpleasant.

The hide was chucked into a coffee sack so as to get rid of the creeping pests. In less than ten minutes, the outside of the bag was alive with them; how they managed to crawl through the meshes no one could imagine. At Barkerville the bundle was incased in yet another sack—this time a finer woven one, but still they managed to get through both sacks.

Five days afterward, when packing our stuff into a big trunk at Ashcroft, they were yet in evidence. When the trunk finally arrived at its destination, in Philadelphia, fourteen days after leaving Bear Lake, there wasn't a sign of one anywhere to be seen. They had got out of the trunk and no doubt had spread themselves out in platoons in the baggage-car.

After getting everything in readiness for breaking camp that last day at Bear Lake, we made a hurried meal, saddled the horses, boated the stuff to be "packed" out on horseback across the river, swam and waded the horses over, and then put the last finishing touches to the packs. At 1:30 P. M., we touched the horses with the lithe willow brush branches and were

off for home, and the hunting trip of 1909 was a thing of the past.

"The trails of the world be countless, and most of the trails be tried :
You tread on the heels of the many, till you come where the ways divide :
And one lies safe in the sunlight, and the other is dreary and wan :
Yet you look aslant at the lone trail, and the lone trail lures you on.
And somehow you're sick of the highway, with its noise and its easy needs,
And you seek the risk of the byway, and you reck not where it leads."

CHAPTER XXVIII

AN EXCITING TRIP THROUGH A NEW COUNTRY

We got under way on the outward trip upon a day that looked "all to the good" so far as the weather was concerned, but in the particular section of British Columbia that had been our stamping ground for six weeks there was really no such thing as predicting what sort of weather it would be, even for such a short period as an hour or more.

It is hard to describe this trail, because there is nothing that I have ever seen in the East to compare it with. It follows along the shore of Bear Lake for a few hundred yards, at times making a slight excursion into the woods where the water on the shore of the lake is too deep for the horses to wade, and then out again.

When the trail leaves the lake finally, it does so at right angles, and for about five miles it meanders through burnt land, where the fallen trees have been sawed through twice, so as to cut out a pathway about three feet wide.

The horse which I rode was a cayuse, blind in one eye—the right eye. With his good left eye he saw to it that he didn't get near the points of the logs as we wound around in a serpentine way. The other side,

however, he couldn't see, and so he was almost continually running into logs which faced us and logs which paralleled our path, and my shin, knee and right leg were soon bruised and scarred.

The trail wound ever upward, until the peak of the first mountain was reached, and then, without any premonition, it started down again at such a pitch that the horses had to slide a little of the way. At the bottom there was of a truth a canyon—dark, moist and deep.

The trail led up the side of the next mountain, in places hanging on like a thread. The storms of the few previous days had blown down many trees over our pathway, and it was necessary to chop these into two sections and cast them down the side of the mountain before we could pass.

The government land commissioner at Barkerville, George W. Walker, had with rare courtesy and forethought sent a man out over the trail a week before to cut out the dead falls, for our convenience, or else our difficulties would have been much more serious than they were. Before darkness overtook us we counted one hundred and five obstructions that had been cut through with a cross-cut saw and removed.

A second peak having been scaled, down we went again—"Down, down among the dead men," as the old song says—and at the bottom of the canyon we struck green timber, and dense darkness enveloped us.

The trail was now over rocks, and slippery with running water flowing in tiny streams among them. Mud of the stickiest kind was encountered; the horse, instead of jamming my right leg against logs which sometimes would move, now ran me into large boulders that had fallen down from the side of the mountain and lodged on the trail.

The saddle was too wide for me to ride in comfort, and it seemed best to dismount and walk. Fortunately the cayuse was white, and by keeping close up to him I could be guided by his color; but it was a continual series of stumbles, first for the horse and then for myself.

As for the mud, it covered my trousers and tall leather boots. Kibbee kept on ahead, singing blithely to cheer up old "Maud," the packhorse. Three times the wise old horse stopped when the tips of the caribou antlers struck against an obstruction overhead. Each was a tree that had blown down across the trail, but had lodged against other trees. It was necessary to feel for the trees in the darkness and then cut them out with the axe, and all the while "Maud" stood like a statue.

There's an end to all bad roads and trails, as there was to this one. The night had become very cold, and when we emerged from the trail into the stage road running into Barkerville the muddy road had frozen over in places and everywhere the mud was stiff, and after stumbling over it for three miles, the lights from

the famous gold mining town were, indeed, welcome sights.

When we drew up in front of the hotel, Dr. W. J. Roe was discovered sitting alongside of the big stove in his stocking feet. We asked him to give us a lift in unloading the packhorse. His only answer was to shake his head.

"What's the matter with you; have you lost both your father and your mother?" we asked him, and yet not an intelligible word came from him. It developed that he had but a few minutes before returned from an arduous ride and tramp after a wounded grizzly, and that he was so tired and done up that articulate speech was a hardship for him.

On the previous Wednesday, a hunter had killed a caribou on Agnes Mountain and had taken away the head and hide, leaving the meat to be carried down by some Chinamen the following day. When the Orientals found the carcass in the morning they fled precipitately down the side of the mountain, back to Barkerville, and gave out the startling information that no less than five bears were feeding upon the meat.

The spokesman said, "Belly too much bear—tree brownie bear—tree blackie bear—one white bear," but this made seven, instead of five. The hunter and his guide mounted a pair of saddle horses when they heard this news, and away they started after the bear convention.

Sure enough, they did see one bear when they came in sight of the dead caribou; it was a grizzly, and the bullets flew thick and fast as the beast fled before them. They wounded the bear in the right hip, and the men returned, much crestfallen, without him.

The hunter who had shot it decided to go out for home by the stage that day, as he said his time was up, and his guide then laid siege to our "W. J.," asking him to postpone his going until the next trip of the stage and to accompany him upon an expedition in search of the wounded bear.

This project looked good to our comrade. They mutually clasped hands upon the proposition, got a pair of trusty horses, some grub, and on Tuesday morning off they went, full of hope and enthusiasm. The trail of the bear was easily found by the quantity of blood which he had lost, but it was not so easy to hold, as the bleeding was not by any means continuous.

It led them to the peak of the mountain and then downward. The men tethered their horses near the top and followed it around and around the sides of the mountain; it seemed to be continually descending. This made the hunters believe that its wound prevented it from going upward, and that its only recourse was to go down; so they went down until darkness nearly overtook them, and, of course, a climb back again to the horses was necessary, the climb being a distance of fifteen hundred feet.

Preparing to Cross the Trail to Barkerville

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When the horses were at last found and mounted they managed to get down the steep declivity by walking some and sliding more, and the first day's quest was a failure.

The second day almost the same program was followed. In some tall grass the bear's bed of the night before was discovered, and everything looked hopeful, but again the day's work ended in a complete failure.

Thursday they managed to "jump" him among rocks, and then our "Jim" did some rare sprinting, with his respiration bordering upon 300. He is of Falstaffian dimensions. His sweater was cast aside in the run ; next his coat, followed by a pair of trousers and his hat, the guide encouraging him to "Come on, come on."

There were logs a-many ; some were slippery, and over these the trail must lead ; and need it be wondered at that our doughty companion often fell! He once slipped and slid feet first down a portion of the steep mountainside. The guide said he could hear the bear crashing through the bushes, but, alas! he couldn't get close enough to see him. He was always twenty minutes behind the bear, or, to put it more plainly, the bear was twenty minutes ahead of him.

So once more a pair of weary men came down the hill without the bear, and as they had arrived but ten minutes before us, "W. J." had not had time to get

rested. This was his last day's hunt. The chase was resumed, however, on Friday by the guide and a partner.

At first they met with some prospects of success, but a snow-storm started, which kept getting heavier and heavier, until all signs of the trail were obliterated, and the hunt was called off for good.

Therefore, it is fair to assume that that particular bear is at the present time safely housed up for the winter, and that he will sleep until spring, and then he'll have to hustle for his food in right good earnest.

The packhorse being unloaded, and the other horses sent to their stalls, a smiling Chinaman's hand was crossed with a dollar bill and he was asked to get us food. We wanted something that would not "clog the hungry edge of appetite by bare imagination of a feast," and after that a hot bath to take the kinks out of a tired and much-abused spine. In due time the Chinaman managed to set before each of us a tenderloin steak, with onions, potatoes and tomatoes, and we ate and were merry. After the good supper and the hot bath, our sleep was sound and long.

The stage was advertised to start at two o'clock the following afternoon, and there was no reason why it shouldn't have done so. The driver—a stolid Englishman—moved with exasperating slowness. He had all of the forenoon in which to get ready, but he was in no

hurry, and "fiddled" around taking life easy until five minutes past three, and then we were off with four horses hauling us, and a little snow falling.

On the stage was a woman, a native, born in Barkerville, and a little girl, whom she was going to take out to school in the Kootenay country; a blacksmith belonging to the stage company, and another man. We were told that we would arrive in Stanley, fourteen miles away, for supper at six o'clock, if we started on time. Had we left at two, we probably should have done so; but the snow came down thicker and thicker as we climbed mountain after mountain, and it was late when we reached Stanley, and later still when we left there for Cottonwood, where we were to spend the night. The snow now turned to rain.

We should have been in front of the big stove in the Cottonwood house at ten o'clock, but it was after one in the morning when the bedraggled woman and child and the rest of us got there. The finery of the females was all drenching wet; hats, feathers and other fixings were apparently ruined. The bunch of us sat around a big hot stove until nearly three o'clock, and then we were off to bed to sleep until six.

Saturday morning snow and slush covered the ground and it still rained. The road now became very muddy and heavy, and the best the horses could do for many miles was a walk. At 1 P. M. Quesnelle on the Frazer River was reached. Here we took the steamer

Charlotte for a ride down this mighty river to Soda Creek. We just had time to run in and shake hands with Mr. Collins, the manager of the Hudson Bay Company at Quesnelle, when the whistle blew for the steamer's start, and off we went.

The passenger list of the *Charlotte* contained many Siwash Indians, some Chinamen going back to China, timber prospectors, lumbermen and sportsmen. The ride down the stream was intensely interesting by reason of the ever-changing scenery, the rushing water, and occasional small flights of ducks.

After an hour's run a man on the right-hand bank signaled to us. The boat was turned around head upstream and then worked to the shore, where it turned out that the man carried "the royal mail," and this having been taken aboard and the inward bound mail given to the man, we again proceeded for another hour, when the boat was swung around again to take on firewood for the boiler.

The boat was to stay from an hour to an hour and a quarter in loading the fire-wood. Here, then, was an opportunity for a good long walk on the bench of land between the great river and the mountains at the back. I was not long in getting out on the brown earth, and covered two or three miles before returning.

On climbing down the bank to the water's edge, I saw some very peculiarly colored stones in the water. I picked a small paper bag full of the oddest looking

ones, which were brought to Philadelphia and shown to a lapidary, who couldn't even classify them. I had them cut up and made into stick pins, brooches and rings, and they made very novel and acceptable Christmas presents.

We were stopped once more on signal from a woman who was waiting on the bank. She, with her baggage, was soon aboard, and then the journey was completed without interruption.

Soda Creek is a little village nestling close to the Frazer River, with one so-called hotel and, say, a half dozen houses. It was pitch dark when we arrived at the landing and the road very muddy from the excessive rains. The arrangement for the luggage owned by the passengers was that it should stay until the stage should arrive from Ashcroft, due at 10:30 o'clock, when the stuff for the up-river trip was unloaded from the stage to the steamer.

Our stuff would then be loaded upon the same stage, where it would remain out in the open until noon of the next day exposed to the rain or snow all of that time.

I had two dunnage bags weighing about eighty pounds each. The night was dark and it was pouring rain. I didn't know the way, and the so-called hotel was said to be a quarter of a mile away and up a fairly steep bank.

I asked the purser—an Englishman—if he would al-

low me to hire one of the steamer's men to carry up my sacks for me. He replied, No; he had no men to spare. I shouldered one of the bags weighing eighty pounds, and walked down the narrow gangplank behind the Barkerville woman and child.

They were also compelled to carry their baggage, while the consequential purser came after us and walked off with a lantern by himself, and never stopped either to help the women down the narrow plank in the dark or to show them the way with his light. That was a long quarter of a mile, with an eighty-pound sack and me stumbling along the road.

A gate was reached which led to a way through a muddy lot. I opened it and went down in mud up to the ankles, but at last I reached that apology for a hotel. The women came close after me. There were some very angry comments made by the passengers upon the conduct of the surly English purser.

The next morning (Sunday) the weather was warm and muggy, and it looked like more rain. The stage had been woefully late, not having gotten in until five in the morning. Hearing that a man by the name of "Billy" Lyons kept a good house eight miles away on our route, and as the stage would be heavily loaded—there were seventeen passengers to go—I paid my bill, and, getting "W. J." to look after my luggage, started to walk to the abode of "Billy" Lyons. One of the men said as I started:

"Mister, the mile posts will say eight miles, all right enough, but the road winds around from the river's elevation of 1,200 feet to 4,500 feet, and before you will get to 'Billy's' you'll say it's a good twenty miles when your walk is finished."

Not far from the hotel a Chinaman was feeding his chickens, and I accosted him: "John, is it going to rain?"

"Ya ya, him soon rain belly hard!" I thought John was right, but still went on.

When the first bench of the mountains was climbed it was necessary to remove all of my superfluous clothing and tie it in a bundle, as I was perspiring freely. An Indian village with a small white Catholic church in its midst lured me off to the right of the road to inspect it. A young Indian was carrying a set of harness through the only street of the village. Did he think it would rain?

He looked up and surveyed the sky and then said: "He make heap dam fuss—he no rain." Here was the opinion of the aboriginal American against that of the Oriental; which would be right? The Indian was right; there was a "heap fuss," but no rain.

At "Billy" Lyons' I found three other men who had walked, rather than take another meal at the Soda Creek Hotel. We found the proprietor and his wife to be half-breeds (the wife having been educated in a convent school). We had a good dinner and a good long

rest before the stage arrived. We spent the night at "One-hundred-and-fifty-mile House," and left very early Monday morning.

It was a singularly fortunate thing that we came out when we did, as the next stage which followed us was held up by three masked men armed with rifles, and they cleaned up out of the lot between $4,000 and $5,000. The place selected for the hold-up was behind a sharp curve in the road; the time early in the morning, when the light was anything but good.

Neither the driver nor the passengers had any chance to make the slightest resistance. The bandits took the situation leisurely, showed no hurry or excitement, but got what they were after and then disappeared in the woods. I have not heard anything of their capture.

At the next stop for a change of horses we learned that the hostler, an old man, had dropped dead an hour before our arrival from heart failure. The man who took his place brought out the horses and put the leaders at the wheel and the wheel horses in the lead, and they wouldn't go, but pranced around until they broke the tongue. A passenger by the name of N. S. Clark, manager of the Fort George Lumber and Navigation Company, was on the stage. Mr. Clark is a man of brawn and initiative.

He launched a steamer last summer on the Frazer River under a capable captain, who navigated two hun-

dred and fifty miles of the river which previously had always been considered impassable. In addition to this, he is building another steamer, and next spring will endeavor to force her through the canyons on the lower part of the river, between Lillooet and the Pete Jaune *caché*, and if this experiment is successful he will receive much praise, many thanks and lots of money in the shape of fares from a grateful public.

"Nick" Clark saw that the broken tongue of the stage was liable to cause a day's delay to himself, and the rest of us, so he volunteered to repair the damage, as there were at hand a forge, an anvil and some iron plates and bolts. The work would take a couple of hours, so I started ahead for another long walk. Some seven or eight miles away I sat down to wait on the side of a hill for the stage, when three Chinamen came along and sat down beside me. The younger of the three had a bottle of whiskey with which he made quite free, inviting me to take some. Declining his offer with thanks, I asked where they were going. He said:

"Me takie two Chinamen coast—they go home to China—they send my boy back here."

"How old is your boy?"

"Him thirteen."

"Why are these men going home?"

"They too old to stay; that man he sixty-seven; other man fifty-five."

"Oh, I see; they are going home now, so as to carry their bones home with them and thus save the freight."

He laughed very heartily at this, and told the others what I had said and they in turn laughed loud and long.

The talkative young Chinaman said that the body of a Chinese who dies in this country must lie buried seven years; then the bones are disinterred and wrapped up carefully, tagged and shipped back to China for burial. The whole operation costs from $25 to $35. The same Chinaman informed me that it now costs $500 to get a Chinaman of the coolie class into British Columbia, and they, therefore, take no chances in going out of the country until they are ready to go back to China to die and be buried with their ancestors.

This old Cariboo trail has seen many migrations of Indians, half-breeds, hunters, trappers, clergymen, lumbermen, agriculturists, miners, prospectors, home-seekers, business men, cattlemen, drummers, school-teachers, and others going "in" perhaps full of hope and expectation, seeing new sights and new lands, new methods and new interests.

On the outward trip the same classes of people present a very different aspect as they journey toward the steel rails which will take them to the busy world again. The incentive of adventure being lacking on

their return, they are not so demonstrative and not so eager to ask questions.

They have seen and explored the unknown, and their curiosity, at any rate, is satisfied, and they have become wiser and richer by experience.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE END OF THE TRIP

At "One-hundred-and-thirteen-mile House" we came to one of the loveliest of lakes. It is about fifteen miles long, but not very wide. The water is of exquisite clearness; indeed, so clear is it that the pastime of skating for fish when the first clear ice forms in the early fall is indulged in by lads, lasses and mature men and women.

This lake is celebrated as being the home of a species of trout or char, some of which grow to a very large size and are of delicious flavor. The first ice is so clear that the fish can readily be seen through it, and then the skaters assemble in large numbers and follow them in their quick movements in the endeavor to drive them close to shore, where the water is shallow enough to hedge them in under the ice; they are then dispatched by breaking the ice and spearing them.

The sport is said to be very exciting, and catches are often made by the skaters in large enough quantity to salt away for the winter's use.

Tradition says that a Frenchman was chopping through the heavy ice in late winter with an axe, and that when a hole in the ice was finally cut through, the

axe slipped to the bottom, and was lost, hence the name Lac La Hache—"Lake of the Axe."

At "Eighty-three-mile House" we arrived very late, and found a goodly number of passengers, who had come earlier in the evening by the stage going north. The rooms in this house are not at all large, and the crowd necessitated a general "doubling up" of the travelers for the night. Our stage was to leave at seven in the morning, and the other one at four, so some confusion naturally took place when the north-bound people were aroused, breakfasted and started off on their long ride.

The distribution of the mails along this famous Cariboo wagon road is quite interesting. The route lies through a large stretch of country where the ground has to be irrigated, as the rainfall is quite meagre. In this section many cattle are grazed, vegetables cultivated and a good deal of hay is grown.

We noticed in addition to the letters, newspapers and mail order merchandise carried in the mails, that trade papers and magazines relative to farming and stock raising were distributed in abundance—the *Farm Journal*, published in Philadelphia, being most frequently seen.

I asked a man in Barkerville why they used so many magazines and newspapers up there. He said because the nights were long and bitterly cold, and it was obvious that much reading would be indulged in; and, in

consequence, stories of adventure and the news of the day were all eagerly devoured.

After leaving "Eighty-three-mile House" early in the morning, we saw a white man just arising from the ground a short distance from the road, where he had spent the night. He had no tent over him or blanket under him, but he had gathered a few branches in lieu of a mattress, built a little fire, which was yet smouldering as we passed, and with his rifle lying by his side he had thus passed the night.

Further on we saw many groups of Siwash Indians —bucks, squaws and papooses—some seated around camp-fires eating their morning meal, and some apparently sound asleep. Their cayuse ponies were tethered close by the camp-fires, while the dogs were huddled together near their masters. All of these many groups of Indians were migrating south for the winter.

Now and then we would notice a Chinaman, or perhaps a pair of them, bunking with the red men, or traveling with them in their wagons. The Chinamen seem to get along very well with the aboriginals, and the mingling of the races excites no comment.

We came to an Indian reservation, where the occupants were all dressed in gala attire. Their horses were hitched to fences and trees, and the men, the squaws and the children were laughing and apparently in rare good humor. Upon inquiry we were informed that the day was a holiday; that the priest was to be

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there, and was even then expected to arrive at any minute.

After the mass, the sermon and the private instructions of the priest, there were to be horse-races and other amusements that the Indians delight in upon holiday occasions.

The Jesuits undoubtedly have been strong factors in helping to civilize the Indians of the Northwest, and are now doing much to lead them to higher and better living.

In former times the priests suffered great privation from hunger, cold, and fatigue; but they persevered and worked cheerfully and without grumbling over their hard lot. Finally they won the confidence of the natives, their admonitions were listened to, and gradually, though very slowly, they instilled into the people some of the brighter things to be found in civilized life, while steering them away from many of its evils.

At Clinton, thirty-four miles from Ashcroft, we had dinner. Here the Chinamen have stores and also act as contractors in cutting down timber for fire-wood. From this place to Ashcroft the country has very much the appearance of a great portion of Arizona. It is a section where irrigation must be resorted to if vegetation is to flourish at all.

We were shown an irrigation ditch of several miles in length that had been surveyed and staked out by an

engineer of repute and built at an enormous cost. When the work was finished, it was found that the water wouldn't run in it at all, because it was mostly up-hill. The engineer had blundered, but his blunder ruined his patron, as he lost by it every dollar he had in the world.

At "Twelve-mile House" we saw an example of what irrigation can do in the lusty growth of grasses, flowers, oats, hay and fruits. Outside of the irrigated tract everything was dried up and parched.

In the bottom lands along the Bonaparte River potatoes of fine quality are grown in abundance, making Ashcroft the shipping point every fall for hundreds of carloads of the tubers.

We finally pulled into Ashcroft, crossed the bridge over the north branch of the Thompson River and rattled up to the office of the British Columbia Express Company upon schedule time—at precisely six o'clock in the evening. Our train was to leave at ten, and through the courtesy of J. D. Moore, the agent of the express company, we were permitted, after supper, to return to the company's office (where our trunks had been left upon our arrival there on August 29th) to change our clothes and repack our trunks for shipment to the East. This necessary work took considerable time.

The night was hot and close, and the door was frequently opened by persons inquiring for packages, trunks, satchels, etc. Among the number were several

women, so we did considerable dodging behind trunks while the process of undressing and dressing went on.

We had to pack our trophies, portions of logs cut down by beavers, many high-colored stones picked up on the banks of the Frazer River, jars of blueberries that one of our "Falstaffs" was taking home to show what real blueberries were like, the hide, antlers and scalp of a caribou; two bear hides and the dried skins of trout for mounting.

When this work was all finished, we found it would be necessary to see the customs officer to bond our stuff through, for if we failed to do so, it might be delayed. With three green hides in one trunk, an unusual delay might ruin them.

We found the customs officer, and although he was on his way to an entertainment in company with his wife, he cheerfully came to our rescue, and saw that the magical leaden seals were affixed to our trunks.

The hotel men at the Ashcroft Hotel were equally courteous, for although we only took supper there, they placed two of their best rooms on the ground floor at our disposal, saying that the train might be late, and we ought to lie down and take a rest. The train was late and we fully appreciated their kindness, but they refused to take any pay for the use of their rooms. At a few minutes of midnight, the headlight of the locomotive that was to start us upon our long journey to the

East loomed up, and we were once more on the steel rails and bound for home.

It may be well just here to sum up the results of this journey of close to 10,000 miles in the always exciting search after big game.

Early in August our monitor advised us by wire to be at Barkerville on September first, and we were there on the second. In the light of our present experience we were at least one month too early, and were we to repeat the trip, we would expect to start in hunting on the first of October. By that time the frost, snow and sleet, the rains and high winds would have denuded the willow brush of its wealth of leaves. The blueberry season would be over, and the spawning salmon would all be dead.

The grizzly bears, then having neither berries nor salmon to feed upon, would be traveling around considerably before "holing up," and the willow brush, naked of leafage, would not act as a screen for them; they could be seen and followed with a reasonable chance of killing one or more of them.

The amount of game which fell to our rifles was woefully out of tune with our expectations, but the wealth of experience gained was of such a varied character, that we consider the trip one of the most satisfactory among many which are now happy memories of the past.

The district of Cariboo, in which we hunted, is one

of the largest districts of British Columbia. It is of greater extent than the state of Pennsylvania, and yet it polls less than 500 votes. This will serve to show the sparseness of human life in this vast tract of mostly undeveloped land.

Cassiar district, still further to the northwest and adjoining the territory of Alaska, is another region of magnificent distances which the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad will help to develop. Great fortunes loom up as the reward for pioneers when this railway is finally in operation.

There are billions of feet of logs to be cut where never a tree has yet been felled for shipment, and millions of tons of coal that now lie undisturbed in the bowels of the earth. Enormous deposits of iron ore, of copper ore and of gold will be opened up through the magic influence of the steel rails which will connect the forests and waters of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia with those of the Frazer, the Peace, the Skeena, the Parsnip, the Blackwater, the Stickine, and the Thompson Rivers.

The term "Northwest" gives but little idea of what a vast stretch of country, mostly unsurveyed, it represents. In the official Bulletin No. 22, just issued by the government of New British Columbia, the report of a single one of its many expeditions sent out every year to explore and write up the resources, characteristics and possibilities of development of this far-off

Golconda may serve to throw a little light upon this most interesting part of the northern hemisphere.

The exploring party was made up of but three men for part of the time, and later there were only two men engaged in the work. The route taken was from Victoria and Vancouver to Essington, at the mouth of the Skeena River, a journey of six hundred and forty-five miles; up the Skeena by steamer to Hazleton, one hundred and eighty miles; by pack train to Babine, seventy miles; up Babine Lake by canoe, with a portage of twelve miles to Stuart Lake, and thence to Fort St. James, one hundred and fifty miles.

From Fort St. James, they went by packhorse to McLeod Lake, eighty-five miles. McLeod Lake being on the head waters of the Peace River, canoes were used to the head of the Peace River canyon, one hundred and eighty-two miles. Then a portage around the canyon of fourteen miles compelled the party to abandon its canoes and "pack" all of its supplies and camp outfit on their backs to Hudson Hope.

From there to Fort St. John, on the Peace River, was a trip of sixty miles. They expected to make the journey on a raft, but, fortunately, they met an Indian with some horses, and they made a détour with him to Moberly Lake, in the Pine River district, making in all an overland trip of ninety miles.

Next a trip to Ponce Coupe prairie and return by packhorses, one hundred and eighty-five miles. At

Fort St. John a bateau was obtained from the Hudson Bay Company, and in this they went down the river to the junction of the Smoky River with the Peace River, one hundred and eighty miles. Then by freight wagon to the upper end of Lesser Slave Lake, one hundred miles; then down Lesser Slave Lake and river and Athabasca River to Athabasca landing, in a canoe, two hundred miles; and, lastly, by wagon road to Edmonton, one hundred miles, making a total journey of approximately 3,120 miles.

The report says: "The range has only begun to be prospected, and its potentialities are as yet undemonstrated.

"In this far North country wild hay and other wild grasses were growing prolifically, and presumably rye, oats, barley and wheat would likewise grow in abundance. All garden vegetables and root crops are successfully grown, while raspberries, currants, strawberries and gooseberries grow in wanton profusion."

A botanist who accompanied a previous geological survey writes:

"Clumps of willows and poplars of various ages were interspersed with the most astonishing growth of herbaceous plants I ever witnessed. . . . It would be folly to attempt to depict the appearance of the country, as it was so much beyond what I ever saw that I hardly dare make use of truthful words to portray it."

All that has been needed in the past to open up to cultivation and civilization this great northern empire was transportation. And now that the new railroad is to be in operation all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific by 1912, there is no living man who can accurately predict the possibilities and the future of this great country.

I rejoice that I have been able to see even a small portion of it; to mingle with its pioneers; to tramp over an unsurveyed territory; to see nature in perhaps her roughest moods; to breathe the wonderfully stimulating air; to endure hardships successfully, in company with the trapper, the woodsman, the prospector, the explorer; to have crossed dizzy mountain heights on the back of the safe old packhorse; to have "packed" my share of the loads over portages and efficiently used the bow paddle of the boat from first to last of the whole trip: that in the time thus employed I was always in prime health, no matter how great the exposure to the weather, or how meagre the food supply: and, lastly, that I returned safely, freshened of mind, strengthened of body, and with an experience that will never be forgotten.

And now my tale is told. The curtain is rung down, but before the audience is dismissed, a last word might well be said.

For you, readers, who have followed my story from that superheated day, the 24th of August, when we bade

farewell to the bunch of friends gathered at the railroad station, to this last writing, I truly hope that something that has been written will induce you to try the experience of living for a time at least in the open air.

Select some section of the land where you will have to bestir yourselves—to endure some hardships, some privations, some exposure to the elements; where a dinner upon boiled rice with an accompaniment of ripe blueberries will taste better than the most sumptuous banquet to which you ever sat down; where you will have to scale snow-clad mountains and tramp through the snow, making your lungs work as never before; where you will oftentimes be so weary as to drop to the ground for rest, and presto—you're asleep, only to be awakened, renewed in muscular strength, more resolute of purpose and with a clearer intellect. You will rejoice, when at last you return to your own fireside, that for once, at least, you have lived a new life—that you have learned to know what the "great white silence" means and that you have commenced to know *yourself*. In all of this writing I have been endeavoring to help *you*.

"God knows I have tried to be true;
Please God, you will understand."

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